June 27, 1977

THE NEW YORKER

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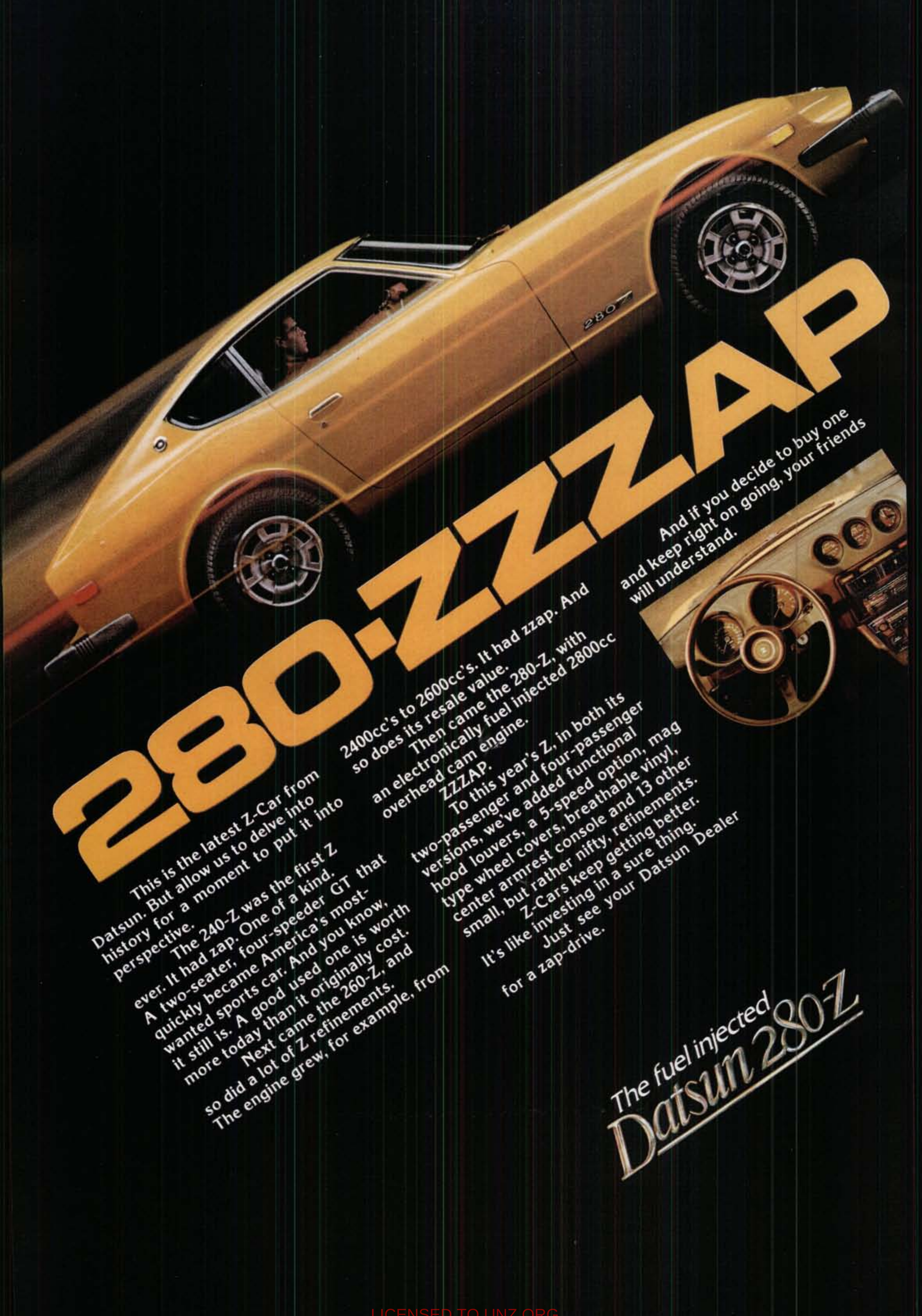

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	1	2

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Anna Christie—A clumsy early work by O'Neill, which provides a vehicle for Liv Ullmann. (It did the same for Garbo in her first talkie.) Also in the cast are Robert Donley, Mary McCarty, and John Lithgow. José Quintero directed. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Annie—A long musical based on the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks, both altered for the purposes of an amusing book by Thomas Meehan. Dorothy Loudon is marvellous as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Ashes—This British import by David Rudkin tells of the unsuccessful efforts of a most engaging young couple first to conceive a child and later to adopt one—a sad situation, indeed, but an exhilarating play, for Mr. Rudkin is a true dramatist, who writes with feeling, wit, and style. Lynne Meadow is the excellent director. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 26.)

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—Al Pacino pours his superb talent and energy into the role of the hapless Hummel and gives his miserable end an unexpected dignity. A model production of the David Rabe play about Vietnam. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 3.)

The Cherry Orchard—The Chekhov comedy has been willfully misdirected by Andrei Serban, but the cast, headed by Irene Worth, is scintillating and Santo Loquasto's sets and costumes are ravishing. Reopens Tuesday, June 28. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Club—Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction, is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Gemini—In Albert Innaurato's very funny comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo, Jonathan Hadary, and Robert Picardo, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Happy End—Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill set this musical about a Salvation Army lass who loves a gangster in what was for them, in 1929, an imaginary Chicago. Meryl Streep is charming as the heroine, and Christopher Lloyd does well opposite her, but it is the marvellous score, including such songs as "Surabaya Johnny" and "The Bilbao Song," that makes the evening indelible. Translation by Michael Feingold, direction by Robert Kalfin. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Love My Wife—A musical that affects an unconvincing raunchiness. Some singable songs by Cy Coleman and Michael Stewart, and an admirable cast, but nothing much can be done with Mr. Stewart's tasteless book. Gene Saks is the brave director. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Importance of Being Earnest—Line by line, Oscar Wilde's comedy is as funny as ever, but the unwieldy thrust stage of this theatre disperses it in all directions. The performance seldom achieves any unity of style, but Mary Louise Wilson is a wonderful Miss Prism, Patricia Conolly is exactly right as Gwendolen, and so is Munson Hicks as Algernon's servant, Lane. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The King and I—An irresistibly tuneful Rodgers and Hammerstein show, all the more pleasing for being somewhat old-fashioned. Yul Brynner is its superb star. (Uris, 51st St. west o Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Satur days at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mummenschanz—A merry evening of pantomim with three masked players—Andrés Bossar and Bernie Schürch, from Switzerland, an Floriana Frassetto, from Italy. The masks ar ingenious and surprising, and so are the idea of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th S 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at and Sundays at 3.)

Otherwise Engaged—Simon Gray's harsh bu extremely funny account of a London pub lisher who seeks to keep life at arm's lengt Life, as usual, has different ideas. To Courtenay stars, and the director is Haro Pinter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 24 9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matiné Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Der Ring Gott Farblonjet—A lavish, strenuou on-and-off amusing, and interminable pran by Charles Ludlam's prankish Ridiculou Theatrical Company. The title describes al (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4t St. 228-8558. Sundays at 8.)

The 2nd Greatest Entertainer in the Whole Wi World—Dick Shawn in a one-man show (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th S

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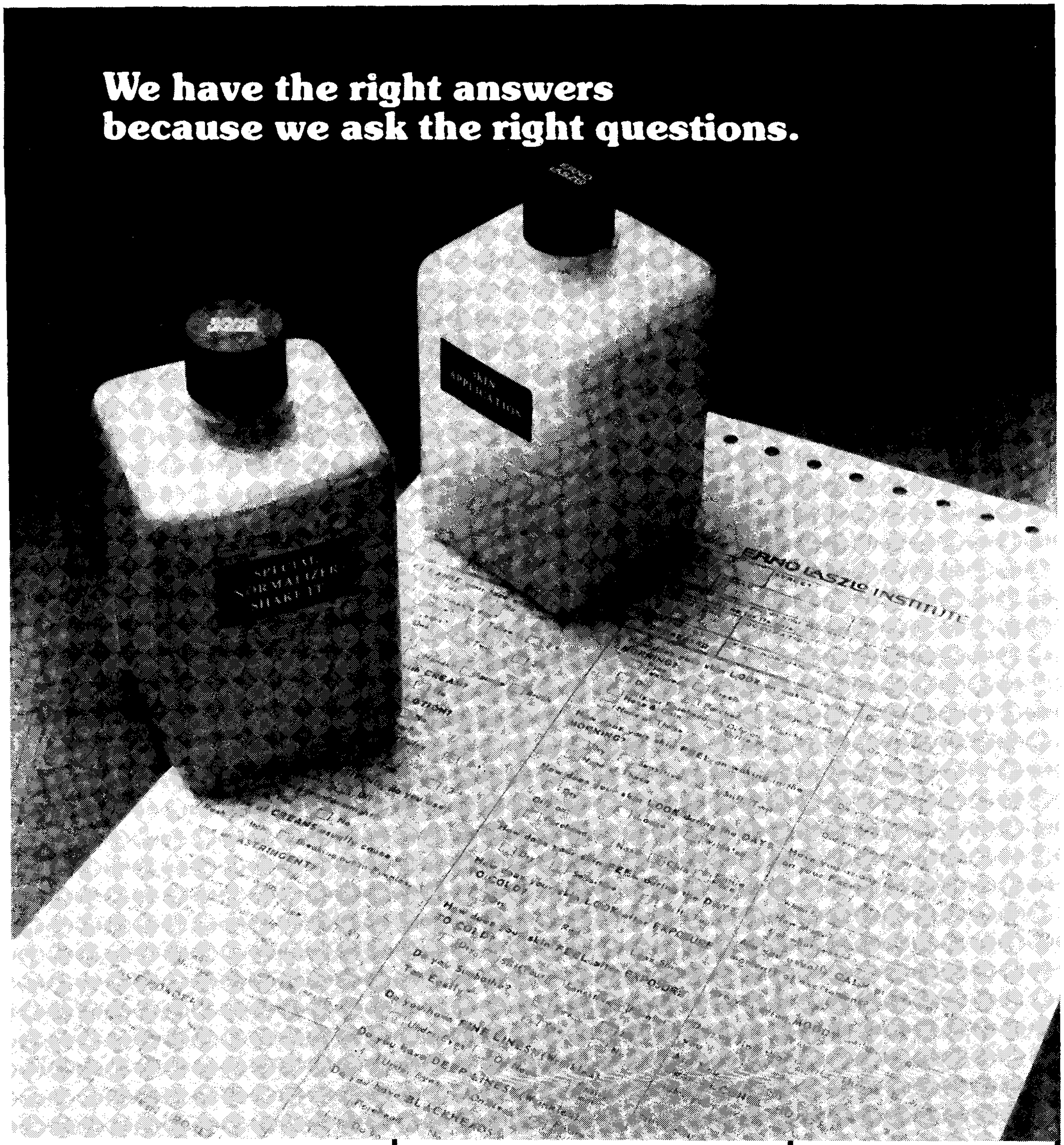
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

799-7690. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

The Shadow Box—Hard to believe, but this play by Michael Cristofer, whose subject is death, is a highly affirmative and sometimes comic affair, well acted by, among others, Laurence Luckinbill, Patricia Elliott, and Joyce Ebert. On Monday, June 27, Josef Sommer will succeed Mr. Luckinbill. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Side by Side by Sondheim—An evening of delectable songs by the cleverest (and sometimes the most touching) of contemporary popular composers. The performers are modest and charming, as well as talented. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

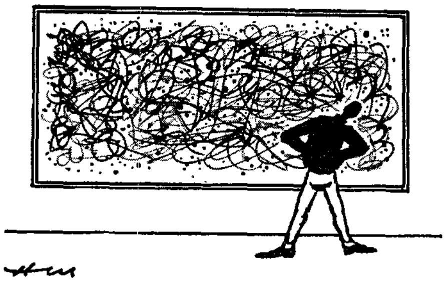
Sly Fox—Larry Gelbart has transmogrified Ben Jonson's "Volpone," with hilarious results. The cast includes Robert Preston, Jack Gilford, Bob Dishy, and John Heffernan. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Square Root of Soul—This program of recitations by Adolph Caesar, of the Negro Ensemble Company, of poems and selected prose, mostly by black writers, has its good moments, but the evening as a whole is disappointing. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, July 10.)

Unsung Cole—An evening of songs by Cole Porter (most of which have rarely or never been performed), done by Gene Lindsey, Mary Louise, Maureen Moore, Anita Morris, and John Sloman. Preview on Wednesday, June 22. Opens officially on Thursday, June 23, at 7. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—Vinnette Carroll's singing-and-dancing redaction of the Book of Matthew. An exhilarating occasion. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Long Runs—**BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR:** A joyful, if rather simpleminded, Cook's tour of Harlem in its golden age between the wars. The cast is lively and gifted, and the old songs are enchanting. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **CALIFORNIA SUITE:** Neil Simon making jokes in his wonted fashion. The setting is the Beverly Hills Hotel. The pleasing cast includes Tammy Grimes, David McCallum, Vincent Gardenia, and Marge Redmond. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **CHICAGO:** An unpleasant musical about dreary people, but with a stunning performance by Jerry Orbach. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **EQUUS:** A psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer. With Leonard Nimoy, Ralph Seymour, and Page Johnson. The director is John Dexter. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,145 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Hope Lange and Don Murray. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SHENANDOAH:** Hokum, though John Cullum sings bravely and well. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays, except June 29, at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

Toller Cranston's The Ice Show—Starring Mr. Cranston, Jim Millns, and Colleen O'Connor. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 10.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, June 22, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Raymonda Variations."... ¶ Thursday, June 23, at 8: "Episodes" and "Vienna Waltzes" (première).... ¶ Friday, June 24, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Episodes," and "Vienna Waltzes."... ¶ Saturday, June 25, at 2: "Serenade," "The Cage," "Pas de Deux," and "In G Major."... ¶ Saturday, June 25 at 8: "Agon," "In the Night," "Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Sunday June 26, at 1: "Divertimento No. 15," "Episodes," and "Vienna Waltzes."... ¶ Sunday June 26, at 7: "Jewels."... ¶ Tuesday, Jun 28, at 8: "Bournonville Divertissements' and "Union Jack."... ¶ Wednesday, June 29 at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Episodes,' and "Vienna Waltzes."... ¶ Thursday, Jun 30, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "Pas de Deux," an "The Concert."... ¶ Friday, July 1, at 8 "Coppélia."... ¶ Saturday, July 2, at 2: "Bugaku," "In the Night," "Pas de Deux," an "Stravinsky Violin Concerto."... ¶ Saturday, July 2, at 8: "Jewels." (New Yor State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727 Through Sunday, July 3.)

Stuttgart Ballet—Final performances of th engagement—Wednesday matinée, June 22 "The Taming of the Shrew."... ¶ Wednesday evening, June 22: "Voluntaries," "Requiem," and "Jeu de Cartes."... ¶ Thursda and Friday evenings, June 23-24; Saturda matinée and evening, June 25; and Monda evening, June 27: "The Sleeping Beauty. ... ¶ Tuesday evening, June 28; Wednesda matinée and evening, June 29; Thursday evening, June 30; and Saturday matinée, Jul 2: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Friday and Saturday evenings, July 1-2: "Jeu de Cartes, "Opus One," "Daphne" (première), an "Initials R.B.M.E." (Metropolitan Oper House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées a 2.)

5 by 2 Dance Company—"Celestial Circus, "Duet," "Negro Spirituals," "Song," an "Suite Richard." (Marymount Manhatta Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Final performanc Wednesday, June 22, at 8. For tickets, cal 242-3900.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-fac type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians an night-club proprietors live complicated live that are subject to last-minute change; it i therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

●

Jay McShann (Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St 758-2272. Tuesdays through Saturdays fron nine-fifteen.)—The emotional level of Southwestern jazz has always been high and accessible. This is particularly so of its majo saxophonists (Ben Webster, Herschel Evans Buddy Tate, Charlie Parker, Don Byas, Pau Quinichette), who have keened, rhapsodized exulted, and sung for fifty years. Indeed **BUDDY TATE** and **PAUL QUINICHETTE**, who are her with McShann, are still at it, in their superbly disparate ways. Tate is Evans' successor his reflection, his alter ego. He has a bi winding tone, a sheltering vibrato, and a lov of blue notes. His fast solos belly by, and hi ballads and slow blues move like thunderheads. Lester Young has lit Quinichette's wa since the fifties, and he has developed a styl that is an unbuttoned, pushing version of th Master's. He leans on his listeners with hi flat, steplike phrases and his repetitions an yearning tone. McShann is his usual backroom self: a contained, jumping, witty blue pianist whose occasional vocals walk righ in. **MILT HINTON** (bass) and **JACKIE WILLIAM** (drums) are dedicated to the proposition tha the first and last phrase of every tune shoul move at identical speeds. The fare is largel blues.

●

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring an Broome Sts. (226-9042)—This unpretentiou night club—although some might think of i as a SoHo music loft with a liquor license—presents some of the best experimental an tried-and-true jazz in the city. Tenor saxophonist Marvin Blackman and a quintet occupy the homemade hexahedral bandstan through Saturday, June 25. On Mondays composer, arranger, and tenor and sopran saxophonist **FRANK FOSTER** presides over th

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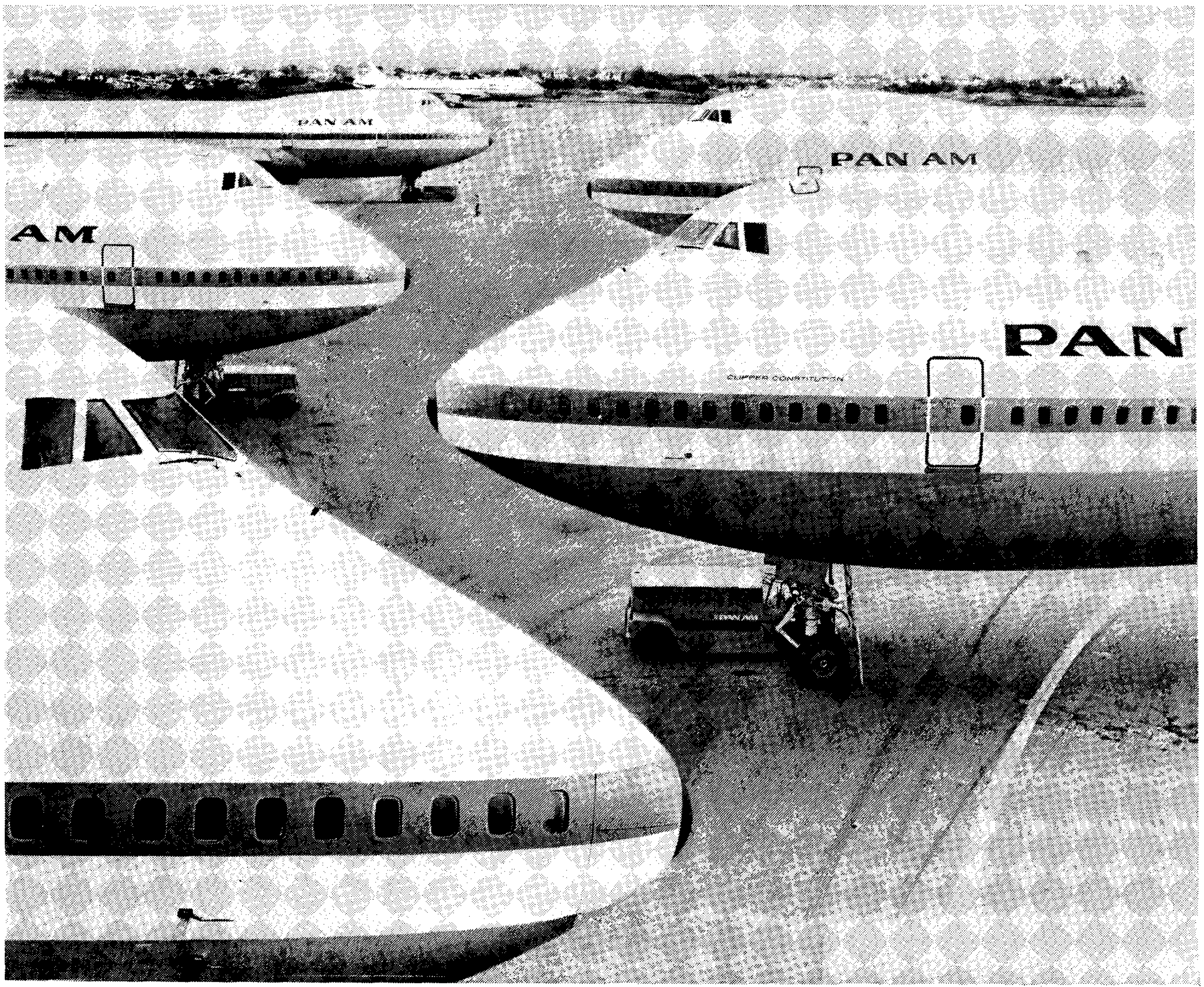

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

LOUD MINORITY, a spirited, head-turning musical monolith (twenty-two free-lance musicians, some young and promising, others older and fulfilled). Music from about ten. Soul food. Closed Sundays.

AXIS IN SOHO, in the M. Elson Gallery, 463 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (228-0882)—Contemporary jazz and organic apple juice. Guitarist Pat Metheny and pianist Steve Kuhn will head their respective quartets Friday and Saturday, June 24-25; on Sunday, June 26, keyboardist Mike Nock will lead a trio; on Thursday, June 30, pianist Richie Beirach teams up with bassist Frank Tusa and drummer Eliot Zigmund; and on Friday, July 1, pianists **SUN RA** and **PAUL BLEY** will begin three nights of solo-piano sets. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—A long, narrow, very white room—white walls, white tables, and white chairs—with a self-conscious portrait of the club interior hanging near the stage. David Summers, an alternately bubbly and earnest young cabaret singer, is on hand for two more weeks. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—This enlightened branch of a thirty-eight-part restaurant chain brings in fine musicians to play in its cocktail lounge. The management puts them in the picture window on Fifth Avenue to lure in patrons, and the strategy is successful. **DICK HYMAN** plays solo piano here through Saturday, June 25; on Wednesday and Thursday, June 29-30, pianist **KENNY BARRON** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** one-half of the Ron Carter Quartet, will join forces. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Well-amplified neo-bop and, occasionally, out-there jazz on the bandstand. Tenor saxophonist George Coleman leads his quintet through Saturday, June 25; on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 28-29, pianist John Hicks will work with a quartet. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Bryan Ferry, the arty English rock singer, will be onstage on Thursday, June 23; Friday and Saturday, June 24-25, belong to folksinger **TOM PAXTON**; on Sunday and Monday, June 26-27, Kool and the Gang, a rock outfit, will take over the stage; on Wednesday and Thursday, June 29-30, Ben Sidran, a Mose Allison-inspired singer, will trade sets with rural-blues singer and guitarist **JOHN HAMMOND,** who does a fine job of re-creating the mannerisms of the Robert Johnson period. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with dark pine panelling, patrons who like to talk, and good musicians, mostly pianists, who don't seem to mind playing through the talking. **KENNY BARRON** and **BUSTER WILLIAMS** perform together through Saturday, June 25; Monday through Saturday, June 27-July 2, Nina Sheldon, a pert singer and rolling pianist, will work with a bassist. Music weeknights from ten. The Sunday chores are handled by **BARRY HARRIS** and his aides, from nine-thirty. Dinner.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—The exuberant **BOBBY SHORT** is back in the Café Carlyle with his sidekicks, bassist

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Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage. They're present Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday and Saturday, July 1-2, when the Café will be closed. Dinner and supper. . . . **TEDDY WILSON** plays elegant, restrained solos in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine to one.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This mid-sixties-seedy, neo-Bowery bar presents mostly local, primitive rock bands. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

CHUNG KUO YUAN, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON** has settled in the Aquarium Lounge here, singing in his special straight-ahead Billie Holiday way, pulling song after song out of his private thin air. He works Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

CLEO, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—Peter Dean, who comes across as Mr. Insouciance, is a loose, open-collared (despite his inevitable whimsical bow tie), ukulele-wielding singer. He's pleasant enough to listen to, but his accompanist, singer and pianist **DARDANELLE,** is the real treat here. She doesn't emote, doesn't "put songs over," doesn't sock it to you; she doesn't even gesture—she can't, since she's playing piano (another source of listener gratification). She just sings, clearly, effortlessly, and directly, and it's delightful. Tuesdays through Saturdays, at about nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ** is a thirty-six-year-old Polish pianist who can play more notes than Art Tatum. He cannot, though, equal Tatum's touch, which remains an unclimbed pianistic peak. Blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** performs on Sundays. Music from eight to one. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Sam Margolis, Vic Dickenson, Warren Vaché, Jr., Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. Music from nine-thirty. Sundays are reserved for Scott Hamilton, a young swing-inspired tenor saxophonist, and his quintet. They begin at eight-thirty. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music: Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, **AL HAIG,** one of the first and best bop pianists, goes to town with guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and bassist Jamil Nasser. Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three, **SONNY GREER,** the ageless drummer who was with Ellington for some thirty years; **RUSSELL PROCOPE,** who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945; and **HOD O'BRIEN,** who is sitting in for the young Ellingtoniac and stride pianist Brooks Kerr, goad each other and come up with delightful swing numbers. Sundays, **DARDANELLE** and her bassist **ERNIE FURTADO** collaborate from five to ten. And weeknights from six to nine-thirty, trumpeter Gene Roland, pianist Loumell Morgan, and bassist Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Basie-graduate trumpeters **HARRY SWEETS EDISON** (1937-50) and **EDDIE LOCKJAW DAVIS** (early fifties and mid-sixties) are co-leading a quintet here Mondays throug Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty eleven-thirty and one o'clock. No musi Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Trumpeter **ROY ELDRIDGE** is back at work wit the resident blowers (Johnny Morris on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Joe Muranyi o reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Prat on trombone) for Tuesday-through-Saturday night sessions. On Mondays, Max Kaminsk leads the group. Music weeknights from nine thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivist from eight until two.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JAY MCSHANN** (see above) and his quartet ar here Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to mic night, Woody Allen comes and goes, talkin of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Close Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864 8832)—An often crowded upper West Sid jazz-and-soul café. Local groups—aspirin and established ones—gather here. The ver fine rhythm-and-blues sextet **STUFF** perforn through Thursday, June 23. Wily drumme **CHICO HAMILTON** and his quintet will come o Friday and Saturday, July 1-2. Music fro about ten until three. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—So of the Bitter End. The James Montgomer band plays blues riffs on Wednesday, Jur 22; folk-rockers Brewer and Shipley per form Thursday through Saturday, June 2 25; and Wednesday through Saturday, Jur 29-July 2, Eric Andersen will be onstag Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirt on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and mic night. Snacks.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 9090)—**SY OLIVER** is at the helm of a sept Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to tw and Sundays from six to midnight. On Mon day, June 27, pianist **EUBIE BLAKE** will perfor at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dining an dancing.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Judith Cohen, a short, wiry, frenetic singe and comedienne who has a devoted followin that approves of everything she does, appea Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and mic night. Dining.

STORYVILLE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A bi warm, informal below-stairs room. **ILLINO JACQUET,** on tenor saxophone and bassoon, in charge of a quintet Tuesdays through Sa urdays, until July 2. Monday, June 27, ha been designated drum night here, and th main celebrants will be **PHILLY JOE JONES, BIL HART,** and **AL FOSTER.** Music from ten to tw thirty.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Av (874-8754)—On Mondays, **DAVE MATTHEWS,** p anist and leader, has charge of a twelve-pa aggregation; on Wednesday, June 22, an every Thursday, saxophonist **LEE KONITZ,** a ways worth listening to, heads up a none on Friday and Saturday, June 24-25, corne tist **RICHARD SUDHALTER** will lead a quartet; o Tuesday, June 28, Janet Lawson will sin with a trio; and singer and guitarist Eddi Hazell's trio with perform on Wednesda June 29. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sun days.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker S (242-1785)—Guitarist **JIMMY PONDER** and quartet will be present through Saturda June 25; Sunday and Monday, June 26-2 have been reserved for pianist Richie Beira and his trio; and on Tuesday, June 28, trun peter **RANDY BRECKER** will arrive with a quarte The hours are from nine-thirty Monda through Thursdays, from ten on Fridays an Saturdays, and from eight on Sundays. Dinner.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Daphne **HELLMAN'S ANGELS** (harp, guitar, bass powered by their nonpareil guitarist, **EDD BERG,** play in the bar Tuesdays from nine thirty to midnight. Downstairs, flutist Herb Mann is onstage from Thursday to Thursda June 23-30, except on Monday, June 27, whe he and his band will take a night off. Guita

ARTS & CRAFTS

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ist **JOE PASS** *will bring in a trio for three* nights, starting Friday, July 1. The music begins after nine-thirty. Snacks.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A noble, if smoke-filled, institution. Saxophonist Art Pepper's quartet finishes up on Sunday, June 26; on Tuesday, June 28, tenor saxophonist **DEXTER GORDON** will arrive with a quintet that features trumpeter **WOODY SHAW. THAD JONES** and **MEL LEWIS**, who have made a big-band institution out of Monday nights, continue that tradition with fifteen first-rate session players. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Music from eight to two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—All the music here is now divided into three parts: guitarist **TINY GRIMES** and his trio on Tuesdays and Wednesdays; Seleno Clarke and the Jazz Suspensions Thursdays through Saturdays; and a Dixieland group on Sundays. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty, except Mondays. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL *APPEARANCES, ETC.*

Newport Jazz Festival—Herewith an abridged schedule of eleven days of concerts that will be taking place in various halls around the city, on a Staten Island ferryboat, and in Waterloo Village, N.J. For information about tickets to anything, anywhere, call 787-2020. First out of the starting gate, on Friday, June 24, at 8: "Schlitz Presents Sarah Vaughan," with her trio and Clark Terry. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 25, at 8: "Schlitz Presents the Pointer Sisters in All Their Glory," plus Malombo, from South Africa. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, June 25, at midnight: "Schlitz Salutes the Jones Family with Dizzy and Betty"—the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra, Elvin Jones, Hank Jones, Dizzy Gillespie, and the Betty Carter trio. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 26, at 8: "An Evening with Mel Tormé and Gerry Mulligan and His New Sextet," plus the Herb Pomeroy orchestra. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 26, at midnight: Nina Simone and Avram Schackman. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Monday, June 27, at 8: "An Insight into the *New* New York Jazz Scene," with the Revolutionary Ensemble, Double Image, and the Art Pepper quintet. (Alice Tully Hall.) . . . ¶ Monday, June 27, at 8: "The New York Jazz Repertory Company Plays the Music of Fletcher and Horace Henderson," with Aaron Bell, Budd Johnson, Benny Morton, Cecil Payne, and others. (N.Y.U. Loeb Student Center.) . . . ¶ Monday, June 27, at 8:30 and 10:30: "Rainbow Room Presents Eubie Blake." . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 28, at 8: "Solo Flight," with Art Blakey, Gary Burton, John Lewis, Charles Mingus, Joe Pass, Steve Swallow, and Joe Venuti. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 28, at 8: "Schlitz Salutes McCoy Tyner." (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 28, at midnight: Maynard Ferguson's orchestra and Phil Woods' quintet. (Carnegie Hall.) (Once again, for information about tickets to any of this, call 787-2020.)

Keno Duke/Contemporaries and **Charles Sullivan and the Black Legacy**—CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Wednesday, June 22, at 8.

Double Image—New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150. Sunday, June 26, at 2.

Fleetwood Mac—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday and Thursday, June 29-30, at 8.

Pink Floyd—Madison Square Garden. Friday through Monday, July 1-4, at 8.

Note—Film clips and short features that document the times and styles of various celebrated jazz musicians are being exhibited by the New York Jazz Museum on a weekly schedule. Wednesday, June 22, at 7:30: "Jazz Dance"—Willie the Lion Smith, Pee Wee Russell, Jimmy McPartland, Lester Young, Illinois Jacquet, Jo Jones, others. Wednesday, June 29, at 7:30: "Jazz in the Recording Studio"—Maynard Ferguson, Coleman Hawkins, Peggy Lee, Dave Lambert Singers, Jimmy Giuffre, Miles Davis, John Coltrane, Betty Carter, others. (New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Stan Brodsky—Greek landscapes by a colorist who made his first visit there last year. Through Thursday, June 30. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Chaim Gross—A sort of flying circus of his smaller bronzes, plus some lively wash drawings in a show that is running concurrently with his retrospective at the Jewish Museum. Through Friday, July 1. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Helen Hoie—What appear to be collages incorporating furls of transparent fabrics and fragments of paper are actually oil paintings, done in soft colors. Through Thursday, June 30. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Michio Ihara—Abstract geometric sculptures made of thin, silvery rods welded together into airy towers. Through July 15. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Angelo Ippolito—Genteel figures neatly excised *from old-fashioned catalogues and other* memorabilia are humorously, and sometimes rudely, juxtaposed in a series of collages. Through Thursday, June 30. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Paul Klee (1879-1940)—Twenty-six drawings and watercolors executed during the last decade of his life, in a show that is running concurrently with one at the Guggenheim Museum. Through July 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Elizabeth Osborne—Large watercolors in delicate, almost fragile tones, depicting tabletop *still-lifes and boudoir nudes bathed in shim*mery light. First solo show in New York. Through Friday, July 1. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Phyllis Yampolsky—Vermont landscapes. Through July 15. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

American Collage—Selected examples of twentieth-century works by such collage stalwarts as Dove, Cornell, Motherwell, and Ryan, plus a scattering of relative newcomers to the genre, like Tad Miyashita and Arthur Gibbons, who are right at home in this august company. Through Friday, July 1. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.: The paintings of four young realists: Arne Besser, Rebecca Davenport, Barkley Hendricks, and Mark Rendleman. Through Friday, July 1. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **CARLTON**, 127 E. 69th St.: Minimalist landscapes by David Finkbeiner; etchings and photographs by Jane Eccles; small oils by Helen Wilson; wall sculptures sheared out of found metal by Tim Woodman; and photographs by Tad Yamashiro. Through Saturday, June 25. . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Examples of eighteenth-century Latin-American decorative art Through Aug. 7. (Daily, except Mondays noon to 6.) . . . **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., a 80th St.: The summer show offers examples of Tony DeLap's shaped canvases in thei handsomely integrated frames; Jean-Pierre Péricaud's colorful splashes of household enamel on paper mounted on canvas; and a David Roth wall hanging, which is like a waterfall of strings, each one colored with acrylics. Through July 29. . . . **GRUENEBAUM** 25 E. 77th St.: *The current show takes i*n half a dozen artists, among them Rober Henry, who paints lively, Japanese-looking landscapes in oil on canvas; Barbara Rothenberg, who makes bright-colored collages; and Gwen Fabricant, who paints abstract pattern of everyday objects—bits of china, smal vases, flowers, and gnawed bones. Throug Saturday, July 2. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Gifford Beal, Marsden Hartley, Jerome Myers, and othe early-twentieth-century American painters Through July 15. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Selected works by artists of the gallery, including Antes, Hartung, and Jorn. Through Friday, June 24. . . . **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: The contemporary ar scene is the common subject of this group o cartoons and magazine covers by Charle Addams, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charle Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson Richard Taylor, and Barney Tobey. Through July 29. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays. . . . **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: About eighty nineteenth-century French paintings (all o them predating Impressionism). Throug July 15.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Herbert Aach—Whirling spirals of color—twenty-five of them—done in a series of acrylic works called "Split Infinity" and based on a mathematical progression devised by the artist. Through Thursday, June 30. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Helen Frankenthaler—Sculptured ceramic floor pieces—the artist's first go at this sort o thing. Through Friday, July 1. (Emmerich, 4 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Maurice Golubov—Abstract paintings that seem to transcend Constructivism and spin off into a whirring mechanism of their own, by a Russian-born artist, now in his seventies who lives in Florida. Through Thursday June 30. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Jasha Green—Angular abstract sculptures made of Corten steel folded up like Japanese *origami (some of them are models for huge* outdoor works), plus related drawings and oil paintings. Through Saturday, June 25 (Cortella, 41 E. 57th St.)

Eva Hesse (1936-70)—Works done during the last few years of her life, showing how she broke away from the conventions of fla abstract painting, and from color itself, and entered her own realm of latex drapery *festoons of electrical wire*, fibre-glass webs and tangles of raw hemp. Through July 15 (Droll-Kolbert, a new gallery, at 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

William King—Two of this sculptor's towering spindly figures (they're cut from half-inch aluminum plate, and the taller one is fourteen feet high) engaged in some all-consuming tennis match, plus maquettes and cut-out Mylar *collages, also devoted to tennis.* Through Friday, July 1. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

James Nichols—Metallic collages in which By

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zantine-looking decorations (they would fit very well in a church window or the front of an altar) are constructed of mundane scraps of tin—insect-spray cans, Halloween trimmings, olive-oil cans—cut into imaginative arabesques and fitted together like pieces of jewelry. Through Saturday, June 25. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Arthur Pierson—Three-dimensional abstract splotches that seem to have been flung against the wall and to have stuck there; they are made of fibre glass and provided with both real and painted shadows, which set them off to good effect. Through Saturday, June 25. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

William Tillyer / Paul Narkiewicz—Large abstract paintings, some suggesting the view looking out from an interior and others suggesting the view looking in. / Watercolors, heavy and flat in color, showing a stylized Italian countryside. Through Friday, June 24. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ALEXANDER**, 20 W. 57th St.: The summer show includes abstractions in oil on aluminum by Martha Diamond and a large realist oil painting of some brick buildings by Yvonne Jacquette. Through Aug. 31. . . . **ALONZO**, 30 W. 57th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by Ruth Eckstein, Lionel Gilbert, and others. Starts Thursday, June 23. . . . **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Works by ten of the gallery regulars include a preliminary drawing and a maquette for one of Michael Vessa's reflecting constructions; a jagged, vaguely floral wall piece cut from quarter-inch hot-rolled steel by James Reineking; and a hanging of overlapping folds of dyed and stained canvas by Mon Levinson. Through July 29. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St.: A batch of new works by gallery artists: Philip Pearlstein, Alfred Leslie, Joan Brown, William Wiley, others. Through July 29. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **GENESIS**, 41 E. 57th St.: The new talent on display here includes Diane Burko, who paints spectacular snow-clad mountain ranges; James Jenkins, who makes eerie, other-worldly landscapes and figures of various materials, paints them with Day-Glo, and encloses them in lighted boxes; Todd Slaughter, who turns out small bronze sculptures, partly abstract and partly realistic; and Jerrald Balance, who paints oddly lighted abstract landscapes in oil on Plexiglas. Through July 9. . . . **HAMILTON**, 20 W. 57th St.: Drawings by contemporary masters of the craft, including a couple of Saul Steinbergs; a series of five mixed-medium works by Janet Stayton celebrating the gustatory pleasures; an eight-foot-tall drawing by Christo of the Reichstag all wrapped up; and a couple of small erotic sketches by Tom Wesselmann. Through Thursday, June 30. . . . **HEIDENBERG**, 50 W. 57th St.: The current selection includes works by Yrjö Edelmann, a Finnish artist who makes paper sculptures (people, landscapes) and uses them as models for his paintings; Robert Natkin, who superimposes abstract forms on a gingham-like background; and Henry Moore, who is represented by a 1950 watercolor that is crowded with sculptural ideas. Through July 29. . . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Charles Demuth, Leonard Baskin, José de Creeft, and others. Through Friday, July 1. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Among selected works on exhibition are an oil painting of a large floral piece by Julien Binford; a tempera of a child playing with a mannequin by Robert Vickrey; a quasi-primitive work by Robert Sivard showing Sylvia Beach and James Joyce in the doorway of her Shakespeare bookshop; and a cheerful watercolor of female figures by Gregorio Prestopino. Through July 29. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **RENÉ**, 6 W. 57th St.: Chryssa, Tony Rosenthal, Robert Indiana, and other artists showing paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Through July 29. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **SACHS**, 29 W. 57th St.: Alice Baber and Power Boothe are two of the gallery artists whose works are on view. Through July 29. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **TRUMAN**, 38 E. 57th St.: Among the thirteen new talents on exhibition here are Tom Williams, who somehow makes appealing objects of tin cans and nails; Sonya Rapoport, who adds her own color to a computer printout that melds archeological data and American Indian designs (an experiment that, it is hoped, will explain Indian pottery designs) Stephen Larese, whose neat paper boxes unfold like abstract flowers; and Marc Boone who gave up on the trumpet and is now trying to depict in paint the notes he used to blow Through Aug. 25. (Open Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays.) . . . **WASHBURN**, 42 E 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by nineteenth-century American artists. Through July 22. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Sculpture—A show of models, studies, an photographs for outdoor sculptures by Lloy Hamrol, Anne Healy, Mary Miss, and Athen Tacha. Through July 29. (Zabriskie, 29 W 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Carolyn Brady—Exceptionally large watercolor devoted mostly to furniture—wicker chair for instance—and interior scenes crowde with lush plants. The painting is of a startlingly high order. Through Thursday, Jun 30. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Blinky Palermo (1943-77)—Fifteen abstraction with Western Indian *motifs*, constituting th last work of this young German painte whose real name was Peter Heisterkamp an who somehow acquired the nickname of *Sonny Liston's fight manager*. Through Saturday, June 25. (Friedrich, 141 Wooster S Opens at noon.)

John Schiebold / Margie Billstein Katz—Acrylic heavily spiked with graphite and laid on th canvas in thick strokes, resulting in a sombre metallic overlay through which a livelier underpainting flickers here and there. / Abstrac oil paintings based on human forms sprawle out over the canvas. Through Saturday, Jun 25. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens a noon.)

Group Shows—At the **CALDWELL**, 383 Wes Broadway: Crazy-quilt patterns done i acrylics on unstretched canvas by Jerry Clapsaddle; diagonal stripes of agate-like color i oil on linen by Samia Halaby; sombre, solic color oils with a sort of ribbed texture, don with a brush, by Warren Rohrer; and neatl ruled areas, reminiscent of Diebenkorn, b Arlyne Bayer. Through Friday, July 1. . . **COOPER**, 155 Wooster St.: Among the work now on view are multicolored enamel do applied to small steel plates coated wit baked-on white enamel, by Jennifer Bartlett a solitary swimmer (Mao, maybe?) whos head and arm are visible in a large river c midnight blue, by Robert Moskowitz; an one of Jon Borofsky's autobiographical cartoon-paintings, an apology to father, numbered 1,957,312. Through July 29. (Close Saturdays.) . . . **MEISEL**, 141 Prince St.: Th current show offers large acrylic works tha resemble topographical survey maps, b Frank Roth; geometric areas of dull colo with brilliant coronas around the edges, b Tino Zago; a neat, shaped canvas painted i pastel colors, by Ed Meneeley; large color field works, by Theodoros Stamos; and a massive, sprawling construction of heavy woode beams, by Oded Halahmy. Through July 29.

OTHER GALLERIES

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—Sixty prints tha constitute the artist's complete work in drypoint, lithography, and woodcut. Throug July 27. (Pratt Graphics Center, 831 Broadway, at 13th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

John A. Giordano—Small constructions c sticks and bones and feathers and the like which have a sacramental quality, and whic the artist says are rooted in Babylonia mysticism. Through Saturday, June 2 (Sragow, Fine Arts Building, 105 Hudso St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

George Rickey—Eight stainless-steel kineti sculptures, the largest thirty-five-feet higl Through Sept. 24. (Hammarskjöld Plaz Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Group Shows—At the **CATHEDRAL MUSEUM OF RELIGIOUS ART**, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Anna Walinska has nineteen paintings dating from the fifties and sixties. Also on view are paintings by Robert Buecker and sculptures by Dorothy Dehner and Lily Ente Through Sept. 15. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noo to 5.) . . . **GREY ART GALLERY OF NEW YORK UNIVERSITY**, Washington Place, just east of Washington Square: A poem-painting collaboratio by Frank O'Hara and Norman Bluhm, as we

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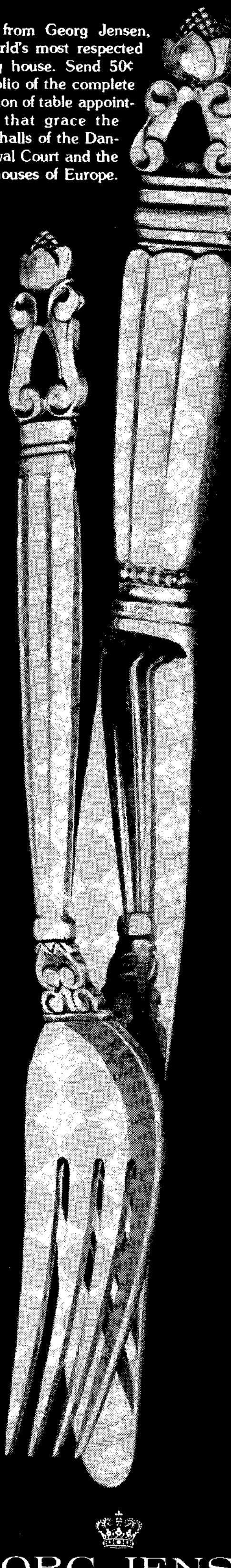

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as works on paper by such artists as Baskin, Dove, Martin, and Miró. Through Saturday, July 1. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Wednesday evenings until 8:30; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)... **UNITED STATES COURT HOUSE,** 40 Centre St., on Foley Square: Taking advantage of a new law making federal buildings accessible to cultural exhibits, forty-three members of the Organization of Independent Artists are showing their works in the lobby of the Federal Courthouse and in the lunchroom on the fifth floor. Nearly all the works are wholly abstract, except for an oil called "Municipal Building," by Johan Sellenraad, which seems to reflect its present surroundings, and three large wooden crablike sculptures by Pedro Lujan. Through Sept. 16. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

ANSEL ADAMS / PAUL BERGER—Monumental landscapes of the Southwest, plus other works. / View-camera contact prints of mathematical calculations on classroom blackboards, mounted in strips on plastic paper. Through Thursday, June 30. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

WYNN BULLOCK (1902-75) / **DON CYR**—Thirty photographs, most of them nature studies. / Prints made with a dollar-ninety-eight Diana camera. Through Saturday, June 25. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

IRVING PENN—A crumpled package of cigarettes, a mud-covered glove, and other discards found in the streets figure in the twenty-eight platinum prints on exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

WILLARD VAN DYKE—Prints made between 1930 and 1937 by a founding member of the f/64 Group, who went on to discover his true métier in films. Through July 16. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CASTELLI UPTOWN,** 4 E. 77th St.: Color photographs and graphics by, among others, Neal Slavin, Eve Sonneman, and David Hockney. Through Saturday, July 2.... **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Contemporary amateur and professional sporting events photographed by Walter Iooss, Jr., Neil Leifer, John Zimmerman, and others.... ¶ A retrospective of prints by Josef Sudek (1896-1976), including scenes of his native Czechoslovakia. Both shows through July 3. (Open Sundays.)... **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St.: An exhibit of photographs devoted entirely to the American county courthouse. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.... **PFEIFER,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Photographs of the pioneer days in the American West by Curtis, Muybridge, Watkins, and lesser-known photographers. Through Thursday, June 30. (Closed Saturdays.)... **SOHO CENTER FOR VISUAL ARTISTS,** 114 Prince St.: An exhibit of works by eighteen photographers, all of them recipients of public-service grants. The group includes Lisette Model and Garry Winogrand. Through July 26. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)... **WHITNEY MUSEUM,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: "Unposed Portraits" offers works by nine contemporary photographers, including Mark Cohen, Robert Frank, and Danuta Otfinowski. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Verrocchio's bronze "Putto with a Dolphin," originally conceived as a fountain figure, can be seen in the central court of the Lehman Pavilion through July 3.... ¶ "Thracian Treasures from Bulgaria" is an exhibition of exactly that, often wrought out of silver and gold. Through Sept. 4.... ¶ An exhibit covering nearly every aspect of the career of Edgar Degas, from early portraits to pastels of dancers and bathers. Also works by other artists (Ingres, Delacroix, Renoir, Hokusai) which are said to have influenced Degas. Through Sept. 4.... ¶ More than a hundred and fifty works on loan from museums in the Soviet Union. Dating from the fourteenth century to the present, they include icons, portraits, landscapes. Through Sunday, June 26.... ¶ A sumptuous exhibit of clothing and accessories from Russia that focusses on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and ranges from regional peasant costumes to the wedding dress of Catherine the Great. Through Aug. 30.... **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Irving Penn. Through Sunday, June 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Prints and books published by the Paris art merchant Ambroise Vollard (1867-1939), who printed editions of, among others, Braque, Toulouse-Lautrec, Cézanne, and Picasso. Through Sept. 6.... ¶ Recently acquired works in a broad range of styles by Morris Louis, Roy Lichtenstein, John Clem Clarke, Susan Rothenberg, and others. Through Aug. 16.... ¶ Nineteen portraits, many of renowned men, as drawn by Gauguin, James Wyeth, Giacometti, Rivers, and others. Through July 17. ... **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Group show centering on pictures of courthouses. Through July 10. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)... **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal concerts of jazz and popular music Fridays and Saturdays at 8.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of sixty-seven Paul Klee works executed between 1895 and 1940. Starts Friday, June 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) A complementary show is at the Serge Sabarsky Gallery, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the paintings and drawings of the abstractionist Richard Diebenkorn. Through July 17.... **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Group show of portraits. Through Sunday, June 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6. Starting Friday, July 1, the museum will settle into summer by adjusting its hours to Tuesdays through Fridays, 2 to 9. Regular hours on weekends.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Two Centuries of Black American Art" includes paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, crafts, and decorative objects by such artists as Joshua Johnston, Horace Pippin, Palmer Hayden, Alma Thomas, and Romare Bearden. Starts Saturday, June 25.... ¶ A show of prints in which a single theme is elaborated into a series. There are twelve artists, including Brice Marden, Sol LeWitt, Alice Martin, and Sylvia Mangold. Through July 10. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhaustive array of maps, ranging from a 1507 world map to maps made by computers. Through Aug. 7. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit of sixteen large wooden models, built to scale, of villas, palaces, and churches designed in the sixteenth century by Andrea Palladio. In addition, photographs of the buildings as they appear today. Through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibition of *no* woven silk robes and carved masks that were used in theatrical performances dating back to the seventeenth century. The hundred and forty-five pieces that comprise the collection are being divided into three sections, with each section on view for a two-week period. The second group, now on view, will be shown through Saturday, July 2. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of the prominent American sculptor Chaim Gross includes wood carvings, watercolors, prints, and tapestries. Through Oct. 24. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.) A complement to this exhibition is a showing of twenty sculptures, plus drawings, at the Forum Gallery, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of the library's medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts. . . . ¶ A display of some of John Ruskin's correspondence, manuscripts (one written and illustrated when he was nine), drawings, and personal possessions. . . . ¶ Forty-five books (including the only complete copy of "Morte d'Arthur") printed by William Caxton. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Through July 30.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A comprehensive exhibit of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century folk-art objects (frakturs, rugs, furniture, paintings, weathervanes, pottery) assembled from the collections of the museum's members. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is TR 4-2424.)

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—The final performances in a series of "Rug Concerts," at 8. The orchestra is divided into Orchestra A, consisting of seventy musicians, and Orchestra B, consisting of thirty-five musicians. Thursday, June 23, Erich Leinsdorf conducting Orchestra B (with Pinchas Zukerman, violin); Friday, June 24, Dennis Russell Davies conducting Orchestra A (with the New York Saxophone Quartet); Saturday, June 25, Pinchas Zukerman conducting Orchestra B and acting as soloist (with violinists Rodney Friend, Kenneth Gordon, and Marc Ginsberg); and Sunday, June 26, Erich Leinsdorf conducting Orchestra A (no soloists).

Emanuel Krasovsky—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall, CI 7-7459. Tuesday, June 28, at 8.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Caramoor Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 21—Saturday, June 25, at 8:30: Brian Priestman directing the Caramoor Festival Orchestra, Chorus, and Children's Chorus in a benefit concert, with Elly Ameling, soprano; Felicia Montealegre, reciter; and Charles Bressler, tenor. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 26, at 5:30: The New York Chamber Soloists in an all-Mozart program, with Menahem Pressler, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 2, at 8:30: Brian Priestman conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 3, at 5:30: A recital by the Guarneri Quartet. (Katonah, N.Y. On Saturdays, buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

Berkshire Festival—Sunday, June 26, at 7: Seals & Crofts. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 2, at 7: Gordon Lightfoot. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Friday, June 24, at 7: America and Poco. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 25, at 8:15: Vicki Carr and Henry Mancini. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 28, at 8:15: Gladys Knight & the Pips. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 30, at 8:15: The Captain and Tennille. . . . ¶ Friday, July 1, at 8:15: Gordon Lightfoot. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 2, at 8:15: Tony Bennett and the Woody Herman orchestra. (Saratoga Springs. Through Monday, Sept. 5. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

American Dance Festival—Opening performances of the season—Tuesday, June 28, at 8: Harry, Douglas Dunn and Dancers, and Danny Williams Grossman and Company. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, June 30-July 1, at 8: London Contemporary Dance Theatre. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 2, at 8: Daniel Nagrin in a performance of his concert-length "Ruminations.". . . ¶ Sunday, July 3, at 5:30: Daniel Nagrin in the première of a solo theatre piece. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

Automobile Racing—At Pocono Raceway, Long Pond, Pa.: Sunday, June 26, at 1.

Baseball—METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Atlanta, Wednesday, June 22, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Yankees, Thursday, June 23, at 4 (an exhibition game, for the benefit of sandlot baseball, postponed from May 9). . . . ¶ Philadelphia, Monday through Wednesday, June 27-29, at 8:05. . . . YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Boston, Friday, June 24, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, June 25-26, at 2. . . . ¶ Detroit, Friday, July 1, at 8, and Saturday, July 2, at 2.

Racing—At BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 30. The New York Handicap, Saturday, June 25; the Saranac, Monday, June 27; the Tidal Handicap, Wednesday, June 29; and the Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, July 2. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays between 11 and 1:15.). . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Monday, Sept. 5. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 12:05.). . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights at 7:45; through Monday, Sept. 5. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, July 23. . . . WOODBINE, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 25.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Los Angeles. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J. Sunday, June 26, at 2:05. For information about tickets, call 484-6010.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 13. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 19. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK, East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 30.

Yachting—America's Cup preliminary trials. (Newport. Through Saturday, June 25.)

ET ALIA

Auctions—Final sales of the season—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Wednesday and Thursday, June 22-23, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from many sources. . . . ¶ Friday, June 24, at 2: Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century European furniture, tapestries, and decorations; from the estate of Ailsa Mellon Bruce and from other sources. Exhibition hours: Wednesday and Thursday, June 22-23, from 10 to 5.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—A revived production of the Brecht-Weill THE THREEPENNY OPERA, in an accurate translation of the harsh-voiced original. Philip Bosco is the dreaded Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is his faithful, traitorous Jenny. The first of two Beaumont Theatre productions to be presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. Free performances start on Tuesday, June 28, and will run through Sunday, July 24. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—Final performances—VAN CORTLANDT PARK, Bronx: Wednesday, June 22, at 8:30 (rain date, June 23), "Tosca," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Giuseppe Giacomini, Louis Quilico, Richard Best, and Paul Franke; conducted by Richard Woitach. . . . MARINE PARK, Brooklyn: Friday, June 24, at 8:30 (rain date, June 26), "La Bohème," with Leona Mitchell, Maralin Niska, John Alexander, William Walker, and Jerome Hines; Jan Behr.

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Concerts, which will run through Sunday, July 31. (First concert on Wednesday, June 22—in the event of rain, next evening—at 8; thereafter, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of FINIAN'S RAINBOW, with Beth Fowler. Opens Thursday, June 30. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

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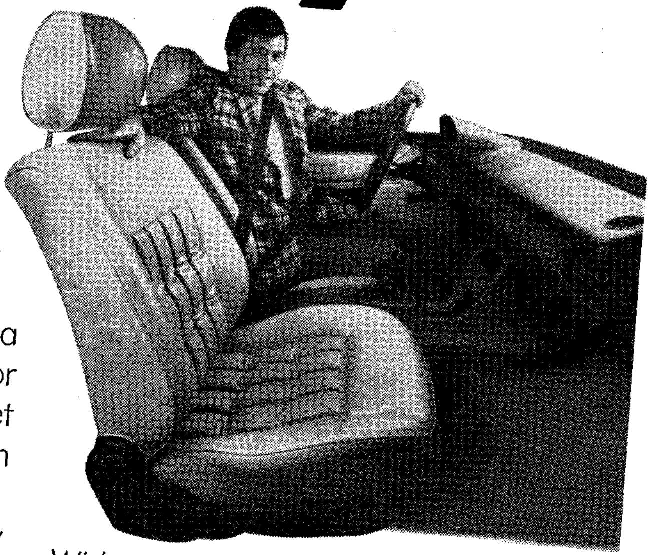

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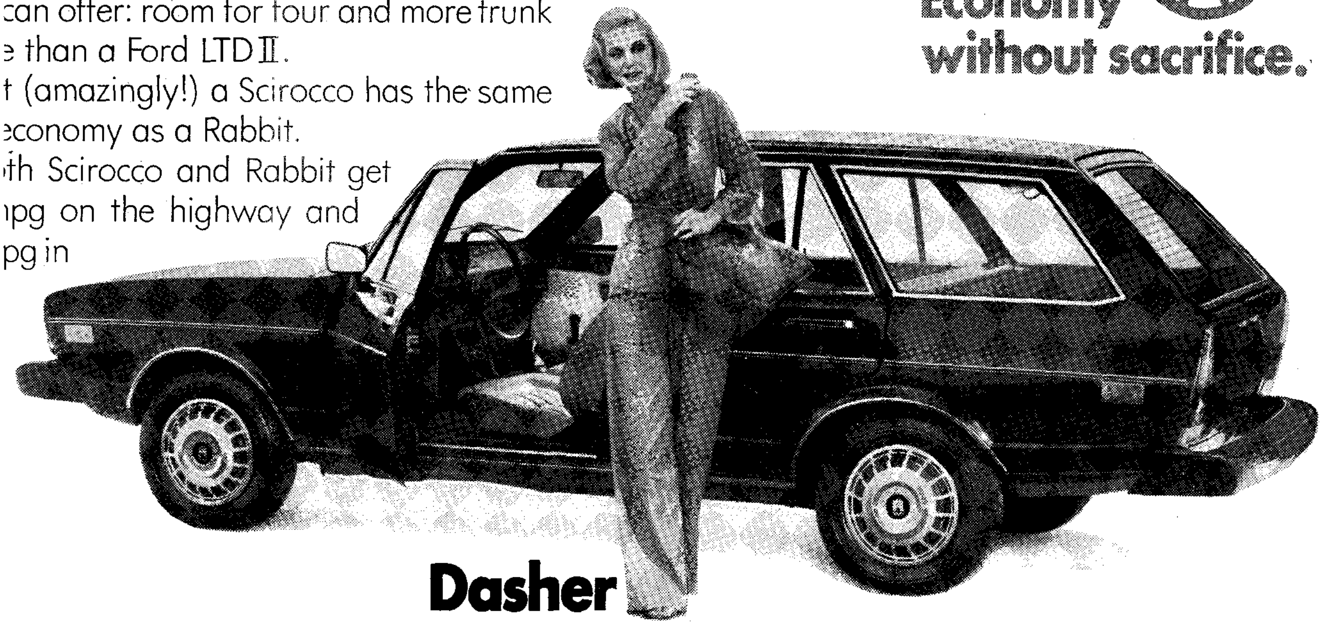

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

MAJESTIC THEATRE
NEW MIDNIGHT SHOW

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			22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
To be announced.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through June 28: "Rocky" and "The Great White Hope."
From June 29: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 28: "Slap Shot" and "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution."
From June 29: "Annie Hall."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Rollercoaster."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Deep."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"A Bridge Too Far."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"We All Loved Each Other So Much."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through June 28: "Rocky."
From June 29: "New York, New York."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Annie Hall."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Cría!"

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Pardon Mon Affaire."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Other Side of Midnight."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
June 22: "Ossessione."
From June 23: "Conversation Piece."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Jabberwocky."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Exorcist II: The Heretic."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"A Bridge Too Far."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"A Bridge Too Far."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Exorcist II: The Heretic."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Deep."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 28: "Airport '77."
From June 29: "Fun with Dick and Jane."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through June 28: "Annie Hall."
From June 29: "New York, New York."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"A Bridge Too Far."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Star Wars."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through June 23: "Black Sunday."
From June 24: "Sorcerer."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Rollercoaster."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"3 Women."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through June 28: "Mean Frank and Crazy Tony" and "Women in Cell Block 7."
From June 29: "Empire of the Ants" and "The Food of the Gods."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through June 23: "King of Hearts."
From June 24: "Between the Lines."

Renoir Cinema, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. (873-8702; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
June 22: "Touched in the Head."
June 23-29: "Alice in the Cities."
From June 30: "The Other Francisco."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Exorcist II: The Heretic."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Annie Hall."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "3 Women."
Theatre 2: "Fellini's Casanova."
Theatre 3: "High Street."
Theatre 4: Through June 28: "Wizards" and "The Phantom of the Paradise." From June 29 (tentative): "Welcome to L.A."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"For the Love of Benji."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Through June 28: "Smokey and the Bandit."
From June 29 at 6: "MacArthur." (Opening night will be a benefit performance.)

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"New York, New York."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through June 28: "The Sting" and "Swashbuckler."
From June 29: "Fun with Dick and Jane" and another feature, to be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Homage to Chagall—The Colours of Love."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Black and White in Color."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Man on the Roof."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Cría!"

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through June 23: "That Cold Day in the Park."
June 24: "M*A*S*H."
June 25: "Brewster McCloud."
June 26: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller."
June 27: "Images."
June 28: "The Long Goodbye."
June 29: "Thieves Like Us."
June 30: "California Split."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"3 Women."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Annie Hall."
Theatre 2: "Exorcist II: The Heretic."
Theatre 3: "Black Sunday."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Effi Briest."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through June 28: "Rocky" and "Breakheart Pass."
From June 29: "Annie Hall."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Through June 23: "More" (1969), directed by Barbet Schroeder, with Mimsy Farmer; and "Stardust" (1975), directed by Michael Apted, with David Essex.
June 24-25: "Mean Streets" (1973), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel; and "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" (1975), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Ellen Burstyn, Kris Kristofferson, and Alfred Lutter.
June 26-27: "Cabaret" (1972), directed by Bob Fosse, with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "Sweet Charity." (†)
June 28: "For Heaven's Sake" (1926), directed by Sam Taylor, with Harold Lloyd; and three Buster Keaton short films.
June 29-30: "Face to Face" (1976), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Erland Josephson, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "The Touch." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
June 22: "Chloé in the Afternoon" (1972), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Bernard Verley and Zouzou; and "La Collectionneuse" (1967), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer.
June 23: "Breathless" (1959), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Masculine Feminine" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Chantal Goya.
June 24: "The Romantic Englishwoman" (1975), directed by Joseph Losey, with Glenda Jackson, Michael Caine, and Helmut Berger; and "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971), directed by John Schlesinger, with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head.
June 25: "Slaughterhouse-Five" (1972), directed by George Roy Hill, with Michae Sacks; and "Happy Birthday, Wanda June." (†)
June 26: "The Music Man." (†)
June 27: "Male of the Century" (†); and "Love at the Top" (1975), in French, directed by Michel Deville, with Jean-Louis Trintignant and Romy Schneider.
June 28: "The Long, Hot Summer" (†) and "The Hustler." (†)
June 29: "Phaedra" (†) and "Never on Sunday." (†)
June 30: "El" (†); and "Tristana" (1970) in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Catherine Deneuve and Fernando Rey.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 23: "The Last Tycoon" (1976), directed by Elia Kazan, with Robert De Niro, Jack Nicholson, Tony Curtis Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Ray Milland, Donald Pleasence, and Dana Andrews; and "The Great Gatsby" (1974), directed by Jack Clayton, with Mia Farrow Robert Redford, Sam Waterston, and Bruce Dern.
June 24-25: "Joe" (†); and "Cry Uncle" (1971), directed by John Avildsen, with Allen Garfield.
June 26-27: "Let's Talk About Men" (†) and "All Screwed Up." (†)
June 28: "Bloody Mama" (†); and "Boxcar Bertha" (1972), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Barbara Hershey and David Carradine.
June 29-30: "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution" (†); and "The Hound of the Baskervilles" (1939), the first of the Basil Rathbone Nigel Bruce Sherlock Holmes-Dr. Watson series.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through June 25: "Zatoichi's Conspiracy" (1974), in Japanese, directed by Kenj Misumi, with Shintaro Katsu; and "Matatabi" (1974), in Japanese, directed by Kon Ichikawa.
From June 26: "Singin' in the Rain" (1952) directed by Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen with Mr. Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, and Jean Hagen; and "Gigi" (1958), directed by Vincente Minnelli with Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Louis Jourdan.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through June 28: "Pharaoh" (1965), a Polish film, dubbed in English, directed by Jerzy Kawalerowicz.
From June 29: "Three Sisters" (1965), directed by Lee Strasberg, with Sandy Dennis, Kim Stanley, Geraldine Page, and Shelley Winters.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through June 23: "White Zombie" (1932) directed by Victor Halperin, with Bela Lugosi and Madge Bellamy; "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919), directed by Rob-

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ert Wiene, with Conrad Veidt; and "Death Kiss" (1933), directed by Edwin L. Marin, with Bela Lugosi, Mona Maris, David Manners, and Adrienne Ames.

June 24-25: "Nothing Sacred" (1937), directed by William Wellman, with Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Walter Connolly, and Charles Winninger; and "My Man Godfrey" (1936), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady.

June 26-27: "Lady in the Dark" (†) and "One Touch of Venus." (†)

June 28: "The White Hell of Pitz Palü" (†) and "S.O.S. Iceberg." (†)

June 29-30: "No Man of Her Own" (†) and "Hands Across the Table." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—June 23 at 2:30: "The Dumb Girl of Portici" (1916), directed by Lois Weber, with Anna Pavlova. . . . ¶ June 23 at 6: "A Japanese Idyll" (1912), and "Where Are My Children?" (1916), both directed by Lois Weber. . . . ¶ June 23 at 8:30: "Discontent" (1916), and "A Chapter in Her Life" (1923), both directed by Lois Weber. . . . ¶ June 24 at 2:30: "The Field of Honor" (1917), directed by Allen Holubar, with Louise Lovely. . . . ¶ June 24 at 6: "Amateur Daddy" (1932), directed by John Blystone, with Warner Baxter and Marian Nixon. . . . ¶ June 25 at noon: "Saskatchewan" (1954), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Alan Ladd and Shelley Winters. . . . ¶ June 25 at 2:30: "Discontent" and "A Chapter in Her Life.". . . ¶ June 25 at 5: "The Dumb Girl of Portici.". . . ¶ June 26 at noon: "Ma and Pa Kettle Go to Town" (1950), directed by Charles Lamont, with Marjorie Main and Percy Kilbride. . . . ¶ June 26 at 2:30: "A Japanese Idyll" and "Where Are My Children?". . . ¶ June 26 at 5: "Lights of New York" (1928), directed by Bryan Foy, with Helene Costello; and four other films. . . . ¶ June 27 at noon: "The Jazz Age" (1956), produced for NBC's Project 20, narrated by Fred Allen. . . . ¶ June 27 at 2:30: "Straight Shooting" (1917), directed by Jack (John) Ford, with Harry Carey and Hoot Gibson. . . . ¶ June 27 at 6: "Boxcar Bill Falls in Luck" (1917); "Levi and McGinnes Running for Office" (1914); and "The Primrose Path" (1915), directed by Lawrence Marston, with Gladys Walton. . . . ¶ June 28 at noon: "The Jazz Age.". . . ¶ June 28 at 2:30: "Ambassador Bill" (1931), directed by Sam Taylor, with Will Rogers and Greta Nissen. . . . ¶ June 30 at 2:30: "The Heart of Humanity" (1919), directed by Allen Holubar, with Dorothy Phillips and Erich von Stroheim. . . . ¶ June 30 at 6: "The Field of Honor.". . . ¶ June 30 at 8:30: "All Night" (1918), directed by Paul Powell, with Rudolph Valentino. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—June 23-26: "We're Not the Jet Set" (1974), a documentary, directed by Robert Duvall. Showings Thursday through Sunday at 7:45.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Airport '77—The hero is a Boeing, which behaves immaculately in the most trying circumstances. With Jack Lemmon, Lee Grant, Brenda Vaccaro, Joseph Cotten, and Olivia de Havilland; directed by Jerry Jameson. (72nd Street East; through June 28.)

Alice in the Cities (1974)—With Rudiger Vogeler, directed by Wim Wenders. In German. (Renoir Cinema; June 23-29.)

All Screwed Up (1974)—Lina Wertmüller finished this film early in 1974, just before starting "Swept Away." It's a noisy, sprawling, incident-filled, slice-of-life comedy-melodrama about the corruption of the Sicilians who go to Milan. Several aspects of the film, such as its poignant hero, Carletto (Nino Bignamini), and the scenes showing the monotonous dehumanization of labor, are reminiscent of René Clair's "A Nous la Liberté" (which also influenced Chaplin's "Modern Times"). But Wertmüller's point of view is chaotic. The women workers are shown to be acquisitive schemers who manipulate and exploit their men, and there's a ballet in a slaughterhouse, which has comic bravura but is so ambiguous that we seem to be asked to laugh at the dead animals. Lina Polito, who was the dark Tripolina in "Love and Anarchy," is here thin and blond as the lovely Mariuccia, who has quintuplets; Isa Danieli is the dark, soft-faced Elizabeth Taylor type who turns prostitute. In Italian. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/16/76.) (Cinema Village; June 26-27.)

Annie Hall—Woody Allen's newest film—very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. (4/25/77) (Fine Arts, Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; through June 28. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and Olympia; starting June 29.)

Between the Lines—Directed by Joan Micklin Silver, from a screenplay by Fred Barron, about a spirited underground Boston weekly called the *Back Bay Mainline*. Mrs. Silver's film is anecdotal and illustrative, crammed with good characters. The plot is engagingly unaggressive and unsystematic, leading to a slimy climax in which the newspaper is bought by a ruthless smoothie in a tie and a suit who is ready to sack and replace the whole raffish staff. (5/9/77) (Waverly; starting June 24.)

Black and White in Color—Directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud; at first anecdotal, then ironic and sharp and charming. The scene is West Africa in 1915, when the local French and German garrisons learn that they are at war. The hero is a good-looking, decisive French geographer called Hubert (Jacques Spiesser), who turns a tribe into a pukka regiment. In French. (5/23/77) (Paris.)

Black Sunday—What if a terrorist Black September group were to try to blow up the eighty thousand-odd spectators and the President at a Super Bowl game in Miami? Robert Shaw plays, very well, an Israeli tracking down the assassins; an emaciated Bruce Dern plays one of the would-be killers. The effect of this best of the batch of what-if films is So what? Directed by John Frankenheimer. (4/4/77) (Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Loews Ciné; through June 23.)

Bloody Mama (1970)—Shelley Winters as incestuous Ma Barker, whose monstrous moronic brood includes a killer (Don Stroud), an addict (Robert De Niro), an alcoholic (Clint Kimbrough), and a masochistic homosexual (Robert Walden). Robert Thom wrote and Roger Corman directed. With Pat Hingle, Bruce Dern, and Diane Varsi. (Cinema Village; June 28.)

Breakheart Pass (1976)—A mystery set in the Old West, based on the Alistair MacLean novel. With Charles Bronson, Ben Johnson, Richard Crenna, and Jill Ireland; directed by Tom Gries. (Olympia; through June 28.)

Brewster McCloud (1971)—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is parodistic and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly, but it's clearly a trial run for some of the effects that Altman brings off in "Nashville." (Cinema Studio; June 25.)

A Bridge Too Far—A film too long. Inaccurate, to boot. About Arnhem in the Second World War, with a list of stars of whom only Laurence Olivier is worth your ticket money; it was not to honor star reputation and gore that Arnhem was endured, but this film makes heroes of celebrities and bloodshed. (6/20/77) (Eastside Cinema, Columbia I, Columbia II, and U.A. East.)

California Split (1974)—Robert Altman's beautiful, smoky, funny film about gambling, with Elliott Gould as a retaliatory-minded joker and George Segal as a magazine writer with something clenched about him. The film seems to be being improvised; we catch at events and personalities by the ends of threads. The sound track of Joseph Walsh's first-rate screenplay is full of murmurs and densely packed with talk, recorded on eight tracks, often with eleven mikes going at once. A comic, loose-limbed film, with a kindly eye for the out-of-step. (Cinema Studio; June 30.)

Conversation Piece—The theme is "Death in Venice" all over again, with Burt Lancaster playing Aschenbach to Helmut Berger's garish, grownup Tadzio, but the director, Visconti, is in a jovial mood, and the dignified older man—a retired American professor—isn't destroyed; on the contrary, he is recalled to life. Visconti pictures have often had an undercurrent of silliness, and in this one the silliness is very close to the surface; however, there's something admirable about the director's allowing his sexual and political obsessions to be displayed so openly. As Konrad (Tadzio), who moves into an apartment in the professor's house, Berger flaunts the mannerisms that many other actors avoid. A petulant little nymph, Konrad is being kept by a venomous, tantrummy Countess (Silvana Mangano), but he's also meant to be a revolutionary, and she represents the Fascist industrial world. He's supposed to be a victim of those to whom he sells his favors, and at the end he stands revealed as a saint. It's an idiosyncratic film—an old man's film (partly directed from a wheelchair)—but it is very likable. In Italian. (9/29/75) (D.W. Griffith; starting June 23.)

Cousin, Cousine—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Cría!—A moving Spanish film, set in Madrid, with Ana Torrent as a nine-year-old called Ana. She has the sort of gravity that only grownups with no memory call unchildlike. Her mother and her adult self are both played with great beauty by Geraldine Chaplin. Carlos Saura directed, and wrote the screenplay himself. Surrounded by deaths—her mother's, her father's (discovered by her in bed with her mother's best friend), her guinea pig's, the extinction that her paralyzed and mute beloved grandmother badly wishes for—the child has a delicate sense of play; there is a marvellous scene in which she and her sisters dress up and make up and talk as they imagine grownups do when alone together. In Spanish. (6/6/77) (Plaza, and Paramount.)

The Deep—From the Peter Benchley novel, with Robert Shaw, Jacqueline Bisset, and Nick Nolte; directed by Peter Yates. (34th St. East, and Loews Tower East.)

Effi Briest (1974)—With Hanna Schygulla and Wolfgang Schenck, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Reviewed in this issue.) (New Yorker.)

El ("This Strange Passion;" 1955)—A careless, cheaply made variation on the theme of jealousy, but written and directed by Luis Buñuel, and full of bizarre jokes about the Spanish male's obsession with female chastity. Arturo de Cordova is the mad Othello who takes needle and thread to his wife. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 30.)

Empire of the Ants—With Joan Collins and Robert Lansing, directed by Bert I. Gordon. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting June 29.)

Exorcist II: The Heretic—With Linda Blair, Richard Burton, Louise Fletcher, and Max von Sydow; directed by John Boorman. (Cinema II, Beekman, 8th St. Playhouse, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Fellini's Casanova—Fellini's epic about his own alienation; it takes great dedication to sit this one out. Donald Sutherland is used as an unfunny caricature of Casanova. (Quad Cinema.)

The Food of the Gods—Directed by Bert I. Gordon. Very largely about rats. Also about very large rats. An essence that issues from the earth has terrible powers of enlarging the size of various creatures, especially the aforesaid rats. Billed as being based on H. G. Wells' novel but lacking an ounce of his intellect or sense of augury. (7/26/76) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting June 29.)

For the Love of Benji—Directed by Joe Camp. (Guild.)

Fun with Dick and Jane—A nitwit mixture of counterculture politics, madcap comedy, and toilet humor. George Segal and Jane Fonda are Dick and Jane of the children's primers, grown up, married, and living beyond their means in a suburban-palatial L.A. dream house; when he loses his executive job they turn to robbery. Excruciatingly badly directed by Ted Kotcheff. (2/28/77) (72nd Street East, and Playboy; starting June 29.)

The Great White Hope (1970)—How a black prizefighter (James Earl Jones) is brought down because of white men's fear of the strength of blacks. Martin Ritt's big, noisy production defeats Jones here, and along the way it also inadvertently exposes the clobber-them-with-guilt tactics of the dramatist, Howard Sackler. (St. Marks Cinema; through June 28.)

Hands Across the Table (1935)—In movies written by Norman Krasna, you can see the jokes being set up: when the payoff comes you're already tired. Carole Lombard has a funny scene imitating a telephone operator, but it's an underwhelming comedy. With Fred MacMurray (not the subtlest of *farceurs*) and Ralph Bellamy. Mitchell Leisen directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 29-30.)

Happy Birthday, Wanda June (1971)—Rod Steiger as a sexist big-game hunter, in Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s, attempt at a Shavian play of ideas about the end of the bullish dominating male. Badly misdirected by Mark Robson, who tried for a stylized tone that doesn't work. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 25.)

High Street—With Annie Cordy and Mort Shuman, directed by André Ernotte. (Quad Cinema.)

Homage to Chagall—The Colours of Love—A documentary, directed by Harry Rasky, with narration by James Mason. Joseph Wiseman is the voice of Marc Chagall. (Little Carnegie.)

The Hustler (1961)—The test of what a man has inside him—the Hemingway type of story frequently set in the bullring or, in this country, in the world of sports, especially among prizefighters. Here, it is set in the world of pool sharks. Paul Newman is the young contender, Eddie Felson; Jackie Gleason is the old champ, Minnesota Fats; Piper Laurie is Eddie's girl; and George C. Scott his evil manager. Robert Rossen directed this fine movie, which is marred, however, by too conscious an effort at pungent dialogue and some rather murky notions of perversion and corruption. But it's a strong movie, and Newman gives a fine, emotional performance. With Murray Hamilton and Myron McCormick, who is stuck with the worst pseudo-Odets role. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 28.)

Images (1972)—A classy schizo (Susannah York) duplicates herself, confuses the living with the dead, and can't tell her husband (René Auberjonois) from her lovers (Marcel Bozzuffi, Hugh Millais). A hollow puzzle movie, and trashy, but it is seductively shot and edited, and has some inventive moments. Written and directed by Robert Altman; made in Ireland. (Cinema Studio; June 27.)

Jabberwocky—An agreeably deranged English film, directed by Monty Python's Terry Gilliam, with Python's Michael Palin playing a dim-looking youth called Dennis Cooper. It is set, vaguely, in the Middle Ages, which is to say in the middle of demolition, muddle, and mayhem. Highly recommended. (5/9/77) (Cinema I.)

Joe (1970)—A hardhat type, mouthing prejudices about the young and the blacks and the freeloaders on welfare, meets a well-heeled liberal adman, and they strike up a murderous alliance. Peter Boyle plays the bigot; John Avildsen directed. (Cinema Village; June 24-25.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Waverly; through June 23.)

Lady in the Dark (1944)—Monstrously overproduced musical about the Oedipal hangups and sexual frustrations of a fashion-magazine editor (Ginger Rogers), whose problems are solved when she stops wearing the pants—i.e., gives up her job to a man (Ray Milland). The content is insulting to women; the form is insulting to audiences of both sexes. It's a real botch. Directed by Mitchell Leisen; adapted from Moss Hart's Broadway show. With Jon Hall, Warner Baxter, Mischa Auer, Barry Sullivan, and Don Loper. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 26-27.)

Let's Talk About Men (1965)—Lina Wertmüller's second film, in four parts. Nino Manfredi plays the Superior Man in all four: a businessman financially less successful than his sumptuous thief of a wife, an aged circus knife-thrower, a sadomasochist, a snoring husband who is blind to his wife's discontent. Wertmüller is not a women's-lib polemicist. Politically, she is an intelligent and kindly philosopher, who sees people being turned into society's flunkies. Dramatically, she is moved by paradox, fully aware of the ache that often underlies the Latin bombast of her characters. In Italian. (8/16/76) (Cinema Village; June 26-27.)

The Long Goodbye (1973)—Robert Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" finished off the cycle of the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," it's just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. Based on Raymond Chandler's book, the picture stars Elliott Gould as Marlowe; he gives an original, striking performance as a wryly forlorn man, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell. (Cinema Studio; June 28.)

The Long, Hot Summer (1958)—This amalgam of Faulkner's stories "Barn Burning" and "The Spotted Horses," and a piece of his novel "The Hamlet," turned out to be highly commercial and hugely entertaining. The setting is a Mississippi town run by Will Varner (Orson Welles); Paul Newman plays Ben Quick, the stud drifter who comes into town and makes a deal with Varner to marry his tough-minded, virgin schoolteacher daughter (Joanne Woodward). Ben Quick is one of those arrogant-on-the-outside, vulnerable-on-the-inside roles that Newman can do better than any other movie actor, and he and Woodward have some electric, strong scenes together. Martin Ritt directed from a cracker-jack screenplay by Irving Ravetch and his wife Harriet Frank, Jr. With Angela Lansbury, Lee Remick, Anthony Franciosa, and Richard Anderson. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 28.)

MacArthur—With Gregory Peck in the title role, directed by Joseph Sargent. (Music Hall; starting June 29 at 6. Opening night will be a benefit performance.)

Male of the Century (1975)—Directed by Claude Berri (who made "Marry Me! Marry Me!" and "The Two of Us") with characteristic good humor and drollness. The hero—played by Berri himself, sporting a heavy black mustache like a Victorian bather's—is a male chauvinist in a small-scale trouser-selling business. His truck proudly bears the slogan "The Pants King," and he treats his wife (Juliet Berto) with the same airy sovereignty. When she is kidnapped in a bank holdup, his chief worry is that one of the gangsters is going to make love to his beautiful piece of property. A charming, anecdotal film, full of wry sagacity. In French. (6/21/76) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 27.)

Man on the Roof—Based on a Maj Sjöwall-Per Wahlöö book. With Carl-Gustaf Lindstedt, directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Cinema 3.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (Cinema Studio; June 24.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller (1971)—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie: Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. (Cinema Studio; June 26.)

Mean Frank and Crazy Tony—With Lee Van Cleef and Tony Lo Bianco, directed by Michel Lupo. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through June 28.)

The Music Man (1962)—A heavy-footed version of the Broadway musical by Meredith Willson and Franklin Lacey—a cheerful, broad piece of Americana about a silver-tongued con man, who drifts into an Iowa town and persuades the gullible residents that the children need to organize a fine big marching band. Morton DaCosta, who had

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also directed the stage version, isn't comfortable with the camera, and the material seems too literal, too practical, too set. But the star, Robert Preston, has a few minutes of fast patter—conmanship set to music—that constitute one of the high points in the history of American musicals. This is one of those triumphs that only a veteran performer can have; Preston's years of experience and his love of performing come together joyously. With Shirley Jones as the librarian who reforms the roué hero, and Paul Ford, Hermione Gingold, Buddy Hackett, Pert Kelton, and Ronny Howard. Screenplay by Marion Hargrove. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 26.)

Never on Sunday (1960)—Melina Mercouri as the happy whore who goes to bed only with men she likes in Jules Dassin's clumsy fable about the joys of amorality and the stupidity of virtue. Pinheaded Shavian ironies and an exhaustingly robust heroine. Made in Greece, with bouzouki music by Manos Hadjidakis. In English and Greek. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 29.)

New York, New York—With Liza Minnelli and Robert De Niro, directed by Martin Scorsese. (Ziegfeld. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East, and Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting June 29.)

No Man of Her Own (1932)—Carole Lombard and Clark Gable: O.K. together, but they don't exactly ignite the screen (though they were married some years later). It's a comedy, but Lombard hadn't yet discovered the no-holds-barred daffy personality that made her irresistibly likable in the mid-thirties. Wesley Ruggles directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 29-30.)

One Touch of Venus (1948)—Robert Walker kisses a statue in Macy's and it comes alive—or, to describe more accurately the performance by the ravishing young Ava Gardner, half alive. Her songs are dubbed (by Eileen Wilson), which adds to the sloe-eyed effect. The film creaks; it's a paltry, bowdlerized version of the Broadway show by S. J. Perelman, Ogden Nash, and Kurt Weill. With Olga San Juan, Eve Arden, Tom Conway, and Dick Haymes. Directed by William A. Seiter, from a script by Harry Kurnitz and Frank Tashlin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 26-27.)

Ossessione (1942)—Directed by Luchino Visconti but banned for years in this country because the rights to the original novel, James M. Cain's "The Postman Always Rings Twice," had been sold to Hollywood for a Lana Turner movie. The suggestion for making the film came from Renoir, to whom there is a clear stylistic bow in the film's struggle for *verismo*. The topic is the manic potency of a certain kind of sexual obsession; the characters are a poor man who stops at a roadside joint and stays on as a laborer, the proprietor's wife, and the proprietor, a heavy-minded dolt. Sometimes dated now, it is still a passionate film about people living in a situation of unbroken self-delusion, without knowledge of consequence. In Italian. (6/13/77) (D.W. Griffith; June 22.)

The Other Francisco—A Cuban film, directed by Sergio Giral. In Spanish. (Renoir Cinema; starting June 30.)

The Other Side of Midnight—Derived from the Sidney Sheldon novel. With Marie-France Pisier, John Beck, Susan Sarandon, and Raf Vallone; directed by Charles Jarrott. (Coronet.)

Pardon Mon Affaire—With Jean Rochefort, Victor Lanoux, and Claude Brasseur; directed by Yves Robert. In French. (Baronet.)

Phaedra (1962)—Jules Dassin's glossy, novelettish version featuring Melina Mercouri, who leaves her husband, Raf Vallone, to run away with Anthony Perkins, while the audience tries to figure out why. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 29.)

Phantom of the Paradise (1974)—This satire of horror movies is also a rock musical comedy, and it has a kinetic, breakneck wit. The writer-director, Brian De Palma, is a genuinely funny man, with a gassy, original comic temperament; he creates a new Guignol, in a modern idiom, out of the movie Guignol of the past. Creepy Paul Williams plays Swan, of Death Records; William Finley is the idealistic young composer who becomes the Phantom; and talented Jessica Harper is his ladylove. The singer, Beef, is played by Gerrit Graham, who gives the single funniest performance. (Quad Cinema; through June 28.)

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Rocky—A low-budget winner—a romantic fable about a Philadelphia palooka who gains his manhood, written by and starring muscle-bound Sylvester Stallone, who is repulsive one moment, noble the next. The picture is poorly made, yet its naïve, emotional shamelessness is funny and engaging. John G. Avildsen directed; with Talia Shire, Carl Weathers, Burt Young, and Burgess Meredith. (11/29/76) (St. Marks Cinema, Trans-Lux East, and Olympia; through June 28.)

Rollercoaster—Directed by James Goldstone, a film that rides suavely on the innate terror that people have about rides in amusement parks. George Segal is an amusement-park safety inspector thankful to be yanked away from the—to him—infinite horrors of anti-smoking electric-shock therapy in order to investigate catastrophes caused by bombs laid on roller-coaster tracks. In Sensurround, which underscores the queasiness of riding the Big Dipper and the Ferris wheel. This isn't a disaster film: no dwelling on squelched bodies, and a certain amount of Hitchcockian suspense in broad daylight among holiday-making crowds. (6/20/77) (Murray Hill, and 86th St. East.)

The Savage Is Loose (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. (59th St. East.)

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution—A civilized light entertainment, with Nicol Williamson's Sherlock Holmes and Alan Arkin's Sigmund Freud pooling their deductive skills to solve the mysterious kidnapping of one of Freud's patients (Vanessa Redgrave). Chief among the performers, who seem to be having an actor's holiday, is Laurence Olivier, in high form as the criminal mastermind Prof. Moriarty; the others include Robert Duvall as Dr. Watson, Joel Grey, Anna Quayle, Samantha Eggar, Georgia Brown, Jeremy Kemp, and Charles Gray. Nicholas Meyer adapted his 1974 best-seller; Herbert Ross directed. (11/1/76) (Gramercy; through June 28. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; June 29-30.)

Slap Shot—Fast, noisy, profane comedy set in the world of minor-league ice hockey. The director, George Roy Hill, gets you laughing, all right, but you don't necessarily enjoy yourself. What holds the film together is the warmth supplied by Paul Newman, who, as Reggie, a player-coach, gives the performance of his life—to date. (3/7/77) (Gramercy; through June 28.)

Smokey and the Bandit—With Burt Reynolds, Sally Field, Jerry Reed, and Jackie Gleason; directed by Hal Needham. (Music Hall; through June 28.)

Sorcerer—With Roy Scheider, directed by William Friedkin. (Loews Ciné; starting June 24.)

S.O.S. Iceberg (1933)—An international production (Danish, German, American), this adventure melodrama about a shipwrecked group of explorers hanging on to a glacier that's breaking up was an international hit. Made in Greenland in 1932 and 1933 by the director, Dr. Arnold Fanck, it starred Leni Riefenstahl and a German cast; the American version, with Tay Garnett given the director's credit, retains much of Fanck's footage, and Riefenstahl is still the star, but the other German leads are replaced by Rod La Rocque and Gibson Gowland. From the start, the production doesn't appear to have been taken too seriously by those involved (not, at least, in the way they took "The White Hell of Pitz Palü" seriously), and it's far from a great epic, but it has an entertainingly perilous situation, and there are marvellously photographed sequences. Ernst Udet, who had appeared in "Pitz Palü" and other Fanck films, does some exhibition-style stunt flying here, as he comes to the rescue. By the time she appeared in this film, Riefenstahl, discovered by Fanck when he saw her dancing the lead role in a ballet when she was seventeen, had already made her own début as a director, with "The Blue Light," in 1932. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 28.)

Judith Shahn

Star Wars—Moon landings and astronomers' maps have put an end to our dreams of a man-in-the-moon made of cheese; it remains to TV serials and moviemakers to revive our romantic interest. "Star Wars," written and directed by George Lucas (of "American Graffiti"), is about an interstellar war in a galaxy inhabited by tiny, chattering, evil beings, by Tenniel creatures of high individuality (a henna-dyed wolf-man, snakes with the look of mathematicians), by a gold-plated robot, and by a computer who looks like a mixture of hair-dryer and mailbox. (The two last trudge across what is actually the Tunisian desert bickering inseparably, like man and wife in Beckett.) Witty and fun, with spectacular optical effects. (6/13/77) (Loews Orpheum.)

The Sting (1973)—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (Playboy; through June 28.)

Swashbuckler—With Robert Shaw, James Earl Jones, Peter Boyle, Geneviève Bujold, Beau Bridges, and Geoffrey Holder; directed by James Goldstone. (Playboy; through June 28.)

Sweet Charity (1969)—Based on what is possibly Fellini's finest film, "Nights of Cabiria," about a gullible, softhearted prostitute, this big musical, starring Shirley MacLaine, was possibly just too ambitious a project for Bob Fosse's début as a movie director. The tricky camera effects that Fosse later brought off in "Cabaret" and in the TV special "Liza with a Z" are too jangling here, and although Shirley MacLaine tries hard, it's obvious that her dancing isn't up to the demands of the role. It's a disaster, but zoom-happy Fosse's choreographic conceptions are intensely dramatic, and the movie has some of the best dancing in American musicals of the period. With Sammy Davis, Jr., Paula Kelly, Chita Rivera, Ricardo Montalban, Barbara Bouchet, Stubby Kaye, and John McMartin. Peter Stone did the screenplay, based on the version Neil Simon did for Broadway. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 26-27.)

That Cold Day in the Park (1969)—It is certainly well directed (by Robert Altman), it's well written (by Gillian Freeman), and it is beautifully shot (by Laslo Kovacs). But does anybody want to see a movie about a spinster (Sandy Dennis) who traps a young man (Michael Burns) and walls him up in her home? There may be something in the film medium itself that works against these stories of obsessional incarceration ("The Collector" also failed): we are trapped along with the prisoner, and we long to get away. One can admire the film for its craftsmanship; it has a cold brilliance. But that's all. From a novel by Richard Miles; music by Johnny Mandel. (Cinema Studio; through June 23.)

Thieves Like Us (1974)—This story of young lovers in the thirties is the most quietly poetic of Robert Altman's films. Keith Carradine is the boy who escapes from prison with two bank robbers (John Schuck and Bert Remsen), and Shelley Duvall is the girl he meets. Adapted from a neglected 1937 novel by Edward Anderson, which also served as the basis of the 1948 Nicholas Ray picture "They Live by Night." (Cinema Studio; June 29.)

3 **Women**—Robert Altman's dream film about three women whose identities merge, one into another, and flow together. Shelley Duvall plays a beautiful know-it-all girl who is an attendant in a health spa for the aged. Sissy Spacek plays the novice she breaks in, and Janice Rule plays a silent artist who paints lunging profile figures on the sides of swimming pools. (4/18/77) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

The Touch (1971)—A Bergman film from a great period. The story, by him, is about the incursion of a German-American Jew—played by Elliott Gould—into the lives of a calm Swedish couple, played by Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow. He has an affair with Bibi Andersson. The film is the best that Bergman has ever made about certain kinds of love—exact and very touching. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 29-30.)

Touched in the Head (1974)—Directed by Jacques Doillon. In French. (Renoir Cinema; June 22.)

We All Loved Each Other So Much—An Italian film by Ettore Scola that is a comic commemoration of some of the reasons we find Italians congenial: bombast, the gift for abusive lifelong friendship, puff-chestedness, dignity in making gaffes, a talent for chaos, a genius with babies, intense solemnity about professionalism in anything from male nursing to car parking to film buffery to policemen dressed up like generals. Vittorio Gassman plays a well-heeled lawyer, Nino Manfredi plays a hospital orderly, Stefano Satta Flores plays a film buff blanched and bespectacled from all the films he has watched. In Italian. (6/6/77) (Sutton.)

Welcome to L.A.—The writer-director, Alan Rudolph, is literary in a sub-literate way; he overvalues mournful poetic thoughts. And Richard Baskin, whose suite of rock songs "City of the One Night Stands" was the starting point for this sick-soul-of-Los Angeles movie, growls his guru-wisdom lyrics on the sound track. Their whimsical, laid-back alienation is stagnant and irritating; the picture seems drugged. Keith Carradine, Geraldine Chaplin, Lauren Hutton, Harvey Keitel, John Considine, Sissy Spacek, Sally Kellerman, and others perform attentively, but they're undirected. (3/21/77) (Quad Cinema; starting June 29, tentative.)

The White Hell of Pitz Palü (1929)—The German geologist-filmmaker Dr. Arnold Fanck made a series of six "mountain films"—all popular successes—starring the young dancer Leni Riefenstahl. This one is the most famous, perhaps because although Fanck directed the outdoor sequences (a celebration of heights, vastness, ordeal, purity), the overall story was in the hands of G. W. Pabst, who obtained marvellously sensual performances from Riefenstahl and Gustav Diessl. It's a passionately romantic outdoor epic full of that Promethean Alpine idealism about the conquest of the peaks which was soon after to become identified with Nazi mysticism. The celebrated German daredevil ace of the First World War, Ernst Udet (whose later experiences, during the Nazi period, were used as the basis for the 1955 film "The Devil's General"), appears as himself; when the principal characters are trapped on a mountain peak, Udet arrives in a tiny rescue plane. An example of a genre that died, this film of precipices, avalanches, and suffering produces very mixed emotions, but however one feels about it, it is visually stunning. When it opened here at the Roxy, it had a tremendous success, though its fame was diminished by a bastardized sound version, with sequences shot in a studio replacing the authentic originals. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 28.)

Wizards—A full-length animated cartoon by the unique Ralph Bakshi, of "Fritz the Cat" and "Heavy Traffic." This new color film, graphically innovative, is a fable about a future world divided between the forces of a good brother and a bad. One misses Bakshi's former pungent sense of the crude beauty of Manhattan; instead, we see a master craftsman making cartoon armies rush around like charges of cavalry in the Russian "War and Peace." The first cartoon that has the quality of a good epic. (Quad Cinema; through June 28.)

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Waterford Bio-Medical
Science Award
1977

Photo: Pesin

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We do not think it is noble or even generous.

It is a debt we owe to man's quest for light.

WATERFORD BIO-MEDICAL SCIENCE AWARD

An international award, administered by the Scripps Clinic & Research Foundation.
1977 Recipient: Dr. Maclyn McCarty

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

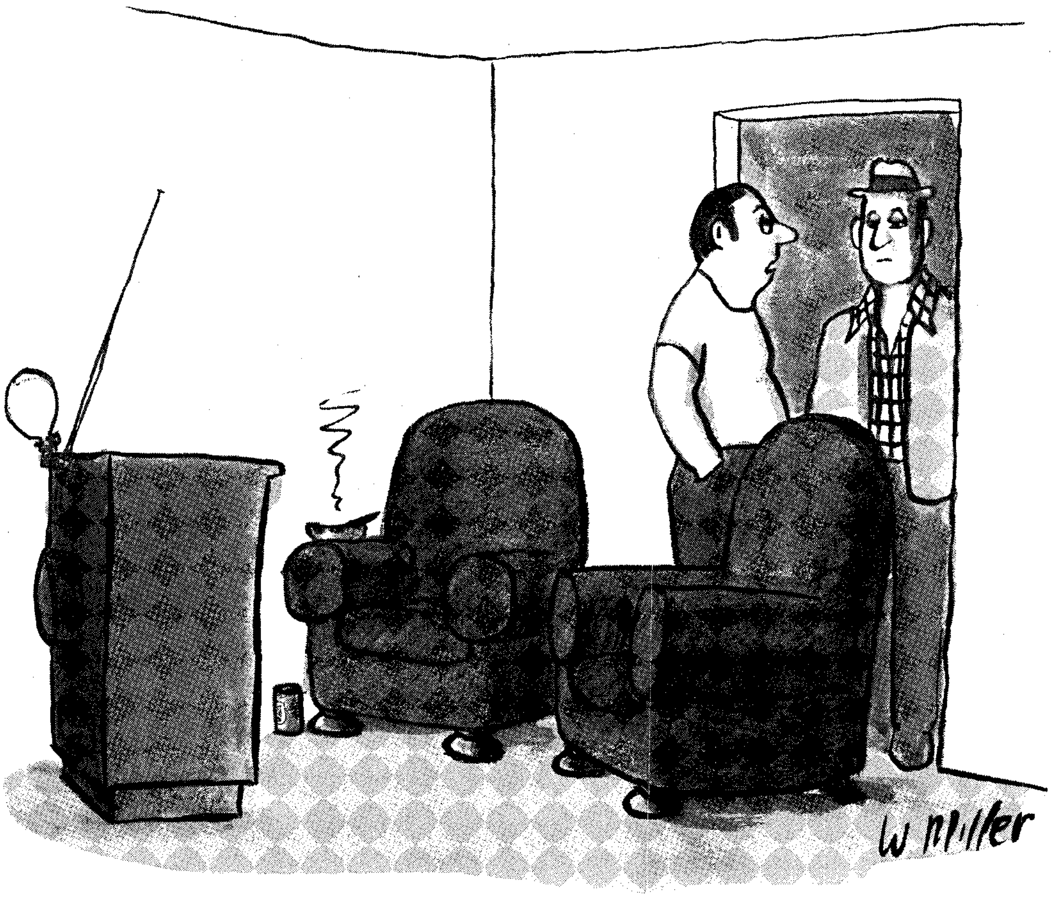
Notes and Comment

THE R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company has just launched an advertising and promotional campaign for a new brand of cigarette—a campaign that *Advertising Age* has declared will constitute "the most heavily advertised cigarette introduction of all time." A recent article in the Sunday business section of the *Times* went further. It described the introduction of the new brand as "the biggest marketing campaign in the history of consumer packaged goods." According to the *Times* article, preparations for this event have gone forward under conditions of corporate secrecy approaching those of military intelligence services in wartime. For several years, the project was known within the company only under the code letters "RL." "Documents referring to RL were stamped 'SECRET' or 'EYES ONLY' and were distributed on a need-to-know basis. Papers were discussed behind sealed doors, kept in locked drawers, handled by staff with special clearances, and tossed into shredders," the *Times* article reported. The name of the new cigarette has now been declassified by the Reynolds company: its name is Real, and in introducing it Reynolds intends to spend no less than fifty million dollars in advertising and promotion during the next twelve months. The promotional aspects alone are reported in the *Times* to involve the use of a hundred and thirty boxcar loads of display materials, more than twenty-five million free sample packages of Reals, the acquisition of the biggest billboard overlooking Times Square, and the services of a task force of two thousand salesmen, who will call upon tobacco retailers to boost Reals. The print advertising campaign for Reals will, of course, be pushed on a vast and relentless scale; and Donald W. Grout, a Reynolds vice-president in charge of sales, was quoted in the *Times* as promising, "Before long you won't be able to turn around out there without having Real hit you over the head."

The introduction of Real adds to a list of relatively recent cigarette brand names that are epithets of probity, such as True and Merit. (True is a product of the Lorillard division of Loew's Theatres, Inc., and Merit of Philip Morris, Inc.) The particular claim to virtue that the Reynolds people say they intend to put forward for Real in the forthcoming promotion is that Real is a "natural" cigarette. Exactly what that means even the Reynolds people seem to have difficulty in making entirely clear. Apart from the fact that in Reals the company will replace the synthetic flavoring additives that most cigarettes contain with non-synthetic flavoring additives, it seems that the "natural" quality of Reals will consist in their being advertised and promoted as natural.

In contemplating the news of this latest cigarette promotion, we have been struck anew by the contrast between the scale on which the tobacco industry is able to mount campaign after campaign to reinforce the contributions of particular companies to the cigarette-smoking habit and the scale of the measures being taken by the United States government to lessen cigarette smoking for the sake of public health. Thirteen years after the famous report on smoking and health by an advisory committee to the Surgeon General of the United States declared that cigarette smoking is a leading cause of lung cancer in males, and that it presents "a health hazard of sufficient importance . . . to warrant appropriate remedial action," the tobacco industry is spending approximately four hundred million dollars a year on cigarette advertising in newspapers and magazines. That is about a hundred million dollars more than the industry spent on all its television, radio, billboard, and print advertising in 1970, just before cigarette advertising was taken off the air by act of Congress. Against the four hundred million dollars a year now being spent on print advertising, the government is spending less than two million dollars a year on educational programs concerning the hazards of cigarette smoking. Moreover, the government is easily outweighing its own countermeasures with the estimated ninety-seven million dollars that it will spend in 1977 in support of the tobacco-growing industry. These support measures include a loan program for tobacco sales abroad under the Agricultural Trade Development and Assistance Act of 1954 (which is now also known as the Food for Peace Program), a fifteen-million-dollar expenditure to administer tobacco price-support programs in the United States, and a five-to-six-million-dollar program for government inspection and grading of domestic tobacco crops.

To enlarge yet further the disproportion in the forces at contention over this public-health issue, the anti-smoking spot announcements on television which, before the ban on broadcast cigarette advertising, television stations were obliged to run at no charge, and in reasonable proportion to the cigarette ads on the screen, are no longer seen



"They legalized mopeds and I haven't seen her since."

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on the air in any numbers, and so barely exist as a counterforce to cigarette advertising. Obviously, no equivalent of the anti-smoking commercials exists where the press is concerned. From the time that Congress ordered cigarette ads off the air, newspapers and magazines have reaped huge benefits from the tobacco industry; their cigarette-advertising revenues have increased nearly sevenfold since 1970, when they received sixty-four million dollars from the tobacco companies. With certain exceptions—a very few publishers currently refuse to accept cigarette advertising—the business managements of the major newspapers and of other publications are vigorously soliciting and competing for cigarette advertising from the agencies employed by the big tobacco companies. The publishers want the money and feel they need the money—and, indeed, for some national publications the annual revenues from cigarette advertising do make the difference between profit and loss.

In view of these circumstances, we find it significant that the press has been paying very little attention to the issue of cigarettes and public health, and that the reporting on this subject has become extraordinarily untenacious. After all, the issue is not without interest. The effects of cigarette smoking on public health are of an absolutely disastrous order. Cigarette smoking is the direct cause of approximately eighty thousand deaths a year in this country from lung cancer alone. In addition, it is considered to be the direct cause of some fifteen thousand deaths from emphysema, and is an important contributing cause of death from coronary heart disease and other diseases. Altogether, the deaths from cigarette smoking in this country come to about a quarter of a million each year—a figure that dwarfs the figures of deaths resulting from other catastrophes, natural or man-made, which are extensively reported in the press. In comparison to the number of lives being taken by cigarette smoking, the number of deaths from violent crime in this country each year, which is about twenty thousand, and which is the subject of such high-pressure reporting in the press, seems small.

Only recently, the press has devoted acres of space to the subject of saccharin, and the proposed ban by the Food and Drug Administration on the unlimited sale of this sugar substitute. The saccharin issue is indeed an important issue of public regulatory policy, and the studies made of experimental animals that were fed saccharin indicate a carcinogenic potential among human beings which might conceivably be responsible for as many as four hundred deaths a year in the American population. But if the controversial issue of saccharin, involving a theoretical toll of four hundred lives a year, merits all the attention it is given by the press, what attention should the press devote to a toll, from lung cancer and emphysema alone, of ninety-five thousand lives a year as a direct result of cigarette smoking? Why the widespread lack of interest by publishers, and lack of reporting by journalists, concerning the issue of the tobacco industry, cigarette smoking, and public health—except, perhaps, for reports on big-money promotions of new cigarette brands which may find their way into the business pages? Currently, even the *Columbia Journalism Review*, which supposedly exists for the purpose of subjecting the reporting standards of the American press to critical examination, has been helping to sustain itself financially by running full-page color ads for cigarettes, and it seems to us that when this happens, something is really awry.

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Saint

BOARDING an Amtrak express the other morning, we rode down to North Philadelphia and hailed a cab for St. Peter's Church, at Fifth Street and Girard Avenue. Entering the basement chapel of the church, a structure in American-Gothic style which dominates a run-down neighborhood, we met Father Francis J. Litz, a trim, bald seventy-eight-year-old Redemptorist priest. Father Litz has just seen through to a successful conclusion the process of making an American saint; namely, the diminutive (he was just over five feet two) John Nepomucene Neumann, who was Bishop of Philadelphia from 1852 to 1860. When we asked how Neumann was chosen from some two thousand prelates who have presided over Catholic dioceses in the United States since Benjamin Franklin helped to get John Carroll named the first American bishop (of Baltimore), in 1789, Father Litz immediately replied, "P.R.—*promotion!* That's how."

By that time, we were seated in Father Litz's office, a dimly lit cubicle that is, strictly speaking, the office of the Vice-Postulator of the Neumann cause; and Father Litz stopped talking only long enough to let his words sink in. Then, leaning back in his chair, he went on, "One could say that Neumann's good fortune was to have joined the Redemptorists in 1840, before becoming a bishop. When Neumann died with his boots on, in Philadelphia, on January 5, 1860, the Redemptorists asked that he be buried here in St. Peter's—one of two Redemptorist churches in Philadelphia—as Neumann himself had requested. Poor Catholics from the neighboring districts soon began flocking to his tomb here, praying for his intercession for favors from Heaven. Many claimed that their prayers for jobs, cures, raises in pay, serenity of spirit, a husband, or a wife were being answered. Some of Neumann's former Redemptorist companions expressed annoyance at this development, but they were silenced when, a month after his death, they opened Neumann's tomb surreptitiously and found the body—which was unembalmed—intact. The word spread widely that Philadelphia's deceased bishop was a saint. His tomb then became a kind of shrine. In 1886, Archbishop Patrick J. Ryan, of Philadelphia, introduced the cause for canonization. This process is long, intricate, costly, tedious, and full of disappointments. Neumann's case was no exception."

Before meeting Father Litz, we had been told that Archbishop Ryan would have preferred the cause of Neumann's predecessor—a handsome Irishman, Francis Patrick Kenrick—but that after checking with Vatican experts he was persuaded that Neumann's chances were better, particularly since Neumann had the resources of the Redemptorist Fathers in Rome and Philadelphia behind him. We had also learned a bit about Neumann's life. He arrived in New York on June 2, 1836, from Prachatitz, in Bohemia, by way of Le Havre. He was a well-educated young man of twenty-five, penniless and shabby, who had only recently completed his seminary studies and was searching for a Catholic bishop who would ordain him a priest and assign him to serve immigrant Catholics. Welcomed by John Dubois, the Bishop of New York, who desperately needed German-speaking priests, Neumann was ordained and was dispatched to Buffalo before the month was out. He spent more than four years wandering through the nearby woods giving spiritual help to immigrant Catholics, mainly German, who were clearing the land and scratching out a scanty subsistence. In 1840, Neumann joined the Redemptorist Fathers, in the hope of achieving stability in his life. Instead, his assignments took him to Pittsburgh, Baltimore, New York, and Rochester, back to Buffalo, and to Ohio, and he thought of leaving the Redemptorists. Eventually, he was stabilized as pastor of St. Alphonsus' Church in Baltimore, where toward the end of 1851 he became confessor to his new archbishop—Francis Patrick Kenrick, the flamboyant Irishman. Kenrick took such a shine to the precise little priest that he informed Rome that Neumann would make an ideal Bishop of Philadelphia—the diocese that Kenrick had recently vacated. Although Neumann was no orator, and lacked what the Italians call *presenza*, he did have zeal, common sense, and a strong constitution. In addition, as a German-speaking Bohemian, Neumann stood a good chance of obtaining funds from the Archbishop of Vienna and the Leopoldine Foundation, a missionary society that was established by the Austrian emperor Francis I, and had as one of its major aims to serve the spiritual needs of German-speaking immigrants in America. Rome took Kenrick's advice and appointed Neumann bishop. Never quite accepted socially by Philadelphia's Main Line Catholics (perhaps he was not worldly enough), the new prelate spent much of his time acquainting himself with his diocese—it encompassed the eastern half of Pennsylvania, southern New Jersey, from Trenton to Cape May, and all of Delaware—where under the force of his encouragement the priests and laymen built numerous churches and a hundred schools, despite a prolonged financial depression and the then rampant hostility of American Nativists and Know-Nothings. He was especially beloved by the poor. He had not reached his forty-ninth birthday when he died, on a Philadelphia street, from overwork and exhaustion.

Pulling a red quarto volume of the *Acta*, or canonization process, from a box on his desk, Father Litz said, "Neumann's case for canonization really got moving in 1893, when an affable Italian Redemptorist, Father Claudio Benedetti, took it in hand. He had the case recognized officially and the orthodoxy of Neumann's writings vouched for. Then he let the case bump along for ten years longer—until 1903, when he could give it his full attention. Among the difficulties Benedetti encountered was a lack of extraordinary events connected with Neumann's life—no reports of miraculous cures, no levitations while he preached, no great feats of prayer or conversion. The accounts of Neumann's holiness which were gathered in America were, as Rome put it, 'too lean, too dry, and too laconic.' By a series of forensic maneuvers, Benedetti overcame charges by the Devil's Advocate—the priest whose assigned job was to see to it that Neumann's cause failed—that Neumann's holiness was merely ordinary. He convinced Pope Benedict in 1921 that he should declare Neumann's 'heroicity of virtues'—a technical term meaning, in Neumann's case, that he had done ordinary things in an extraordinary manner. Several years later, Benedetti reached eighty

BELIEVE IT
BEAME
OR NOT
D. Fradon

and retired. His replacement, Father Benedict D'Orazio, found the going rough and let the matter slide. In 1933, the arrival in Washington of Archbishop Amleto Cicognani as Apostolic Delegate awakened new interest in it. He wrote a small book, 'Sanctity in America,' and got after the Redemptorist Provincial Superior to push Neumann's cause. He did the same with the Sisters of Charity in the cause of Mother Elizabeth Ann Seton. But the Second World War intervened. Then, in 1958, with the election of Pope John, the whole scene changed. John created Cicognani a cardinal and made him his Secretary of State. And Cicognani convinced the Pope that America needed saints—only one American citizen had ever been made a saint, Mother Frances Xavier Cabrini, in 1946—pointing to the causes of Neumann and Mother Seton."

Father Litz, who had been appointed Vice-Postulator in 1956, soon gave the operation a financial basis by putting pressure on the rectors of St. Peter's and St. Boniface's (the other Redemptorist church in Philadelphia), for twenty-five thousand dollars each—a small portion of a bequest that the Redemptorists had received from the Francis A. Drexel estate. Then Father Litz persuaded the Redemptorist superior general in Rome, Father William Gaudreau, to appoint a young, talented Postulator who knew his way around the Vatican. This was a laureate in literature from the University of Rome, Father Nicolo Ferrante. Ferrante hired a young Church advocate, Giulio Dante, whose uncle was a papal master of ceremonies (a high official in the Congregation of Rites) and was soon to be made a cardinal. Then he picked two miracles attributed in this century to Neumann—that of an eleven-year-old Italian girl, Eva Benassi, cured of acute peritonitis in 1923, and that of a Villanova, Pennsylvania, boy, J. Kent Lenahan, restored to full health after his head had been crushed in an automobile accident—and started them over what Father Litz called the Vatican obstacle course. Rivalry soon broke out between partisans of Mother Seton and Bishop Neumann, and Mother Seton won. Pope John beatified Mother Seton in March of 1963. Neumann's case was on his desk when he died, on June 3rd of that year, and his successor, Paul VI, accepted John's judgment and made Neumann his first "beatus." Mother Seton became Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton in September, 1975, and Neumann was canonized a few days ago—on June 19, 1977.

Father Litz took a couple of final questions in stride. We asked about the financial aspect of the process, and he said, "Canonizations are costly, and rightly so. If a part of the Church's business is the production of saints, that's where some of its money should go. Unhappily, the vast majority of saints—I mean the laity—seldom get recognized, because they lack an organization with money and persistence, like a religious order, to push their cause."

When we asked if he cared to estimate the cost of the Neumann canonization, he said, "In 1907, according to the old *Catholic Encyclopedia*, the total cost of beatification and canonization was about fifty thousand dollars. Today, I'd say it would be several times that figure. When you realize the number of man-hours put in by experts—theologians, lawyers, medical men, diocesan and Vatican officials, cardinals, and the Pope—and what is achieved, I think it's cheap at the cost."

On the train back to New York, we couldn't help wondering whether the little immigrant from Prachatitz to Philadelphia, who the Pope said was in eternity with God, was really there. There seemed no way to affirm or dispute that, but what was certainly a fact was that the official calendar of saints now bore a new name—Saint John Nepomucene Neumann.

Coming Across

WE hadn't seen our old friend Ernest M. Frimbo, the world's greatest railroad buff—in England he is known as "the world's greatest railway enthusiast" and in Scotland he is called The Frimbo—for many months, and when we ran into him last week at the Lexicographers Club we found out why. "I know what you're going to ask," he said. "Since January 1st of this year, I have travelled forty-seven thousand three hundred and eighty-one miles by train, and that brings me up to a grand total of two million four hundred fifty-five thousand one hundred and eight."

"Where on earth have you been?" we said.

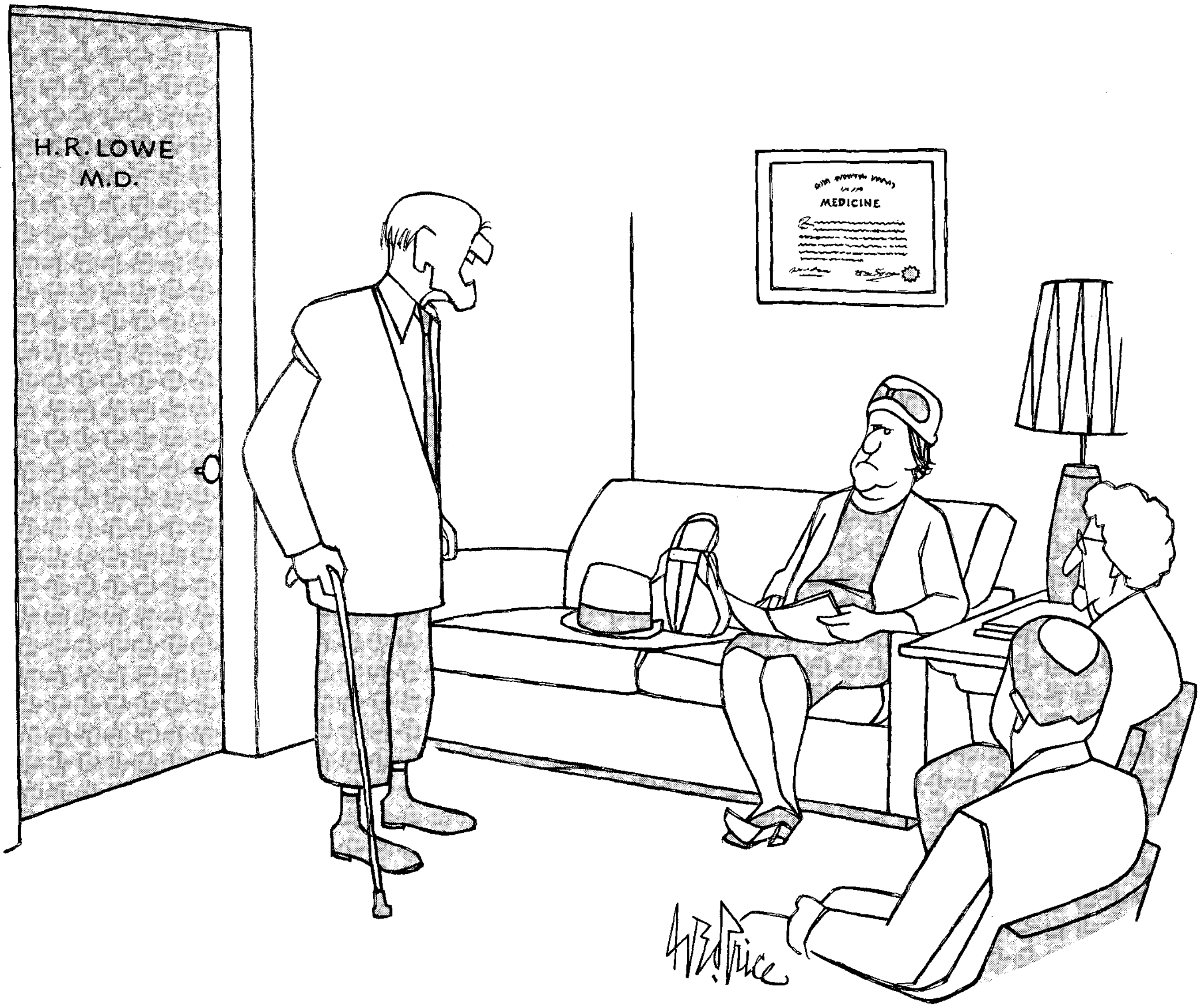
"I have taken time off from my new dictionary and rambled about at leisure," the great man said. "I'm happy to report that in this year of 1977 I managed to travel across the United States, ocean to ocean, in a train hauled the entire distance by a *steam* engine—something that no one will probably ever be able to do again. It was a casual journey. It began in Miami in mid-January and ended on the Pacific Coast, at Klamath Falls, Oregon—that's where I last saw Fats Waller alive—at the end of April. There was a three-month layover in Birmingham, Alabama, where minor surgery was performed on the locomotive, but that didn't matter. I just took off and made round trips to Montreal and Toronto in the interim. The trick was, as you may have guessed, that the locomotive was one of three that had been hauling the American Freedom Train cross-country for the past two years—a handsomely got-up engine that had been built for the Southern Pacific Railroad in the days when that company really loved passengers. The Freedom Train had ended its tour in Miami with not a great deal of cash left in the till. How to get the locomotive back to Portland, Oregon, the city to which the railroad had donated it years ago, when it was replaced by one of the ubiquitous diesel locomotives? Well, the president of Amtrak, Paul Reistrup, decided that he would like to run the engine at the head of a special train all the way from Miami to Portland, carrying as many passengers as wished to travel and thereby paying the engine's way. The train was fun enough from Miami to Birmingham, with three double-deck cars whose top decks were covered by glass domes—great for seeing the incredible variety of scenery. From Miami to the Georgia border, you see tourists and tourist rags. Then the country grows more and more William Faulkner all the way to New Orleans. You see working sawmills, the small farms that have still survived the agribusiness invasion, real working people, in comfortable clothes, who have never been to a big city and, wisely, don't care.

TO OUR READERS

With our issue of July 4th, the newsstand price of *The New Yorker* will be raised to one dollar.

"From Birmingham to Portland," Frimbo continued, "I thought the train should carry a parlor car. After all, it was planned for the train to lie over at dusk every day, so that we could see the complete panorama—forty-five hundred miles in all—and the parlor car seemed the only fit treatment for grandees who like to travel in proper fashion. The parlor car, which in fact materialized, was virtually sold out for the entire journey as soon as the announcements were out.

"En route, there were thousands of passengers, and over forty of them travelled all the way from Birmingham to Portland, among them two friends of mine, sheep and cattle ranchers, who had come here from New Zealand specially for the train. We forty and the



"You were right. It's the conniptions."

• •

crew (one member a *girl*) who tended and drove the locomotive—they had been nursing the engine across the country for a couple of years, and there are precious few people today who know anything about the care and feeding of a steam locomotive—are forming a sort of Argonauts Club to arrange for reunions every so often and, furthermore, to persuade the city fathers of Portland not to put the engine out to pasture but to let us run it now and again. Well, to get back to the scenery, west of New Orleans the swamps and the coastal marshes give way to the arid but picturesque desert land beyond San Antonio and the tremendous climb through the mountains of west Texas. We stopped one night in Alpine, just about at the top of Texas, where I used to spend a lot of time living at the old Holland Hotel—appropriately, across the way from the railroad station. Hell's bells, the Holland Hotel is now a state welfare center. But the owner of one of the motels, who is also the owner of a working cattle ranch twelve miles away in the mountains, allayed my disappointment and the disappointment of a number of others by collecting a fleet of school buses and hauling us to his ranch for a pork barbecue. There was a dance band in a patio near to where the hogs were being cooked, and it should have played 'Smoke Gets In Your Eyes' all night."

"Did you dance with anybody?" we asked.

"Yes," said Frimbo. "I danced with one of the waitresses in the café car on the train—a Latin-American from Miami and a really jolly girl. I also wanted to dance with some of the local girls, but inasmuch as I am only six feet two I would have been dwarfed by those splendid creatures, who, living that kind of outdoor life and eating that kind of food, don't need any hairdressers or cosmetics to make them look beautiful. I guess Texas is one of my favorite republics."

We thought of something. "If you were having such a ball, how come you left the train at Klamath Falls instead of going on to Portland?"

"If I had stayed on the train to Portland," Frimbo said, "I would have missed the last train east that could get me back to New York in time to catch up with another special excursion. My friend George Pins, who has almost entirely given up being a lawyer, so that he can travel around the way I do, was running a couple of his Pullman sleeping cars on a hotshot freight from Oak Island Yard, near Newark, New Jersey, to Frontier Yard, near Buffalo, and I had booked myself a double bedroom. You don't expect me to fly, do you?"

"How's that dictionary coming along?" we asked.

"I often pause to wonder," said E. M. Frimbo.

ALL PRECINCTS BEWARE— PAPER TIGRESS LOOSE!

SATURNINE, tweedy Gabe Hammerschlag, head of the N.Y.P.D.'s Confidence Detail, struck a match on his desk top and, sucking the flame into the bowl of his pipe, eyed me meditatively. Gabe and I had known each other ever since 1953, when I had helped him straighten out a rather nasty copyright mess among the Kachins of Northern Burma, and I knew that when Hammerschlag sucked flames meditatively into his pipe bowl the unexpected could be expected.

"Sir Herbert Lopretni phoned me from London the other night," he said abruptly. "His name mean anything to you?"

I frowned, the loose skin on my forehead corrugating into parallel ridges. "There are those who think it could stand for Interpol spelled backward."

"I wouldn't know about that." His face was a mask. "But this I do know—we've a crisis on our hands, and it's going to take a pretty special type of chap to sort it out. Passive to the point of stupidity on the surface, yet keen as mustard underneath. Only one man in this city answers to that description."

Despite myself, I blushed at the compliment. "Why, thanks, Gabe."

"Good. Then here's the drill—we're going to use you for bait, as a decoy. The way shikaris stake out a goat in India."

"Oh? And just who is the tiger, pray?"

"Say, rather, the tigress. The wiliest, most dangerous feline ever to stalk the world of wholesale stationery."

"That's a metaphor of some kind, I gather."

"No, I'm being quite literal." He produced a file from his desk and opened it. "Early last May, ten men were convicted in London's Central Criminal Court of participating in a huge carbon-paper fraud. Immense quantities of the paper were sold at inflated prices to the purchasing agents of a number of British companies. Get the picture? Then let me read you the Crown prosecutor's account of how the gang operated, as reported in the London *Times:* 'Company buyers, known as "dupes," were bribed with champagne, cigarettes, or cash and then threatened with exposure to their employers once they succumbed to the stationery salesmen, he [the Crown prosecutor] said. . . . An Exeter store, Bobby and Company, paid out £70,000 in 18 months and was invoiced with 3,750,000 sheets of carbon, enough to last the typists 3,000 years, he added. The Northern Ireland firm of Ulster Carpet Mills were invoiced with enough for 400 years and the Coöperative Society in Bangor, North Wales, got 438,900 sheets, enough for 290 years.' "

"But the perpetrators—or paper traitors, so to speak—were caught," I objected. "Whence hence this tigress of yours?"

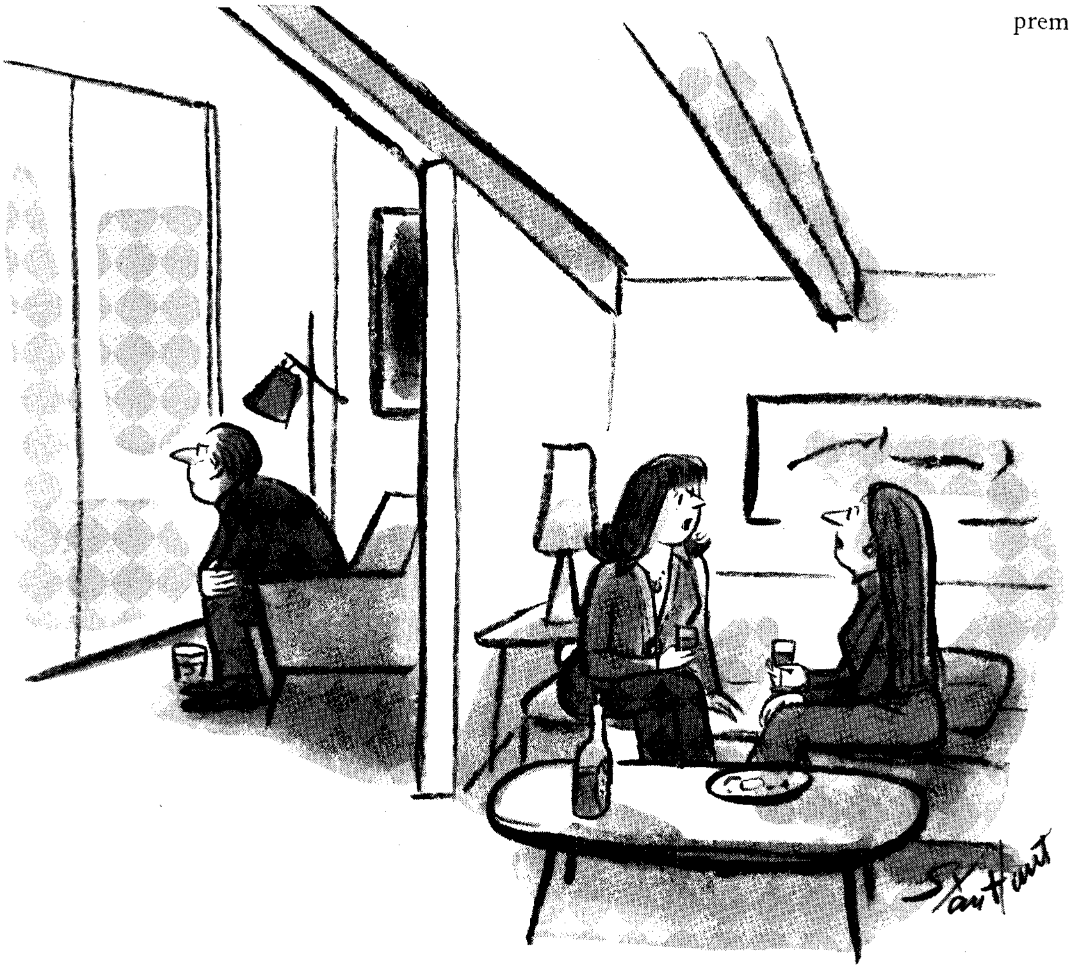
"Precisely—that's what has baffled the police of two continents, causing us to scratch our polls in bewilderment. Obviously, these men were puppets, fuschers, boneheads. Behind them there had to be a cold, diabolic intelligence akin to that of a Fu Manchu or a Professor Moriarty—housed, as Lopretni and I believe, in the body of a supremely beautiful woman. From Cesare Lombroso to Craig Kennedy the Scientific Detective, sleuthdom has clung to one cardinal principle—*Cherchez la femme.*"

"Then are you implying," I queried, "that somewhere in this puzzling affair there lurks a she-devil, maddened by who can say what dark neurotic compulsion, dedicated to undermining the very foundations of stationery as we know it today?"

"Yes, yes," he said fretfully. "I just *told* you that. Well, it only remains to add that somehow Mademoiselle L'Inconnue—her name is unimportant; she changes it at will—has either slipped through the immigration net into Manhattan or not. Where or when she will strike nobody can predict, nor is a description worth a plugged nickel, she being a past-master at disguise." He dusted his hands. "Look, go hang around a few stationery stores and see what happens. Right now I got a million other things on my mind."

"Gabe," I pleaded. "Give me at least a hint of what to anticipate—"

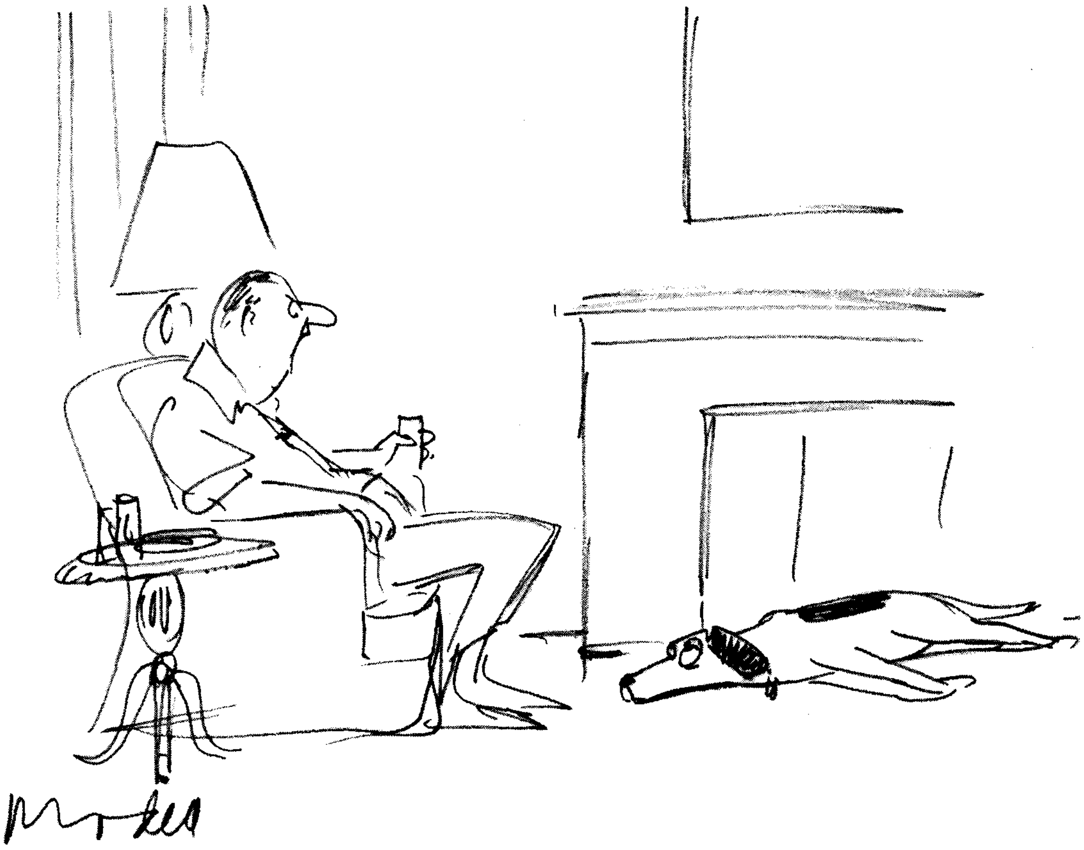
"For Chrissake, am I a ma-



"At first he was slated for a starring role, so they hyped him to the sky. But somebody's nephew got the part instead, so now he's being dehyped."

gician?" he shouted. "I sit here day after day in this crummy office worrying how to get up the rent, the insurance, my alimony payments, and now I'm supposed to be Mr. Answer Man! Who killed Cock Robin? Who was the Dark Lady of the Sonnets? What was S. S. Van Dine's real name?" He beat clenched fists on his blotter. "I can't stand it, I tell you! I'm up to here!"

"O.K., Gabe, O.K.," I placated him softly, sidling toward the door. "I'll get back to you the second anything jells."



"Look, if I'm boring you, say so."

A CHILL gust sent fragments of newspaper eddying up the gutters of East Twenty-third Street as, weary in spirit, I crossed Lexington Avenue and headed toward Third. Since nine that morning, I had doggedly checked every stationer's along lower Madison and Park Avenues, hoping to espy one woman resembling the criminal genius Hammerschlag had postulated. All their salespersons, without exception, tall or short, slim or fat, had proved to be vapid boobies devoid of any sinister charisma, and now, with only one such store in the district left to investigate, instinct whispered that I might be pursuing a phantom. Approaching the shop, I cast a mechanical glance over its windowful of cut-rate diaries, staplers, pencil sharpeners, and ballpoints, and peered past them into the interior. In the next instant, I stood transfixed.

What was Faye Dunaway doing in this unlikely place? And *working* in it, moreover, judging from the delft-blue smock she was clad in. She must be involved in a film or an upcoming television special. . . . Still, where were the cameras, the generator, the technicians? Perhaps in the rear, where I couldn't see too clearly, a director with cordovan leggings, reversed tweed cap, and a suède whistle was outlining the shot. Simultaneously, another possibility presented itself. Back in the days when she was a struggling drama student, had she worked here part time, returning today out of sentimentality to schmooze with the boss? But in that case a Camargue or a Fleetwood Cadillac befitting a star would be idling at the curb. . . . The devil take these hypotheses; chance had thrown a mystery in my path, and it was incumbent on me to sniff it out.

No sooner was I inside the door than I realized my identification was faulty—the plate glass, ashimmer with worry birds and assorted novelties, had distorted the lady's image. Rather than Dunaway, this was another cupcake, equally a goddess. The face was a pastiche combining elements of Corinne Griffith, Olga Baclanova, and Mary Astor; the smock concealed a figure, lithe as that of a great tawny cat, that owed nothing to Lauren Bacall or Lilyan Tashman. By that I mean she was rangy. Withal, so husky was her contralto voice, so reminiscent its lisp of Kay Francis, that when she asked me what I wanted shivers coursed up and down my spine.

"Why—er—catch pads," I faltered. "You know, for scratching on."

"For scratching?" she repeated. Her hazel-brown eyes clouded in perplexity. "But this isn't a drugstore. Do you speak English?"

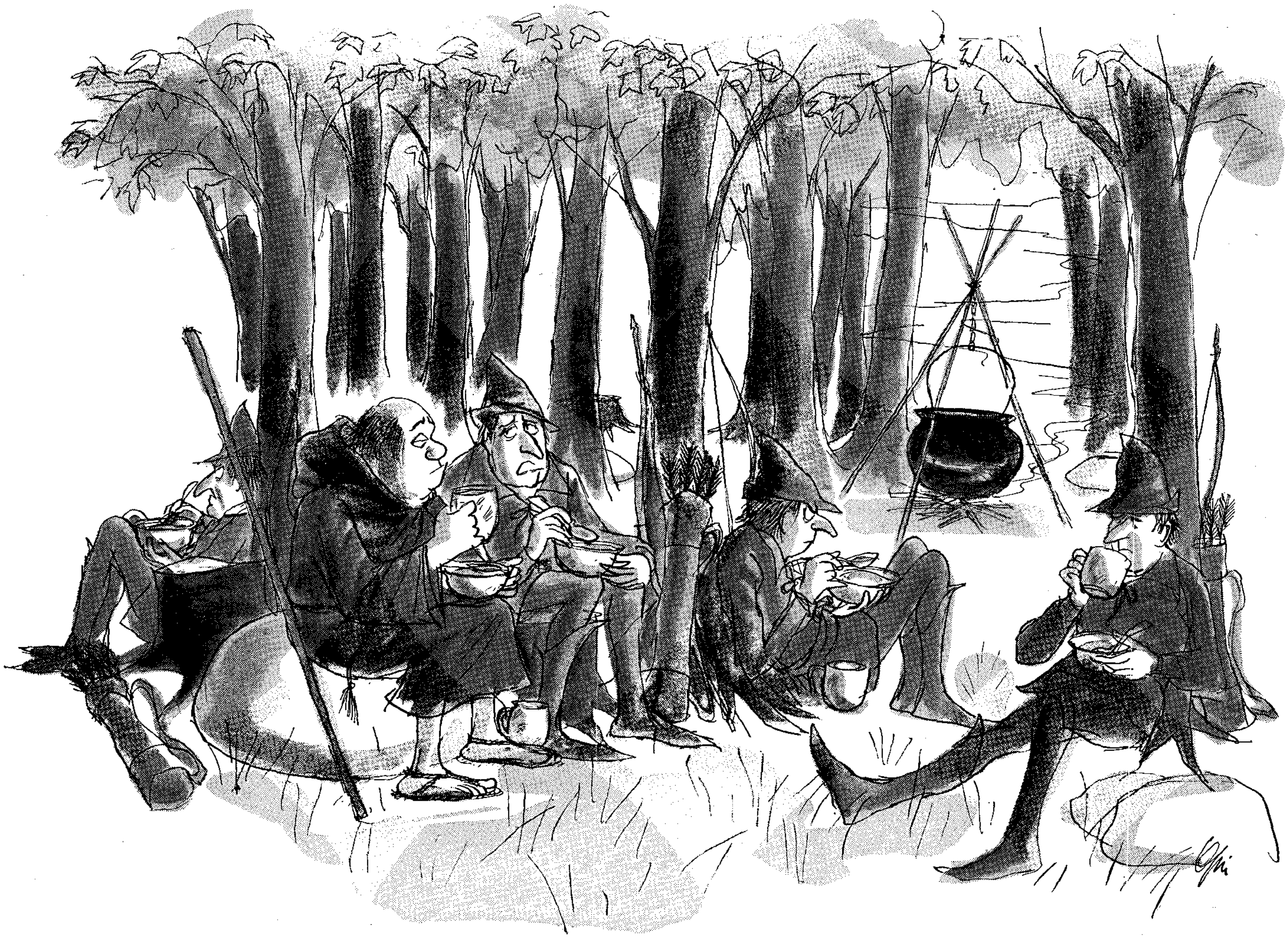
I stared at her wordless, wondering why her eyes evoked hazelnuts, except that they reminded me of October and woodsmoke and lovers wandering hand in hand down forest lanes. Poignancy welled up in my throat, and, with an effort, I recovered my tongue.

"Sure, I'm native-born," I said defensively. "You see, I'm by profession a writer. I'm always jotting down thoughts, ideas, *aperçus*—fleeting impressions and insights. So this is why I'm needing pads rather than match covers and pieces of Kleenex. You can understand that, can't you?" I implored.

"You're a real *writer*?" Her eyes widened in admiration—a phenomenon I could hardly credit, for already they were wider than even Joan Blondell's. "We don't get many in this neighborhood. They're mostly west of here, over around the Hotel Chelsea, but their beards and jeans are scruffy, whereas you—well, you look as though you stepped out of a bandbox." My heart melted. Before I could mutter some self-deprecatory phrase, she had plunged on, dispensing further catnip. "Is that coat genuine Harris Tweed? You must have got it in England; doubtless you have all your clothes made in Savile Row. . . ."

Divine as I found the harmony of her words, I couldn't help but notice a blue-jowled citizen in shirtsleeves behind the counter, a cigar clenched in his teeth, regarding me with suspicion. "The scratch pads, Miss," I said nervously. "You're stocking them in various sizes?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. They're on the shelf back there." She preceded me through two narrow aisles packed with



“Gruel and sassafras tea again! Frankly, we men could be a hell of a lot merrier if we gave to the poor a little less of that which we take from the rich.”

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office supplies, paused before an assortment in different sizes and colors. “Which did you have in mind?”

“This little one with the gray cover—how much is that?”

“Fifteen cents. A dozen in a package for a dollar sixty-seven.”

“I don’t need a package. I just want one, for like scribbling down an apothegm or so that pops into my mind.”

“But supposing more than one apothegm pops in—five or six?” In the constricted area of the aisle, forced into proximity as we were by ledgers, ring binders, and jars of mucilage, her scent of Mitsouko and those extraordinary eyes were creating a hypnotic effect on me. “You’d kick yourself if you ran short of paper. Doesn’t it make sense to buy a dozen and save thirteen cents on the price?”

“Well, I . . . all right,” I said weakly. “I’ll take a package. Could you wrap—”

“On the other hand,” she pursued, “two packages, at three dollars and seven cents, would be real thrifty, a saving of twenty-seven cents.”

“I know, but I can only use—”

“You certainly can use twenty-seven cents—everyone can. As a matter of fact, the intelligent thing is to buy a gross, ordinarily seventeen dollars and forty-eight cents, but, lucky for you, we’re taking inventory and we can let you have it for sixteen fifty-two.”

The faint drumming sensation in my ears grew louder and my legs felt incapable of sustaining my weight. “Lady, who’s got space for a gross? I’m living in two small furnished rooms. It’s like the Collyer brothers’ in there!”

“But space is never a problem,” she whispered, though here, with lips a hairbreadth from mine, it was rapidly becoming one. “If, for example, we invoiced you for a carload, we could keep it for you on a siding. The pads would be only six cents a unit, and they’d last you two thousand years. Say you will—take a chance!”

“I can’t—I mustn’t,” I choked. “I’ll think it over—I’ll give you a commitment in thirty days—”

“Goodness me, it’s lunchtime!” she broke in, with a surprised glance at her watch. “Listen, there’s a cute little tearoom around the corner where we can discuss the whole thing, away from all this noise and frenzy. Come on, it’s my treat.”

While our present locale struck me as more suitable for a business talk, I deemed it graceless to cavil and, albeit reluctantly, acquiesced. The Persian Kitten, when we arrived there, sported a façade more bar than tearoom, with a tiny slit window and a heavily armored door. Its interior, lit by a few amber bulbs, was so crepuscular that I at once fell over a rock-maple chair and skinned my knee. Fearing it might lead to tetanus if neglected, I strove to examine it by the light of a match, but my companion pooh-poohed the mishap and bade me choose an apéritif. After consideration, I agreed to a little white wine and seltzer.

“Rats, you sound like a sorority pledge at Sophie Newcomb College,” she said contemptuously, and called off into the gloom, “Hey, Paddy, crack a bottle of Dom Pérignon—and put aside a couple more for my guest to take home.” She turned back to me. “How are you fixed for cigarettes? . . . Only that pack? Paddy, are you there? Send out to the smoke shop for three cartons of straw-tipped Melachrinos." She pulled her chair closer. "Why, your hand's like ice," she said, patting it. "And your teeth are chattering. What's the matter? Don't you trust me?"

Simpleton that I was, I did. It would have been less than human not to, seated there in the cozy darkness with champagne warming my stomach and hands enclasped with so luscious a creature. Yet imperceptibly a nameless terror began to pervade me as her endearments gave way to a brutal, unashamed sales talk.

"What are you—a pantywaist?" she scoffed. "You're going to rest content with a measly carload of scratch pads? Where would the Wizard of Menlo Park have wound up if he'd quit with the prototype electric bulb? Or Haldeman-Julius with the first of his Little Blue Books? I know where you can pick up an entire *warehouse* of memo pads—better still, a whole forest to make them! You could be a greater novelist than Trollope, a bigger paper tycoon than Weyerhaeuser! Here, precious," she raced on, extracting a roll of greenbacks from her stocking, "accept this as an earnest of friendship between the two of us. Not a bribe, mind you—"

Cra-a-ck! Suddenly the rear door of the Persian Kitten buckled under the hammer blows of Gabe Hammerschlag's emergency squad, and forthwith ensued a melee punctuated by harsh commands to freeze and the crunch of fists on bone. When it subsided, and the squad members felled by one another, owing to scanty illumination, were hoisted to their feet, Gabe finished manacling my would-be seductress and dispatched her, snarling and unrepentant, to be booked under Section 4-B—vending wholesale without even a retail license.

"A close call, that," he commented, as we quaffed the balance of the wine. "Fortunate for all, the blue-jowled proprietor of that store phoned us your whereabouts so we could intervene in time. Well done, old chap. Thanks to you, local and international stationery can sleep peacefully tonight."

Yes, I thought ruefully, but, try as I might, I could not rid myself of the memory of a pair of hazel-brown eyes. If I was the goat and she the cupcake, why had I denied myself the privilege of a nibble? *Basta!* Hammerschlag's characterization was only half right. Passive to the point of stupidity on the surface I was, but dull as a hoe underneath.

—S. J. PERELMAN

THE WRONG KIND OF INSURANCE

I teach in a high school
And see the nurses in some of the hospitals,
And if all teachers are like that
Maybe I can give you a buzz some day,
Maybe we can get together for lunch or coffee or something.

The white marble statues in the auditorium
Are colder to the touch than the rain that falls
Past the post-office inscription about rain or snow
Or gloom of night. I think
About what these archaic meanings mean
That unfurl like a rope ladder down through history
To fall at our feet like crocuses.

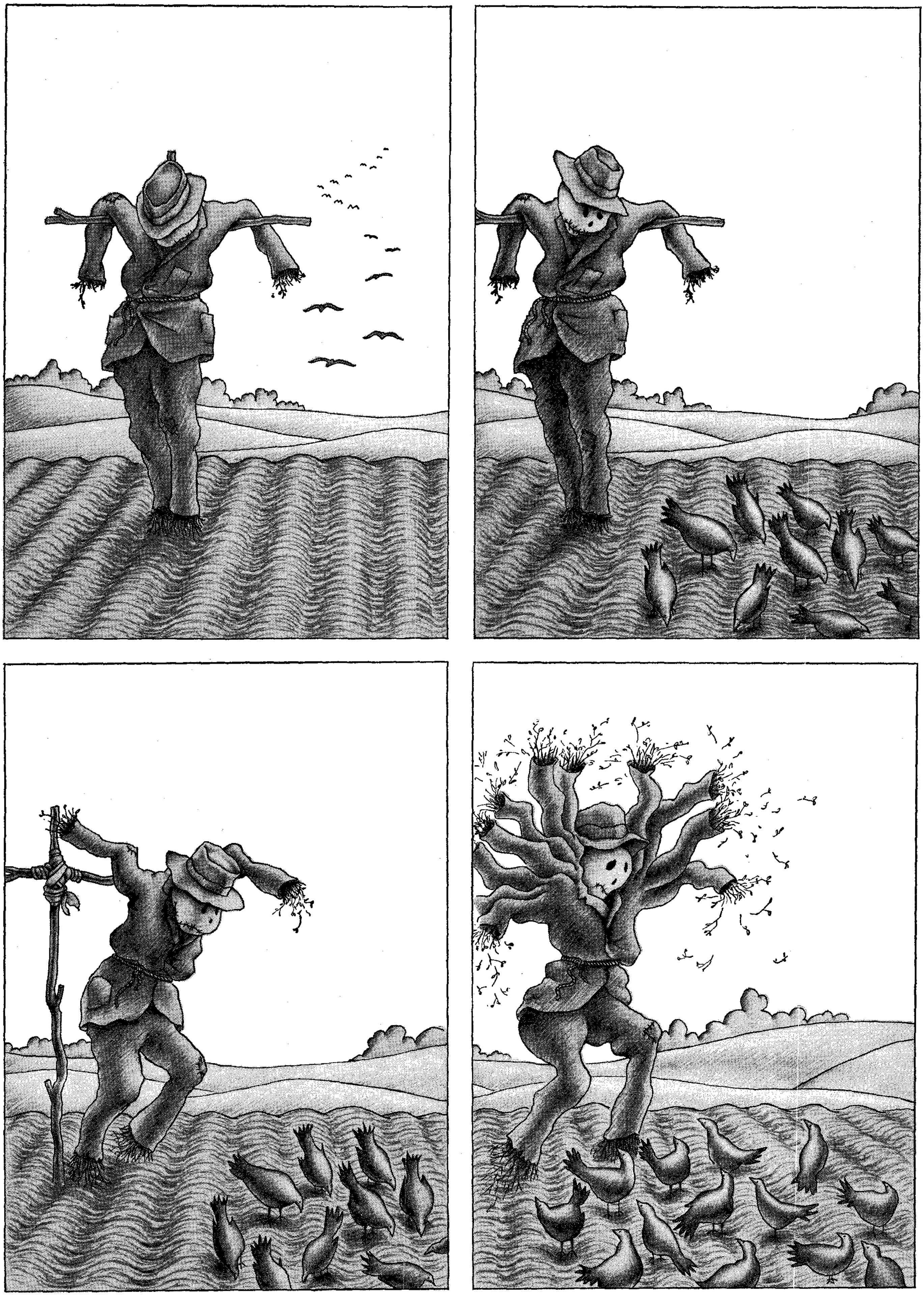
All of our lives is a rebus
Of little wooden animals painted shy,
Terrific colors, magnificent and horrible,
Close together. The message is learned
The way light at the edge of a beach in autumn is learned.
The seasons are superimposed.
In New York we have winter in August
As they do in Argentina and Australia.
Spring is leafy and cold, autumn pale and dry.
And changes build up
Forever, like birds released into the light
Of an August sky, falling away forever
To define the handful of things we know for sure,
Followed by musical evenings.

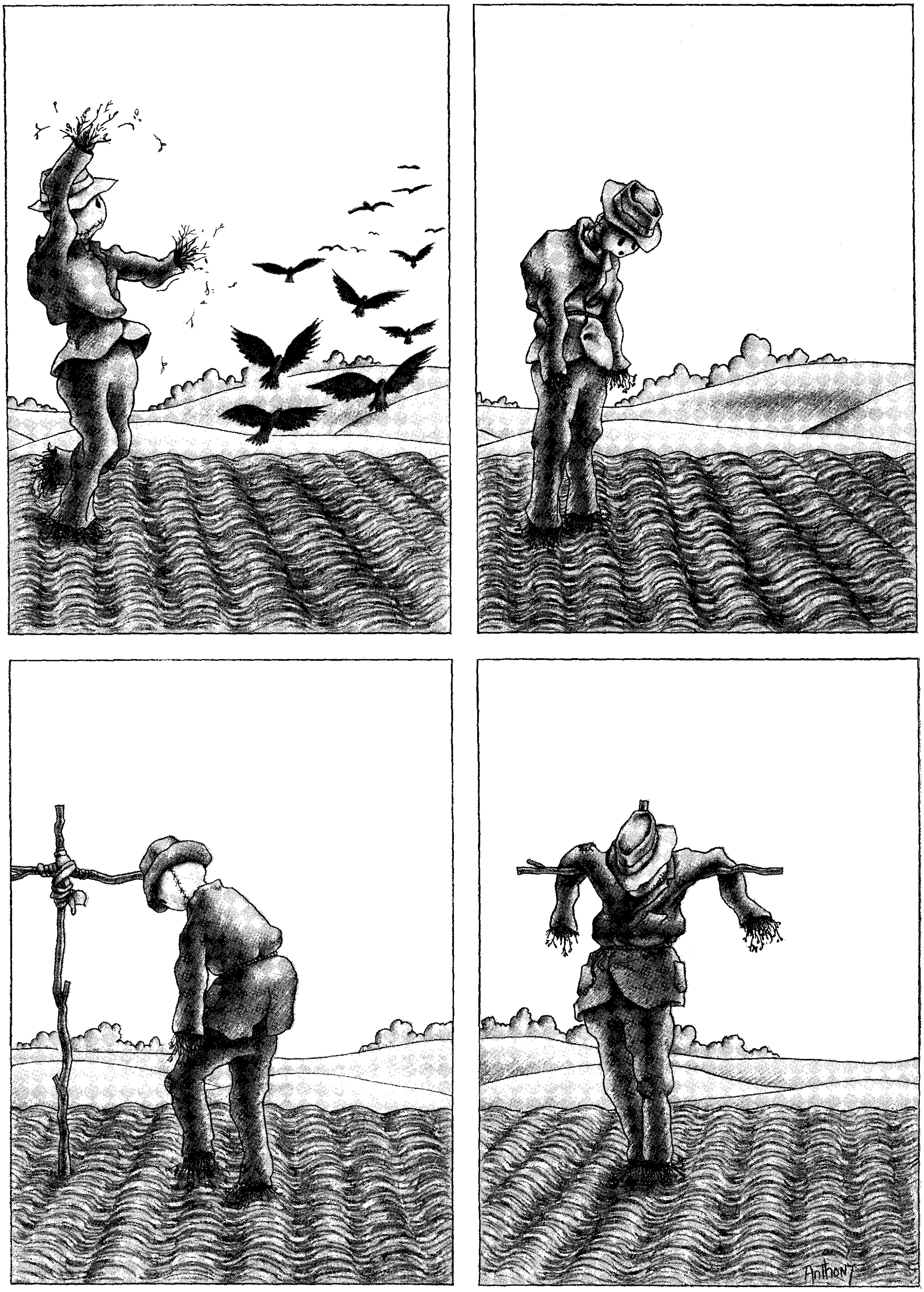
Yes, friends, these clouds pulled along on invisible ropes
Are, as you have guessed, merely stage machinery,
And the funny thing is it knows we know
About it and still wants us to go on believing
In what it so unskillfully imitates, and wants
To be loved not for that but for itself:
The murky atmosphere of a park, tattered
Foliage, wise old tree trunks, rainbow-tissue-paper wadded
Clouds down near where the perspective
Intersects the sunset so we may know
We too are somehow impossible, formed of so many different things,
Too many to make sense to anybody.
We straggle on as quotients, hard-to-combine
Ingredients, and what continues
Does so with our participation and consent.

Try milk of tears, but it is not the same.
The dandelions will have to know why, and your comic
Dirge routine will be lost on the unfolding sheaves
Of the wind, a lucky one, though it will carry you
Too far, to some manageable, cold, open
Shore of sorrows you expected to reach,
Then leave behind.
Thus, friend, this distilled,
Dispersed musk of moving around, the product
Of leaf after transparent leaf, of too many
Comings and goings, visitors at all hours.
Each night
Is trifoliate, strange to the touch.

—JOHN ASHBERY

THE SCARECROW'S LAMENT




Anthony

THE BEGGAR MAID

PATRICK BLATCHFORD was in love with Rose. This had become a fixed, even furious, idea with him. He wanted to marry her. He waited for her after classes, moved in and walked beside her, so that anybody she was talking to would have to reckon with his presence. He wouldn't talk when friends or classmates of hers were around, but he would try to catch Rose's eye, so that he could indicate by a cold, incredulous look what he thought of their conversation. Rose was flattered but nervous. A friend of hers once mispronounced "Metternich" in Patrick's presence, and he said to Rose later, "How can you be friends with people like that?"

Patrick was twenty-four years old, a graduate student who planned to be a history professor. He had come to Ontario from British Columbia, and it seemed his family was rich. He was tall, thin, fair, and almost good-looking. He had a long pale-red birthmark dribbling like a tear down his temple and his cheek. He said it was fading as he got older; by the time he was forty it would have faded away. But it was not the birthmark that cancelled out his good looks, Rose thought. It was something else; maybe the shrillness that kept breaking through his voice, or his startling clumsiness, which knocked dishes off tables he did not seem even to have touched, or his tendency to blush. There was a sharp-edged, jumpy, disconcerting quality about him altogether.

The first time Patrick took Rose to the movies, he arrived at Dr. Henshawe's, where she was living, half an hour early. He wouldn't knock; he knew he was early. He sat on the step outside the door. This was in the winter; it was dark out, but there was a little coach lamp beside the door.

"Oh, Rose! Come and look!" called Dr. Henshawe, in her soft, amused voice, and they looked down together from the dark window of the study. "The poor young man," said Dr. Henshawe tenderly. Dr. Henshawe was in her seventies. She was a former English professor, fastidious and lively. She had a lame leg, but a youthful and charmingly tilted head, with white braids wound around it.

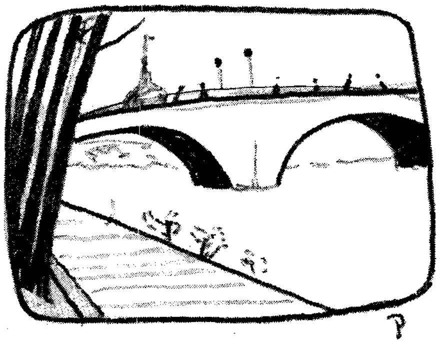
She called Patrick "poor" because he was in love, and perhaps also because he was a male, doomed to push and blunder. Even from where they were standing, he looked stubborn and pitiable, determined and dependent, sitting out there in the cold.

"Guarding the door," said Dr. Henshawe. "Oh, Rose!"

Rose didn't like her saying that. She didn't like her laughing at Patrick. She didn't like Patrick sitting on the steps that way, either. He was asking to be laughed at. He was the most vulnerable person she had ever known, and yet he was full of cruel judgments; he was full of conceit.

Dr. Henshawe had at one time headed the local school board, and she was a founding member of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation. She still sat on committees, and she wrote letters to the paper, reviewed books. After she retired from the university, she began taking in scholarship students. Her house was small and perfect: polished floors; glowing rugs; Chinese vases, bowls, and landscapes; black carved screens—much that Rose could not appreciate at the time.

Rose couldn't really tell how much she liked being at Dr. Henshawe's. At times she felt impatient, sitting in the dining room with a linen napkin on her knee, eating from fine white plates on blue placemats, with the canary fluttering in its cage in the dining-room window and Dr. Henshawe directing the table conversation. (There was not a great deal to eat, however, and Rose had taken to keeping chocolate bars in her room.) "You are a scholar, Rose," Dr. Henshawe would say. "This will interest you." Then she would read aloud from the paper or, more likely, from *The Canadian Forum* or *The Atlantic Monthly*. She talked about politics, about writers. She mentioned Frank Scott and Dorothy Livesay. She said, You must read this, Rose, you must read that—which made Rose sullenly determined not to. How could she? She was reading Thomas Mann. She was reading Tolstoy.



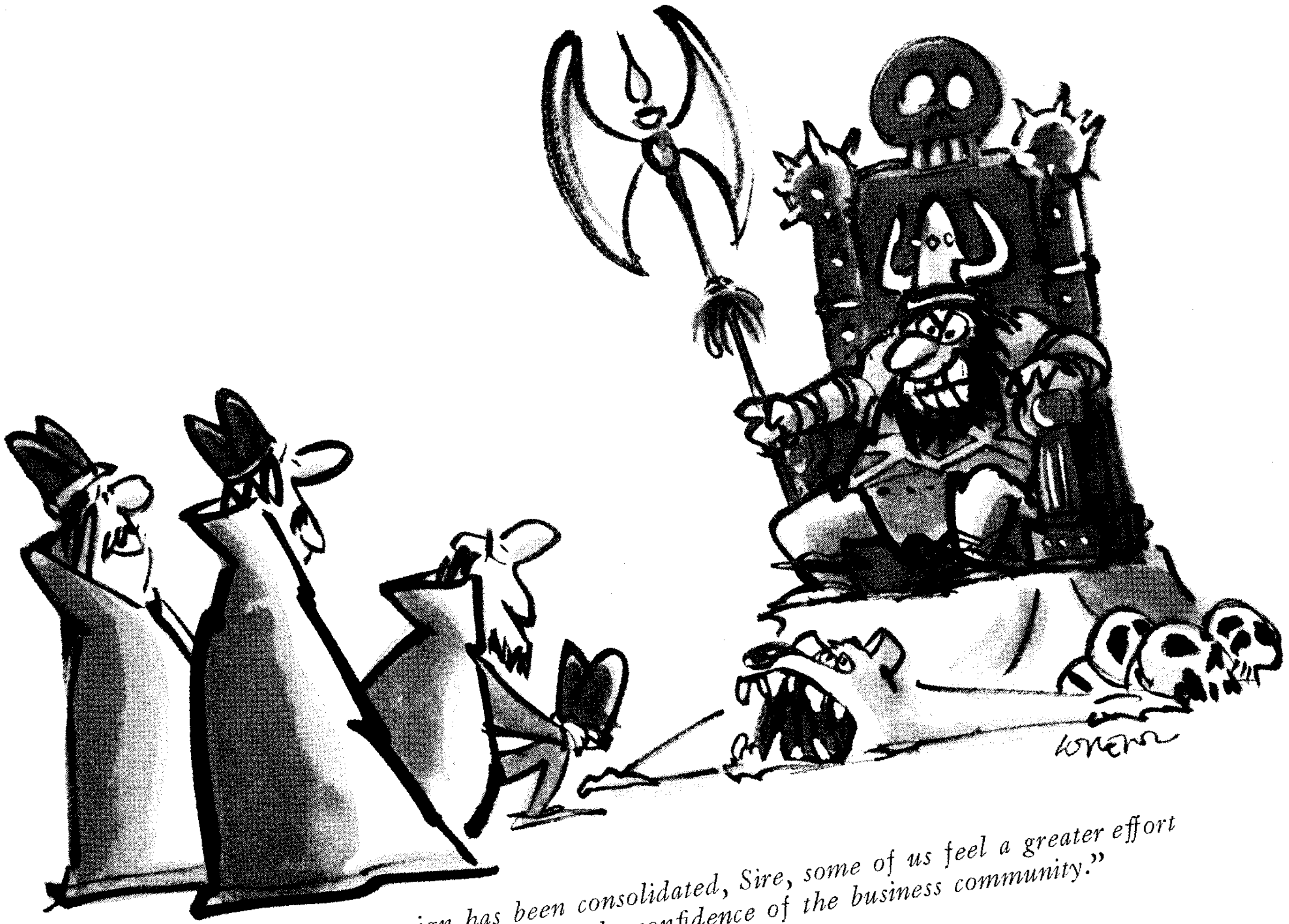
Dr. Henshawe's house had done one thing for Rose, though. It had destroyed the naturalness, the taken-for-granted background, of home. Rose lived with her aunt and uncle in Hanratty, Ontario, a town fifty miles to the north of London, where the university was, and for her to go back there now was to go quite literally into a crude light. Her aunt and uncle had installed fluorescent tubes in the kitchen, the bathroom, the hall. In the front room they had a floor lamp whose shade was permanently wrapped in wide strips of cellophane. What Dr. Henshawe's house and her aunt and uncle's house did best, in Rose's opinion, was discredit each other. In Dr. Henshawe's charming rooms there was always for Rose the knowledge of home, a raw indigestible lump, and at home now her sense of order elsewhere exposed such embarrassing, sad poverty. Poverty was not just wretchedness, as Dr. Henshawe seemed to think; it was not just deprivation. It meant having those ugly lights and being proud of them. It meant continual talk of money and malicious talk about new things people had bought and whether they were paid for. It meant pride and jealousy flaring over something like the new pair of plastic imitation-lace curtains that Rose's aunt had bought for the front room. Of course, her aunt and uncle did not think they were poor. Poverty was what they had raised Rose up from when they had brought her to live with them at the age of ten. There was no denying that what she had known before was worse, no denying that when she came to them she was much in favor of everything their house contained—the linoleum and the wrapped lampshade and the Disney deer with a lump of artificial fern growing out of its back and the many admonitions, pious and cheerful and mildly bawdy, that hung on the walls:

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ
and thou shalt be saved.
This is my kitchen and I will do
as I darned please.
More than two persons in this
bed is dangerous and unlawful.

What would Patrick say to all this? Rose could not imagine. How would someone offended by a mispronunciation of "Metternich" react to her uncle's stories? Her uncle might start telling about the Displaced Person—the Belgium, he called him—who worked in the same butcher shop as he did, nervily singing French songs and cherishing notions of getting on in this new country. "Don't you get any ideas," her uncle had said to him. "Don't you think youse can come over and start workin' for us and it's goin' to end up *us* working for *youse*."

Patrick would say from time to time that since Rose's home was only fifty miles away, he ought to go up and meet her family.

"It's only my aunt and uncle," she said once.



"Now that your reign has been consolidated, Sire, some of us feel a greater effort should be made to restore the confidence of the business community."

• •

"But they're your guardians, aren't they?"

"I guess so."

"They took you when your father died," Patrick said.

Rose did not really know if her father was dead. She rather hoped so.

"They must be your legal guardians. Who administers what your father left? His estate?"

Estate. Rose could think of no reply.

SOMETIMES Dr. Henshawe would say to Rose, "Well, you are a scholar; you are not interested in that." Usually she was speaking of some activity at the college—a pep rally, a football game, a dance. And usually she was right: Rose was not interested. But Rose was not eager to admit it; she did not seek that definition of herself.

On the stairway wall hung graduation photographs of all the other girls, scholarship girls, who had lived with Dr. Henshawe. Most of them had got to be teachers, then mothers. One was a dietician, two were librarians, one was a professor of English, like Dr. Henshawe herself. Rose did not like to look at them, at their soft-focussed, meekly smiling gratitude. They seemed to be urging on her some deadly secular piety. There were no actresses among them, no brassy magazine journalists; none of them had latched on to the sort of life Rose wanted for herself. Rose wanted to perform in public, though not necessarily on a stage. She wanted to be known and envied, to be slim and clever. She told Dr. Henshawe that if she had been a man she would have wanted to be a foreign correspondent.

"Then you must be one," cried Dr. Henshawe alarmingly. "The future will be wide open for women. You must concentrate on languages. You must take courses in political science. And economics. Perhaps you could get a job on the paper for the summer. I have friends there."

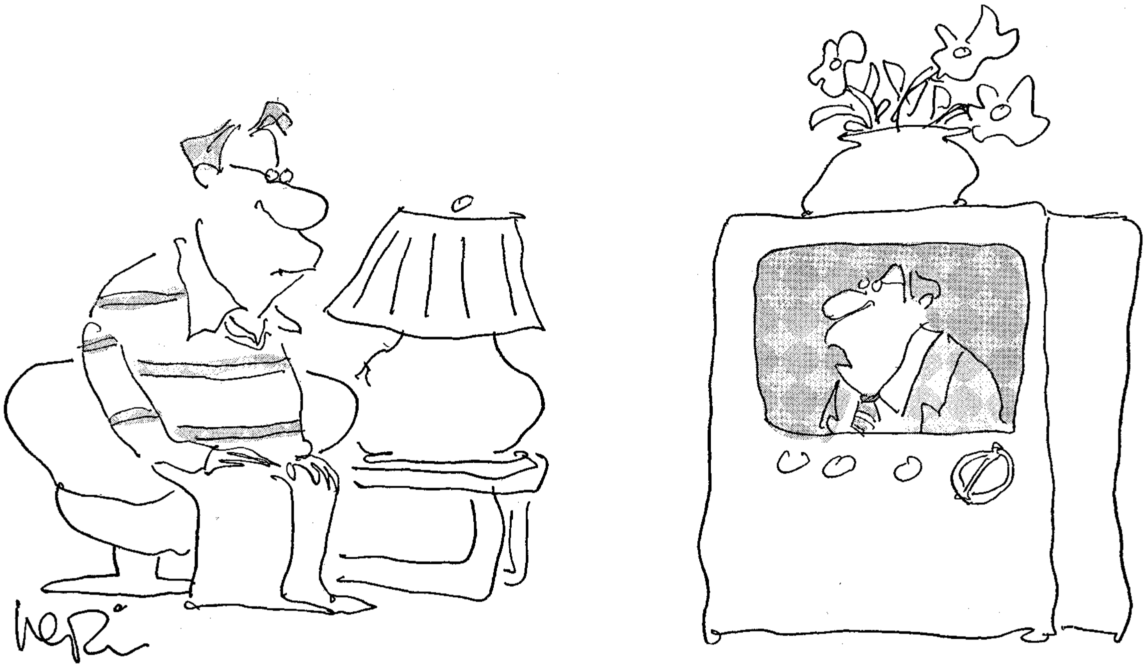
Rose was frightened at the idea of working on a paper, and she hated the introductory economics course; she had been looking for a way of dropping it. It was dangerous to mention things to Dr. Henshawe.

Rose had got to live with Dr. Henshawe by accident. Another girl had been picked to move in, but she came down with t.b. and had to go to a sanatorium. Dr. Henshawe went up to the scholarship office on the second day of registration to get the names of some other freshmen. That same day, Rose was supposed to go to a meeting of the new scholarship students. The bursar was to give a talk, telling them of ways to earn money and live cheaply, and explaining the high level of performance that would be expected of them.

As Rose was climbing the stairs to the second floor of the administration building, a girl came up beside her and said, "Are you on your way to the meeting, too?" Rose nodded, and they walked together, telling each other the details of their scholarships. Rose said she did not yet have a place to live; she was staying at the Y. She did not really have enough money to be here at all. She had a scholarship for her tuition and the county prize to buy her books and a bursary of three hundred dollars to live on. That was all.

"You'll have to get a job," the other girl said. She had a bigger bursary, because she was in science, but she was hoping to get a job in the cafeteria. She had a room in somebody's basement. She said it wasn't damp—or not very. She cooked on a hot plate. "How much does the room cost? How much does a hot plate cost?" asked Rose.

The other girl wore her hair in a roll. She wore a crêpe blouse, shiny from ironing. Her breasts were large, sagging, and matronly. She probably



"And now a musical reply to a Channel 2 editorial."

wore a dirty pink hooked-up-the-side brassiere, Rose thought.

There was a little window in the door of the meeting room. They could look through at the other scholarship winners, who were waiting. It seemed to Rose that she saw four or five girls of the same physical type as the girl who was with her, and some bright-eyed, self-satisfied, babyish-looking boys. In one glance through the little window she detected—or thought she detected—traces of eczema, stained underarms, dandruff, moldy deposits on the teeth, and crusty flakes in the corners of the eyes. There was a pall over all of them—a true, terrible pall of eagerness and docility.

"I have to go to the john," Rose said. She went back to the first floor, where the halls were crowded with ordinary students who were not on scholarships, who would not be expected to get A's and be grateful and live cheaply. Enviable and innocent, they milled around the registration tables in their new university blazers, their frosh beanies, yelling reminders to each other, confused information, nonsensical insults. Rose walked among them feeling bitterly superior and despondent. She could see herself working in the cafeteria—her figure, which was broad enough already, broadened out more by the green cotton uniform, her hair stringy from the heat.

A woman stopped her. "Aren't you one of the scholarship girls?" she said. It was the registrar's secretary, with an armload of papers. Rose thought she was going to be reprimanded for not being at the meeting. She was going to say she felt sick. But the secretary said, "Come with me, now; I've got somebody I want you to meet."

Dr. Henshawe was being a charming nuisance in the office. She was not so easily suited. She liked poor girls, bright girls, but they had to be fairly good-looking girls. The secretary thought Rose might just do, if she could change the sour expression on her face. "If you put a smile on, I think this could be your lucky day," she said, and Rose smiled obediently, though she was quite bewildered.

So Rose was taken home and installed in the house with the Chinese screens and vases, and told she was a scholar. She got a job working in the library instead of in the cafeteria. Dr. Henshawe was a friend of the head librarian. Rose worked on Saturday afternoons, putting books away in the stacks. In the fall the library was nearly empty on Saturdays, because of the football games. The narrow windows were open to the leafy campus, the football field, the dry fall country. Distant songs and shouts came drifting in. The college buildings were not old at all, but they were built to look old. The arts building had a tower, and the library had casement windows which might have been designed for shooting arrows through. The buildings and the books in the library were what pleased Rose most about the place. The life that usually filled it, and that was now drained away, concentrated around the football field, seemed to her inappropriate and distracting. The cheers and songs were idiotic, if you could hear the words. What did they want to build such dignified buildings for if they were going to sing songs like that? She knew enough not to reveal these opinions. If anybody said to her, "It's really awful you have to work and never get to any of the games," she would fervently agree.

ONE Saturday a man grabbed her bare leg, between her sock and her skirt. It happened in the agriculture section, down at the bottom of the stacks. She had seen a man crouched down looking at a low shelf, farther along. As she reached up to push a book into place he passed behind her. He bent and grabbed her leg, all in one smooth, startling movement, then was gone. She could feel for quite a while where his finger had dug in. It didn't seem to her a sexual touch; it was more like a joke, though not at all a friendly one. She heard him run away, or felt him running; the metal shelves were vibrating. Then they stopped. There was no sound of him. She walked around looking between the stacks, looking in the carrels. Suppose she did see him, bumped into him around a corner, what did she intend to do? She did not know. It was simply necessary to look for him, as in one of those tense childish games like hide-and-seek. She looked down at the sturdy pinkish calf of her leg. Amazing, that somebody had wanted to blotch and punish it.

There were usually a few graduate students working in the carrels even on Saturday afternoons. More rarely, a professor. But every carrel she looked into was empty, until she came to the last one. She poked her head in freely, by this time not expecting anybody. Then she had to say she was sorry, for there was a young man with a book on his lap, books on the floor, papers all around him. She asked if he had seen anybody run past. He said no. She told him what had happened, not because she was frightened or disgusted, as he seemed afterward to think, but just because she had to tell somebody; it was so odd. She was not at all prepared for his response. His long neck and face turned red, the flush entirely absorbing a birthmark on the side of his face. He was thin and fair. He rose up without any thought for the book in his lap or the paper in front of him. The book thumped on the floor. A great sheaf of papers, pushed across the desk, upset his ink bottle.

"How vile," he said.

"Grab it," said Rose, leaning toward the ink bottle. He righted it, shoving the papers onto the floor.

"Did he hurt you?"

"No, not really."

"Come on upstairs. We'll report it."

"Oh, no."

"He can't get away with that. He shouldn't be allowed to."

"There isn't anybody to report it to," said Rose. "The librarian goes off at noon on Saturdays."

"It's disgusting," he said in a high-pitched, excitable voice, and Rose, sorry now that she had told him anything, said that she had to get back to work.

"Are you really all right?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," Rose said.

"I'll be right here. Just call me if he comes back."

That was Patrick. If she had been trying to make him fall in love with her, there was no better way she could have chosen. He had many chivalric notions, she came to realize, which he pretended to mock by putting certain words and phrases in quotation marks. "The fair sex," he would say, and "damsel in distress." The pretended irony did not fool anybody.

Rose continued to see him in the library every Saturday, and often she met him walking across the campus or in the cafeteria. He made a point of greeting her with courtesy and concern, saying "How are you?" in a way that suggested she might have suffered further attack, or might still be recovering from the first one. He always flushed deeply when he saw her, and she thought this was because the memory of what she had told him so embarrassed him. Later, she found out it was because he was in love.

Somehow he discovered her name and where she lived. He phoned her at Dr. Henshawe's house and asked her to go to the movies with him. At first, when he said, "This is Patrick Blatchford speaking," she could not think who that was, but after a moment she recognized the high, rather aggrieved and tremulous voice. She said she would go. This was partly because Dr. Henshawe always said approvingly that Rose did not waste her time going out with boys.

Soon after they started going out, Rose said to Patrick, "Wouldn't it be funny if it was you? If it was you who grabbed my leg that day in the library?"

He did not think it would be funny. He was horrified that she could think such a thing.

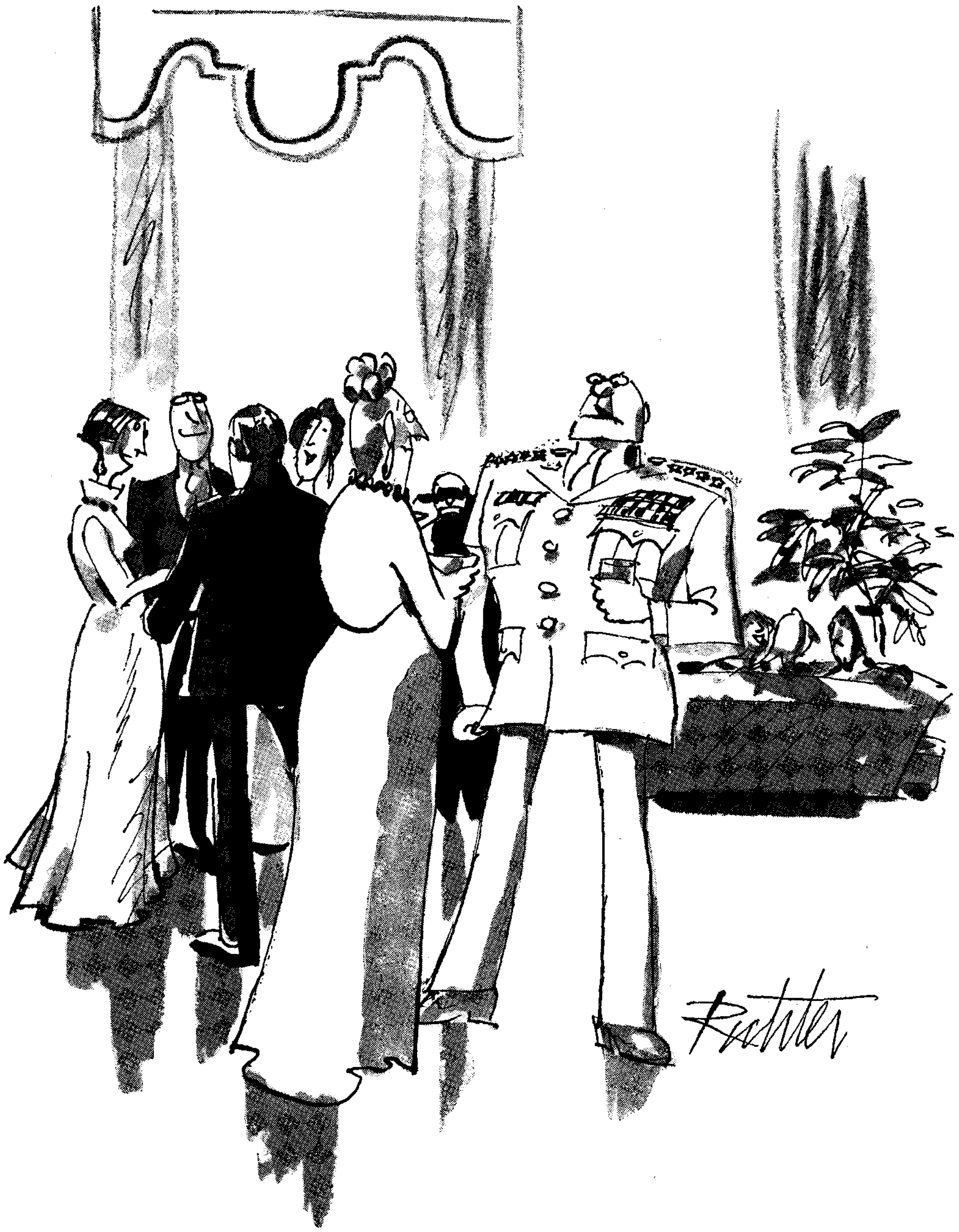
"I'm only joking," said Rose wistfully. She saw it would not do. They had just been to see a Hitchcock movie, and so she said, "You know, if Hitchcock made a movie about something like that, you would be a wild insatiable leg-grabber with a split personality; the other half of you would be a timid scholar."

He didn't like that, either. "Is that how I seem to you?" he said. "A timid scholar?" It seemed to her he consciously deepened his voice, introduced a few growling notes, drew in his chin.

"I didn't say you were a timid scholar any more than a leg-grabber. It's not *you*. I was just thinking of it as an idea."

After a while he said, "I suppose I don't seem very manly."

Rose was frightened and irritated by such exposure. He took such chances; had nothing ever taught him not to take such chances? But maybe he didn't. He knew she would have to say something reassuring. In fact, she was longing not to; she wanted to say, judiciously, "Well, no. You don't." But that wouldn't actually be true. He did seem masculine to her. She



"I happen to believe, Madam, that there isn't and never can be a moral equivalent of war."

believed that only a man could take those chances, could be so careless and demanding.

WHEN Patrick asked Rose to marry him, she said, "We come from two different worlds." She felt like a character in a play, saying that. "My people are poor people. You would think the place I live in was a dump."

Now it was she who was being dishonest, pretending to throw herself on his mercy, for of course she did not expect him to say, "Oh, well, if you come from poor people and live in a dump, then I will have to revise my feelings and withdraw my offer."

"But I'm glad," said Patrick. "I'm glad you're poor. You're so lovely. You're like the Beggar Maid."

"Who?"

" 'King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid.' You know, the painting. Don't you know that painting?"

Patrick had a trick—no, it was not a trick; Patrick had no tricks. Patrick had a way of expressing surprise, fairly scornful surprise, when people did not know something he knew, and similar scorn, similar surprise, that they ever bothered to know something he did not. His arrogance and humility were both so exaggerated. The arrogance, Rose thought later, must come from being rich, though Patrick was never arrogant about that in itself. His sisters, when she met them, turned out to be the same way—disgusted with anybody who did not know about horses or sailing, and just as disgusted with anybody who knew about music, say, or politics.

Rose had no idea at the beginning how rich Patrick was. Nobody at the university believed that, though; everyone thought she had been calculating and clever. It turned out that other girls had tried for Patrick and had not struck, as she had, the necessary chord. Older girls, sorority girls who had never noticed her before began to look at her with puzzlement and respect. Even Dr. Henshawe, when she saw that things were more serious than she had supposed, and settled Rose down for a talk about it, assumed that Rose had her eye on money. "It is no small triumph to attract the attentions of the heir to a mercantile empire," said Dr. Henshawe, being ironic and serious at the same time. "I don't despise wealth. Sometimes I wish I had some of it. I am sure you would learn to put it to good uses. But what about your ambitions, Rose? What about your degree? Can you forget all that so soon?"

APPROACHES TO BLUE HILL BAY: CHART NO. 13313

Late June, walking the deer runs
to Goose Pond after supper,
summer begins. Sidestepping
stormblown poplars,
dry-wading the slash from the pulpers' camps
ten years ago, keeping the imaginary
straight line from Duck Island Light to the north side
of Goose Pond Mountain in our minds' eyes, poking
our fish poles through young hackmatack
straight-arms, trying to keep from snagging
the green fur, the purple stars in the schooldesk landscape
of the nautical chart.

Yellow, blue.
The island woods are yellow. The evening sun
sprays through from the other side of the evergreens.
Woodcolors, our first grade pegs
arranging. We push for the first view
of the marsh-edged shore, spruce stumpsticks
edging deep water trout
neverminding the cold. We know where we are:
a mile straight in on the yellow.
We lose our way. My son climbs a blue spruce
to see where we've been: the two Sisters,
Long Island Plantation. On the left, the Baptist
church in Atlantic. We head into the sun.

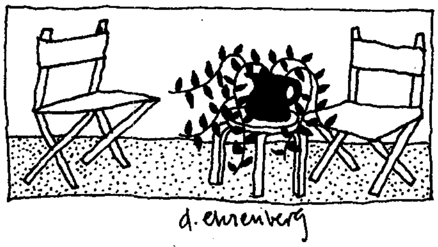
Late June, walking the deer runs
to Goose Pond after supper,
summer begins suddenly. We can hear
the creeing of gulls. Beyond the trees
they are landing, taking off, landing.
Saltwhite. Freshblue. It is all
prearranged. In a minute now
we will see the pond. Nothing has changed.

—DONALD JUNKINS

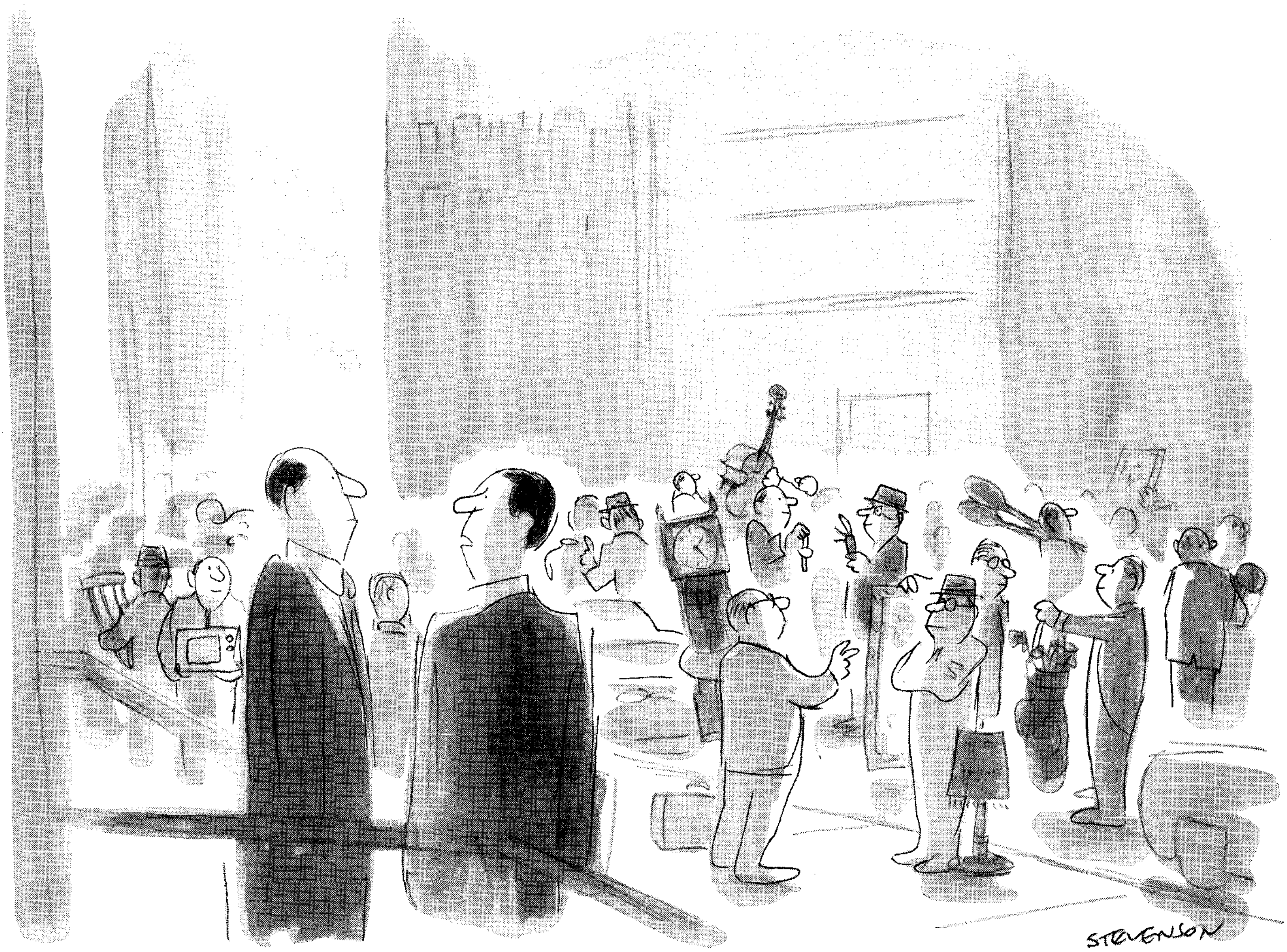
• •

"Mercantile empire" was a rather grand way of putting it. Patrick's family owned a chain of department stores in British Columbia. All Patrick had said to Rose was that his father owned some stores. When she said "two different worlds," Rose was thinking that he probably lived in some substantial house like the larger houses in Dr. Henshawe's neighborhood. She was thinking of merchants at home. She could not realize what a coup she had made, because people at home would have considered it a coup for her if she had snared the butcher's son, or the jeweller's.

The first chance she had, Rose looked up the painting of the Beggar Maid in an art book in the library. She studied the maid, meek and voluptuous, with shy white feet. She showed milky surrender—helplessness and gratitude. Was that how Patrick saw her, was that how she could be? To be like that she would need the king. He looked sharp and swarthy—clever and barbaric, even in his trance of passion. He could make a puddle of her with his fierce desire. There would be no apologizing with him, none of the flinching, the lack of faith that seemed to be revealed in all her transactions with Patrick.



She could not turn Patrick down. She could not do it. It was not the amount of money she could not ignore but the amount of love he offered. She believed that she felt sorry for him. It was as if he had come up to her in a crowd carrying a large, simple, dazzling object—a huge egg, say, of solid silver, something of doubtful use and punishing weight—and was offering it to her, in fact thrusting it at her, begging her to take some of the weight off him. If she thrust it back, how could he bear it? But that explanation



"Trading on Wall Street is exceptionally heavy today."

• •

left out something. It left out her own greed, which was not for money but for worship. The size, the weight, the shine of what he said was love (and she did not doubt him) had to impress her, even though she had never asked for it. It did not seem likely such an offering would come her way again.

She had always thought that this would happen, that somebody would look at her and love her, totally and helplessly. At the same time, she had thought that nobody would, nobody would ever want her at all. She would look at herself in the glass and think: wife, sweetheart. Those mild, lovely words—how could they apply to her? It was what she had dreamed of. It was not what she wanted.

She grew very tired, irritable, sleepless. She tried to think admiringly of Patrick. His lean, fair face was really very handsome, she decided. He graded papers; he presided at examinations; he was working on his thesis. There was a smell of pipe tobacco and rough wool about him, which she liked. He was twenty-four. None of the girls she knew had a boyfriend as old as that.

Then, one day when they were walking back from a restaurant downtown, without warning she remembered him saying, "I suppose I don't seem very manly." She remembered another time, when he had said, "Do you love me? Do you really love me?" He had looked at her in a scared and threatening way. Then, when she said yes, he said how lucky he was, how lucky they were, he bet not many people loved each other as they did. Now she shivered with irritation and misery. She was sick of herself as much as of him; she was sick of the picture they made at this moment, walking across a snowy downtown park, her bare hand snuggled in his, in his pocket. Some outrageous and cruel things were shouted inside her. But she could not take her hand out and speak the truth. Instead, she started tickling and teasing him.

Outside Dr. Henshawe's back door, in the snow, she kissed him, tried to make him open his mouth. She did scandalous things to him. When he kissed her, his lips were so soft, his tongue was shy; instead of holding her, he seemed to collapse over her. She could not find the force in him.

"You're lovely," he said. "You have lovely skin. Such fair eyebrows. You're so delicate."

She was pleased to hear that; anybody would be. But she said warningly, "I'm not so delicate. I'm really quite large."

"You don't know how I love you. There's a book I have called 'The White Goddess.' Every time I see the title I think of you, because your skin is so white."

Rose wriggled away from him. She bent down and got a handful of snow from a drift by the steps and clapped it on his head.

"My white god," she said.

He shook the snow out. She scooped some more and threw it at him. He didn't laugh; he was surprised and alarmed. She brushed the snow from his eyebrows and licked it off his ears. She was laughing, though she felt desperate rather than merry.

"Dr. *Hen*shawe," Patrick hissed at her. The tender poetic voice, which he used for rhapsodizing about her, could break into remonstrance, exasperation,

"The checkout girl just got back from two weeks in Portugal, Spain, and Morocco. And we're spending eight days in Cape May."

with no steps at all between. "Dr. Henshawe will hear you!"

"Dr. Henshawe says you are an honorable young man," said Rose dreamily. "I think she's in love with you." She blew at the snow in his hair. "Why don't you go in and deflower her? I bet she's a virgin. That's her window. Why don't you?" She rubbed his hair, then slipped her hand inside his overcoat and rubbed the front of his pants. "You're excited," she said triumphantly. She had never done or said such a thing to a boy, or a man, before.

"Shut up," said Patrick. Rose raised her head and in a loud whisper pretended to call toward an upstairs window, "Dr. Henshawe! Come and see what Patrick's got for you!"

To stop her, to keep her quiet, Patrick had to struggle with her. He got a hand over her mouth and with the other hand beat her away from his zipper. As soon as he began to fight her she was relieved, but she could not stop yet; she had to resist. She was still afraid she might really be able to get the better of him. She was quite strong.

But he was stronger. He forced her to her knees, and then pushed her face down in a snowdrift. He pulled her arms back and rubbed her face in the snow. Then he let her go and almost spoiled it. "Are you all right?" he said. "Are you? I'm sorry. Rose?"

She staggered up and shoved her snowy face into his. "Kiss me! I love you!"

"Do you. *Do* you?"

Then the light came on, flooding them and the trampled snow, and Dr. Henshawe was calling over their heads.

"Rose! Rose!" She called in a patient, encouraging voice, as if Rose were lost in a fog somewhere and needed directing home.

"Do you love him, Rose?" said Dr. Henshawe when she came in. "Now, do you?" Her voice was full of doubt and seriousness. Rose took a deep breath and answered as if filled with calm emotion, "Yes, I do."

"Well, then," said Dr. Henshawe.

PATRICK shared an apartment with two other graduate students. He lived plainly, did not own a car or belong to a fraternity. Ordinarily, his clothes were shabby. His friends were the sons of teachers and ministers. He said that his father had all but disowned him for becoming an intellectual. He said he would never go back to business.

Rose and Patrick began to go to his apartment in the early afternoons, when both the other students were out. The apartment was cold. They undressed quickly and got into Patrick's bed. They clung together, shivering. Rose giggled. She was continually playful. When they began to make love in earnest, she switched at once to being loving, eager, passionate. The first few times, she was so busy that she hardly noticed that she didn't feel anything. It was enough for her that they were doing this. They were doing what other lovers did. The fear she had felt that they would not manage it, that there was a great humiliation in store, made her triumphant; she never thought to ask for pleasure as well. So when pleasure presented itself, their fifth or sixth time together, she was thrown out of gear, her counterfeit passion silenced.

Patrick said, "What's the matter?"

"Nothing!" she said, making herself radiant and attentive once more. But the new developments interfered, and she had finally to give in to them, more or less disregarding Patrick. When she could take note of him again, she overwhelmed him with gratitude; she was really grateful now, and she wanted to be forgiven—though she could not say so—for all her pretending and her doubts.

Why should she doubt so much, she thought, lying pleasurably in bed while Patrick went to make some instant coffee. It was partly Patrick's doing; his chivalry and self-abasement, along with his scolding, did discourage her. But it was partly her own conviction that anyone who would fall in love with her must be hopelessly lacking, must be finally revealed as a fool. So she took note of whatever was foolish about Patrick, even though she consciously looked for things that were masterful, admirable. That much she could see; perhaps she could change it. At this moment, in his bed, in his room—surrounded by his books and clothes, his shoebrushes, his typewriter, some tacked-up cartoons torn out of magazines—she could see him as a moderate, likable, in-

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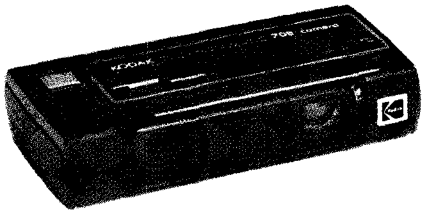

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dependent, even humorous person. If only we could be ordinary, she was thinking. If only, when he came back in, he would not start thanking her and fondling and worshipping her, making her nervous. She didn't like worship, really; she only liked the idea of it. On the other hand, she didn't like it when he started to correct and criticize her. Patrick loved her, but what did he love? Not her Huron County accent, which he was trying hard to change (though she was sometimes mutinous and unreasonable, declaring in the face of all evidence that she did not have an accent, and that everybody talked the way she did). Not her jittery sexual boldness. His relief at her virginity matched hers at his competence. She could make him flinch at her vulgarity. All the time, moving or speaking, she was damaging herself in his eyes; yet he loved her. He looked right through her, through all the distractions she was creating, and loved some obedient image that Rose herself could not see. And he had hopes. Her accent could be eliminated, her friends could be discredited and removed, her vulgarity could be discouraged.

What about all the rest of her? Her energy, her laziness, her vanity, her discontent, her ambitions. She concealed all that; he had no idea. For all her doubts, she did not want him to fall out of love with her.

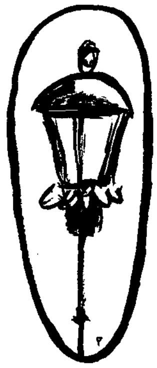
THEY made two trips. First they went to British Columbia, on the train, during the Easter holidays. His parents sent Patrick his ticket. He paid for Rose's, though it took almost all the money he had in the bank. He told his parents she had bought it herself. He did not want them to know she could not afford it.

Patrick's parents lived on Vancouver Island, near Sidney. In front of the house, about half an acre of clipped green lawn—green so early in the year; Rose had never imagined such a thing—sloped down to a stone wall and a narrow pebbly beach. The house was half stone, half stucco-and-timber. The windows of the living room, the dining room, the den all faced the sea, and because of the strong winds that sometimes blew onshore they were made of thick glass—plate glass, Rose supposed, like the windows of the automobile showroom at home. The seaward wall of the dining room was all windows, curving out in a gentle bay, and you looked through the thick curved glass as through the bottom of a bottle. The sideboard, too, had a smooth curving belly, and seemed as big as a boat. Thickness was noticeable everywhere—in towels and rugs and cutlery, and in silences. There was a terrifying amount of luxury and unease. After a day or so Rose became so discouraged that her wrists and ankles felt weak. Picking up her knife and fork was a chore; cutting and chewing the roast beef was almost beyond her; she got short of breath climbing the stairs.

The first morning, Patrick's mother had taken her for a walk in the grounds, pointing out the greenhouse, the cottage where "the couple" lived (a charming, ivied, shuttered cottage, bigger than Dr. Henshawe's house). His mother showed Rose the rose garden, the kitchen garden. There were many low stone walls. "Patrick built them," said his mother. She explained things with an indifference that bordered on distaste. "He built all these walls."

Rose's own voice came out full of false assurance, eager and inappropriately enthusiastic. "He must be a true Scot," she said. The Blatchfords had come from Glasgow. "Weren't the best stonemasons from Scotland? Maybe he had stonemason ancestors!" She cringed later at the thought of these efforts, the pretense of ease and gaiety, as cheap and imitative as her clothes.

"No," said Patrick's mother. "No, I don't think they were stonemasons." Something like fog went out from her: affront, disapproval, dismay. Rose thought that perhaps she had been offended by the suggestion that her husband's family might have worked with their hands. When she got to know her better—or had observed her longer; it was impossible to get to know her—Rose understood that in conversation Patrick's mother disliked anything fanciful, speculative, abstract. (She also, of course, disliked Rose's chatty tone.) Any interest beyond a factual consideration of the matter at hand—food, weather, invitations, furniture, servants—apparently struck her as sloppy, ill-bred, dangerous. It was all right to say "This is a warm day" but not "This day reminds me of when we used to . . ."



She was the only child of one of the early lumber barons of Vancouver Island. She had been born in a now vanished northern settlement. But whenever Patrick tried to get her to talk about the past, whenever he asked her for the simplest information—what steamers went up the coast, when the settlement was abandoned, what was the route of the first railway—she would say irritably, "I don't know. How should I know about that?" This irritation was the strongest note that ever got into her voice.

Neither did Patrick's father care for this concern about the past. Many things—most things—about Patrick seemed to strike him as bad signs.

"What do you want to know all that for?" he shouted down the table one evening when Patrick asked about the beginnings of the store. He was a short, square-shouldered man, red-faced, astonishingly belligerent. Patrick looked like his mother, who was tall, pale, elegant in the most muted way possible—as if her clothes, her makeup, her style were all chosen with an ideal neutrality in mind.

"Because I am interested in history," said Patrick pompously, with a giveaway break in his voice.

"Because . . . I . . . am . . . interested . . . in . . . history," said his sister Marion in immediate parody, break and all. "*History*."

The sisters, Joan and Marion, were younger than Patrick but older than Rose. At an earlier meal they had questioned her.

"Do you ride?" they asked.

"No."

"Do you sail?"

"No."

Play tennis? Play golf? Play badminton?

No. No. No.

"She is probably an intellectual genius, like Patrick," the father said. And Patrick, to Rose's horror and embarrassment, began to shout at the table in general an account of Rose's scholarships, her prizes, her superiority. What did he hope for? Did he really think this bragging would convince them? Against Patrick, against his bragging, his so-called intellectual interests, his scorn for sports and television, the family seemed united. But this alliance was only temporary. The father's dislike of his daughters seemed minor only in comparison with his dislike of Patrick. He railed at them, too—about the time they wasted on sports, the cost of their horses and boats and equipment. They wrangled with each other on obscure questions of scores and damages. All complained to the mother about the food, which was plentiful and delicious. She seldom spoke at all. Rose had never imagined so much true malevolence concentrated in one place. Her uncle was a bigot and a grumbler and a household tyrant, her aunt was a whiner; but compared to Patrick's family they were jovial and content.

"Are they always like this?" she

said to Patrick. "Is it me? They don't like me."

"They don't like you because I chose you," said Patrick with some satisfaction. "That's the way they are."

They lay on the stony beach after dark, in their raincoats, and hugged and kissed uncomfortably. Patrick said, "You see why I need you? I need you so much!"

Then Rose took Patrick home. It was just as bad as she had thought it would be. Her aunt had gone to great trouble, cooking scalloped potatoes, turnips, big pork-and-beef sausages. Patrick hated coarse-textured food, and made no pretense of eating it. The table was spread with a plastic cloth; they ate under the fluorescent light. The centerpiece was new and special for the occasion—a plastic swan with slits in the wings, in which were stuck fancily folded paper napkins. When he was reminded to take one, Rose's uncle grunted and refused. Otherwise he was on dismally good behavior. Word had reached this house of Rose's triumph. It came through people they had to respect, there in town; if it had come just from outside, they would not have believed it. Rose's uncle's boss, the butcher, had heard it from his wife, whose sister was married to a dentist who had a son at the university.

Rose tried to start some conversation. She talked brightly, unnaturally, rather as if she were an interviewer trying to draw out an amusing local couple. She was ashamed on more levels than she could count. Ashamed for the food and the plastic tablecloth and her aunt and uncle; ashamed for Patrick, the gloomy snob, who frowned so unkindly when her aunt passed the toothpick holder; ashamed for herself and the way she sounded. With Patrick there, she didn't dare slip back into an accent closer to theirs. That accent jarred on her now, anyway. It seemed not just a different way of pronouncing some vowels but a different approach to talking. Talking was shouting, the words separate and emphasized so people could bombard each other with them. And the things people said were like lines from some hackneyed rural comedy. "Wal, if a feller took a notion to," they said. They said that. Seeing them through Patrick's eyes, hearing them through his ears, she had to be disbelieving.

Rose tried to get them to talk about local history—some things she thought Patrick might be interested in. Presently her aunt did begin to talk, though the conversation took another direction from anything Rose had intended.

"The line we lived on," her aunt said to Patrick, "the twelfth line, it was the worst in creation for suicides."

"A line is a township road," Rose explained. She had misgivings, and rightly, for then Patrick got to hear about a man who had cut his own throat from ear to ear; a man who had shot himself once and not done enough damage, so he loaded up and fired again and did it right; a man who had hanged himself using the kind of chain you hitch a tractor with, so it was a wonder his head was not torn off. Rose's aunt presented all this to Patrick with a garrulous, shy politeness. These were her credentials. Having had these things happen nearby, having known some of the people they happened to, made her feel worthy of attention. But she was not self-important; she wanted to share, she hoped to please.

"You were right," said Patrick afterward. "It is a dump. You must be glad to escape. Of course, they're not your real parents."

Rose thought of her real parents and her real home—the torn dark window blinds, the poor farm, the bad luck, the dishpan with the rag plug in it. Her father had walked to town one day and then walked on, or got on a freight—they never knew. Her mother had ulcerated sores on her legs, and went to hospital, where she died. Patrick must be imagining for her something more genteel than her aunt and uncle could provide, something like the homes of his poor friends: a few books about, a tea tray, mended linen, worn good taste; proud, tired, educated people. What a coward he was, thought Rose angrily, but she knew that she herself was the coward. She was unable to think of her early childhood, that dark time, without such shame—hating it, hating herself for carrying it with her. When her aunt and uncle took her, she had been lousy. Her aunt had soaked her head in kerosene. Nevertheless, now that Rose was sure of getting away, a layer of loyalty and protectiveness was hardening around every memory she had of home—even around the worst, the inadmissible memories.

Not long after they got back, Patrick gave Rose a diamond ring and announced that he was giving up the academic life for her sake. He would start learning about his father's business.

MAINS HOTEL

"But you hate that," Rose said.

"I can't afford to take that attitude when I have a wife to support."

It seemed that Patrick's desire to marry, even to marry Rose, had been taken by his father as a sign of sanity. Great streaks of generosity were mixed in with all the ill will in that family. His father offered a job in one of the stores, offered to buy them a house. Patrick was as incapable of turning down this offer as Rose was of turning down his. He did not know yet that he would make a far cleverer businessman than scholar. He liked the idea of sacrificing, "going into harness," for Rose.

"Will we have a house like your parents'?" she asked.

"Well, maybe not at first, not quite so—" Patrick said.

"I don't want a house like that!"

"We'll have whatever you like."

Provided it's not a *dump*, thought Rose.

Girls she hardly knew stopped her and asked to see her ring, admired it and wished her happiness. She went home for a weekend, and met the dentist's wife on the main street. "Oh, Rose, isn't it wonderful," she said. "When are you coming back here again? The ladies of the town want to give a tea for you!" The dentist's wife was a powerful woman who had never spoken to Rose in her life before. Paths were opening now, barriers were softening. And Rose—oh, this was the worst of it—instead of cutting the dentist's wife, Rose was blushing and skittishly flashing her diamond and saying yes, what a lovely idea. When people said how happy she must be, she did think herself happy. It was as simple as that; she dimpled and sparkled. "Where will you live?" they said, and Rose said, "Oh, in British Columbia." That added more magic to the tale. "Is it really beautiful there?" they said. "Is it never winter?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Rose. "Oh, no!"

ONE morning, Rose woke early, got up and dressed, and let herself out the side door. It was too early for the buses to be running. She walked through the city to Patrick's apartment. She walked across the park. Around the South African War Memorial a pair of greyhounds were leaping and playing while an old woman stood by, holding their leashes. The sun was just up, shining on their silver hides. The grass was wet. Daffodils and narcissus grew in the park like wild flowers.

Patrick came to the door in his gray-

• •

and-maroon striped pajamas, tousled, frowning sleepily. “What’s the matter?” he asked.

She couldn’t say it. He pulled her into the apartment. She put her arms around him and hid her face against his chest and in a stagy way said, “Please. Please let me not marry you.”

“Are you sick?” Patrick said. “What’s the matter?”

“Please let me not marry you,” repeated Rose with even less conviction.

“You’re crazy.”

She didn’t blame him for thinking so. Her voice sounded unnatural, wheedling, and silly. As soon as he opened the door, as soon as she faced the fact of him, his sleepy eyes, his pajamas, she saw that what she had come to do was enormous, impossible.

“Are you upset?” said Patrick. “What’s happened?”

“Nothing.”

“How did you get here?”

“Walked.”

She had been fighting back a need to go to the bathroom. It seemed that f she went to the bathroom she would destroy some of the strength of her case. But she freed herself; she said, “Wait a minute.”

When she came out he had the electric kettle going and was measuring out instant coffee. He looked decent and bewildered.

“I’m not really awake,” he said. “Now, sit down. First of all, are you premenstrual?”

“No,” she said. But she realized with dismay that she was, and that he might be able to figure it out, because a month ago they had been worried she might be pregnant.

“Well, if you’re not premenstrual and nothing’s happened to upset you, then what is all this about?”

“I don’t want to get married,” said Rose, backing away from the cruelty of “I don’t want to marry you.”

“When did you come to this decision?” he asked.

“Long ago,” she said. “I don’t know . . . This morning.”

They were talking in whispers. Rose looked at the clock. It was a little after seven. “When do they get up?” she said, meaning the other graduate students.

“About eight o’clock.”

“Is there milk?” Rose went to the refrigerator.

“Quiet with the door,” Patrick said, too late.

“I’m sorry,” said Rose in a strange, silly voice.

“We went for a walk last night,” Patrick said. “Everything was fine. You come this morning and tell me you don’t want to get married. *Why* don’t you want to get married?”

“I just don’t. I don’t want to be married.”

“What *do* you want to do?”

“I don’t know.”

Patrick kept staring at her sternly, drinking his coffee. “Well, I know,” he said at last.

“What?”

“I know who’s been talking to you.”

“Nobody has been talking to me.”

“Oh, no? Well, I bet Dr. Henshawe has.”

“No,” Rose said.

“Some people don’t have a very high opinion of her,” Patrick said. “They think she has an influence on girls. She doesn’t like the girls who live there to have boyfriends. You told me.”

“That’s not it.”

“What did she say to you, Rose?”

“She didn’t say anything.” Rose began to cry.

“Are you sure?”

“Oh, Patrick, listen, please. I can’t marry you. Please, I don’t know why. I can’t. Please believe me, I can’t,” babbled Rose, weeping.

Patrick said, “Sh-h-h, you’ll wake them up,” and he lifted her out of her chair and took her to his room, where she sat on the bed. He shut the door. She held herself, and rocked back and forth.

“What is it, Rose?” he said. “What’s the matter? Are you sick?”

“It’s just so hard to tell you.”

“Tell me what?”

“What I just did tell you.”

“I mean, have you found out you have t.b. or something?”

“No.”

“Is there something in your family you haven’t told me?” said Patrick encouragingly. “Insanity?”

“No.” Rose rocked and wept.

“So what is it?”

“I don’t love you,” said Rose. “I

don’t love you. I don’t love you.” She fell on the bed and put her head in the pillow. “I’m so sorry. I’m so sorry. I can’t help it.”

After a few moments Patrick said, “Well, if you don’t love me you don’t love me. I can’t force you to.” His voice sounded high and spiteful, though the words were reasonable. “I just wonder if you know what you *do* want,” he continued. “I don’t think you do. I don’t think you have any idea what you want. You’re just in a state.”

“I don’t have to know what I want to know what I don’t want!” said Rose angrily, turning over.

“Sh-h-h. We have to stop. They’ll be waking up soon.”

“I never loved you. I never wanted to. It was a mistake.”

“All right. All right. You made your point.” Patrick’s face was so white the birthmark stood out like a cut.

“Why am I supposed to love you? Why do you act as if there was something wrong with me if I didn’t? You despise me. You despise my background and you think you’re doing me such a great favor—”

“I fell in love with you,” said Patrick. “I don’t despise you. Oh, Rose. I worship you.”

“You’re a sissy,” said Rose. “You’re a prude.” She jumped up with great pleasure as she said this. She felt full of energy. “You don’t even know how to make love right,” she went on. “I always wanted to get out of this from the very first. I felt sorry for you. You won’t look where you’re going; you’re always knocking things over, just because you can’t be bothered. You can’t be bothered noticing anything, you’re so wrapped up in yourself. And you’re always bragging. You don’t even know how to brag right, if you want to impress people; you do it in such a stupid way, all they do is laugh at you.”

Patrick sat on the bed and looked up at her, his face open to whatever she would say. She wanted to beat and beat him, to say worse and worse, uglier and crueller things. She took a breath, drew in air, to stop the things she felt rising.

“I don’t want to see you ever,” she said viciously. But at the door she turned and said in a normal and regretful voice, “Goodbye.”

PATRICK wrote her a note: “I don’t understand what happened the other day and I want to talk to you about it. But I think we should wait for two weeks and not see or talk to each other, and find out how we feel at the end of that time.”

Rose had forgotten all about her ring. When she came out of Patrick’s apartment building that morning she was still wearing it. She couldn’t go back, and she didn’t want to send it to him through the mail; it was too valuable. She continued to wear it, because she did not want to have to tell Dr. Henshawe what had happened. She was relieved to get Patrick’s note. She thought that she could give him the ring when they met.

She thought about what Patrick had said about Dr. Henshawe. No doubt there was some truth in it, or else why would she be so reluctant to let Dr. Henshawe know she had broken her engagement? She told her that she was not seeing Patrick while she studied for her exams. She told no one that her situation had changed. She did not like to give up being envied.

She tried to think what to do next. She could not stay on at Dr. Henshawe’s. She had to escape from Patrick; she had to escape from Dr. Henshawe, too. She did not want to stay on at the university, surrounded by girls who had always said to each other what a fluke it was, her getting Patrick. She would have to get a job.

The head librarian had offered her a job for the summer, but that was perhaps at Dr. Henshawe’s suggestion. Once Rose moved out, the offer might not hold. Instead of studying for her exams, Rose knew, she ought to be downtown, applying for work as a filing clerk at the insurance offices, applying at Bell Telephone, at the department stores. The idea terrified her. She kept on studying. That was the one thing she really knew how to do. She was a scholarship student, after all.

The next Saturday afternoon, when she was working in the library, she saw Patrick. She did not see him by accident. She went down to the bottom floor, trying not to make any noise on the spiralling metal staircase. There was a place in the stacks where she could stand, almost in darkness, and see into his carrel. She did that. She couldn’t see his face, but she saw his long pink neck and the old plaid shirt he wore on Saturdays. She was no longer irritated by him, no longer frightened by him; she was free. She could look at him as she would look at anybody; she could appreciate him. He had behaved well. He had not tried to rouse her pity, he had not bullied her, he had not molested her with pitiful phone calls and letters. He had not come and sat on Dr. Henshawe’s doorstep. He was an honorable person, and he would never know how she acknowledged that, how much she liked him for it. The things she had said to him filled her with shame. And they were not even true. Not all of them. He did know how to make love. She was so moved, so gentled, by the sight of him that she wanted to give him something, some surprising bounty; she wished to undo all his unhappiness.

Then she had a compelling picture of herself. She was running softly into his carrel, she was throwing her arms around him from behind, she was giving everything back to him. Would he take it, would he still want it? She saw them laughing and crying, explaining, forgiving. This was a violent temptation for her; it was barely resistible. She had an impulse to hurl herself, whether it was off a cliff or into a warm bed of welcoming grass and flowers she really could not tell.

The temptation was not resistible, after all. She gave in to it.

WHEN Rose afterward reviewed and talked about this moment in her life (for, like most people nowadays, she talked freely about her private decisions—about her life—to friends and lovers and party acquaintances whom she might never see again, and they did the same), she said comradely compassion had overcome her; she was never proof against a bare, bent neck. Then she went further into it and said greed, greed. She had run to him and clung to him and overcome his suspicions and kissed and cried and reinstated herself with him simply because she did not know how to do without his love and his looking after her: she was frightened of the world; she had not been able to think out any other plan for herself. When she was seeing life in economic terms, or was talking with people who did, she said that only middle-class people had choices; only people with good shoes and the price of a train ticket to Toronto could afford to run away. At least if you were a girl, she said, and in my day.

At other times she said it was really vanity. It was vanity pure and simple—to resurrect him, to bring him back his happiness. To see if she had the power to do that. She could not resist the test of power. She explained that she had paid for it. They were married eleven years, they had two daughters; and during those years the scenes of the first breakup and reconciliation were periodically repeated. She said over again all the things she had said the first time, and the things she had held back, and many other things that oc-

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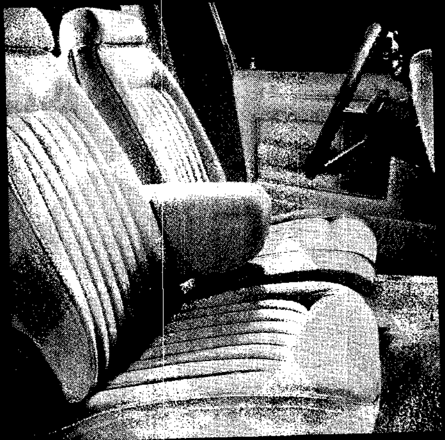

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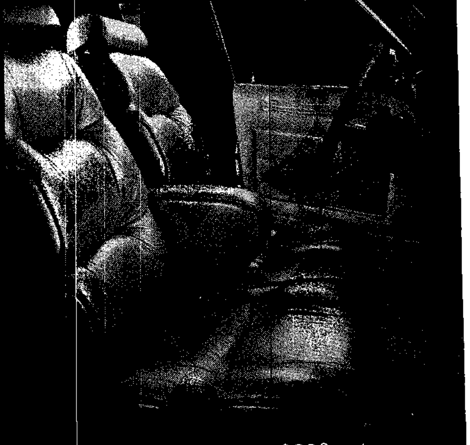

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curred to her. She beat her head against the bedpost, she smashed a gravy boat through the dining-room window. Then she was so weakened, so sickened by what she had done, that she lay in bed, shivering; she begged and begged for his forgiveness. Sometimes she would attack him, and he would beat her. The next morning they would get up early and make a special breakfast; they would sit eating bacon and eggs and drinking filtered coffee, worn out, bewildered, treating each other with shamefaced kindness. What do you think triggers the reaction, they would say. Do you think we ought to take a holiday? A waste, a sham, those efforts, as it turned out, but they worked for the moment. Rose and Patrick ended up saying that they supposed most married people went through this; indeed, they seemed to know mostly people who did. They could not separate until enough damage had been done—until nearly mortal damage had been done—to keep them apart. And until Rose had a job and was making her own money; so perhaps there was a very simple reason after all.

What Rose never said to anybody was that she sometimes thought it had not been pity or greed or cowardice or vanity but something quite different, like a vision of happiness. In view of everything else she had told, she could not tell that. She didn't mean just that they had bearable, ordinary times between eruptions, long busy times of wallpapering and vacationing and children's illnesses and meals and shopping, but that sometimes, without reason or warning, happiness—the possibility of happiness—would surprise them. It was as if they were in different though identical-seeming skins, as if there existed a perfectly kind and innocent Rose and Patrick, so rarely visible, in the shadow of their usual selves. Perhaps it was this Patrick she had seen when she was free of him, invisible to him, looking into his carrel. She should have left him there.

She knew that was how she had seen him, because it happened again. She was in the Toronto airport, in the middle of the night. This was about nine years after she and Patrick were divorced. Rose had become well known by this time; her face was familiar all over the country. She had a television program on which she interviewed politicians, actors, writers, and many ordinary people, who were angry about something the government or the police or a company or a union had done to them. Sometimes she talked to people who had seen strange sights—UFOs or sea monsters—or who had unusual accomplishments or collections, or kept up obsolete customs.

She was travelling alone. No one was meeting her. She had just flown in from Yellowknife. She was tired and bedraggled. She saw Patrick standing at a coffee bar, with his back to her. He wore a raincoat. He was heavier than he had been, but she knew him at once. And she had the same feeling that this was the person she was bound to—that by a certain magical yet possible trick they could find and trust each other, and that to begin again all she had to do was go up and touch him on the shoulder, surprise him with his happiness.

She did not, of course, but she did stop. She was standing still when he turned around, heading for one of the little plastic tables and curved seats grouped in front of the coffee bar. All his skinniness and shabbiness, his prim authoritarianism were gone; he had smoothed out, filled out into such a modish, agreeable, responsible, slightly complacent-looking man. His birthmark had faded. Rose thought how haggard and strange she must look, in her rumpled trenchcoat, her long, graying hair fallen forward around her face, old mascara smudged under her eyes.

He made a face at her. It was a truly hateful, savagely warning face—infantile, self-indulgent, yet calculated; it was like an explosion of disgust and loathing. It was hard to believe. But she had seen it.

Sometimes when Rose was talking to someone in front of the television cameras she would sense the desire in them to make a face. She could sense it in all sorts of people—in skillful politicians and witty liberal bishops and honored humanitarians, in housewives who had witnessed natural disasters and in workmen who had performed rescues or been cheated out of disability pensions. They were longing to sabotage themselves, to make a face or say a dirty word. Was this the face they all wanted to make—to show somebody, to show everybody? They wouldn't do it, though; they wouldn't get the chance. Special circumstances were required: a lurid, unreal place; the middle of the night; a staggering, unhinging weariness; the sudden, hallucinatory appearance of your true enemy.

—ALICE MUNRO

•

OWING A MAGAZINE IS
COSTLY—BUT FUN
—*Headline in the Times.*

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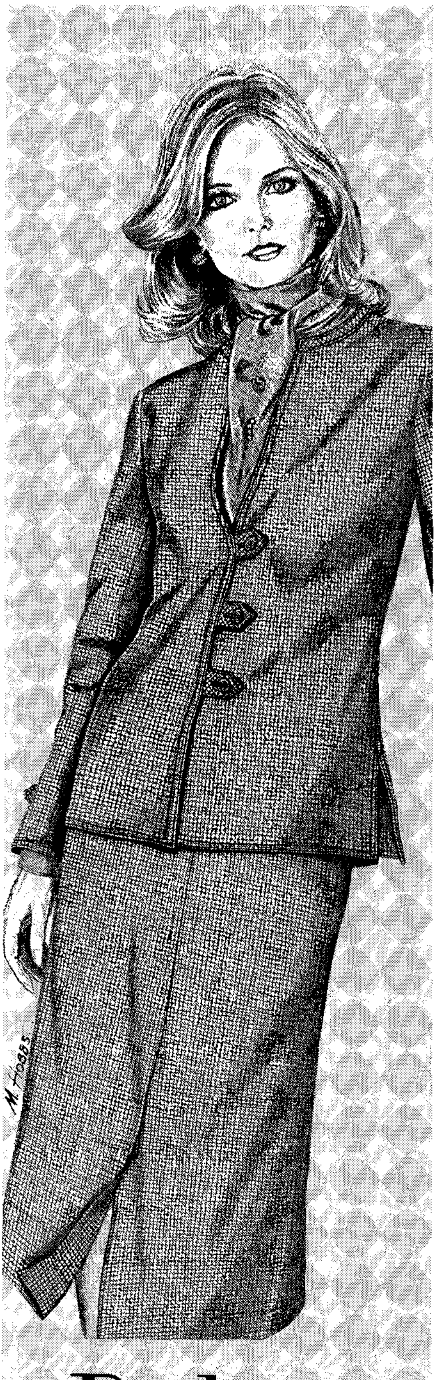

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LETTER FROM LONDON

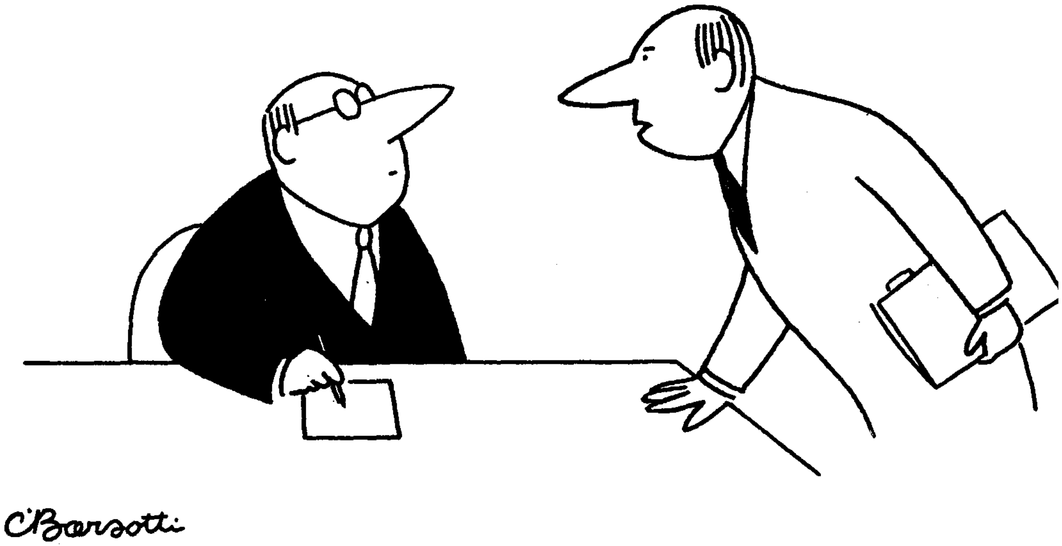
JUNE 15

LONDON's celebrations of the Queen's Silver Jubilee seemed like one mammoth street party, which left the guests tired but happy. Everything was wonderful except the weather, and even that—for those who remembered the mean June day of the Coronation—seemed to satisfy the deep British love of continuity by tying up so disobligingly with the unsmiling start of the reign. It was a series of splendid ceremonial spectacles, stage-managed with brilliance, as usual, and, for once, not giving the Government's left wing much scope for grumbling about the expense. Her subjects learned with approval that the Queen's vastly becoming rose-pink outfit (watching the summery material being whipped by the wintry wind as she began her stroll to lunch with the City of London dignitaries at the Guildhall, maternal spectators audibly trusted that it had cozier underpinnings) had already been worn on last year's Canadian visit. The streets offered nothing much to the crowds in the way of decorations, compared with the inventive gaiety and wit of Hugh Casson's designs for the Coronation, when surprised pastel-painted lampposts blossomed into topknots of roses, and a canned nightingale sang to passersby in Berkeley Square. But in twenty-five years there has been progressively less to sing about, in the decline of the Queen's pound and of Britain's old power and influence in the world.

By royal request, this was an austerity Jubilee in everything but Tuesday's stunning show of pomp and circumstance, faultlessly paraded as though nothing had changed. Local councils, recently requested by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to cut back painfully on cherished civic projects, were urged not to plan extravagant schemes. The only official decorations were the Union Jacks dipping among the greenery along the Mall—a fine sight, floodlit at night, with the Palace sitting solid and handsome at the end—and the distinctly less admired banners (of a mawkish turquoise that somebody had mistakenly thought went well with red and silver) in Trafalgar Square. The West End shops provided tricolor windows of everything from York hams stuck with patriotic rosettes instead of cloves to antiquarians' arrangements of milky *blanc-de-Chine* figures posed elegantly against swags of crimson and blue brocade. Less affluent back streets were knitted into a bright tangle of fluttering little triangular flags, with invitations to come inside and drink "a health to Her Majesty, God bless her" stuck up over corner pubs. The organizers of large and small festivities all over Britain were prudent, too, in their spending. Many villages settled for planting silver-foliaged trees and flower-bed displays of red, white, and blue annuals, which, owing to the uncooperative summer, have so far mostly stuck to a sulky republican green. One country town south of London came out, to everybody's stupefaction, with street decorations that were firmly golden, presumably to be stowed economically away for the milestone twenty-five years hence.

On the day, of course, London's real and astounding decorations, and certainly the ones most pleasing to the occupant of that lumbering, oddly pagan chariot for a Christian monarch, with its painted panels of plump goddesses and brawny tritons blowing their conch shells, were the vast crowds who crushed along the route, hanging over the barriers like a jumble of multicolored Persian carpets draped on a balcony railing—a blurred bright pattern of Jubilee paper hats, Jubilee streamers, outstretched hands, and beaming faces split open in a roar of cheers. It was the Queen's personal day even more fully than the Coronation, when people were cheering with affection and hope a mostly unknown quantity—a young woman looking pale, grave, and small under the weighty Imperial Crown. The procession then still had its glamorous leftover trimmings of Kiplingesque imperial power to send the crowds wild with excitement and pride as it passed superbly by, but the only Commonwealth contingent that rode along to St. Paul's on Tuesday was the rapturously applauded Royal Canadian Mounties, smart as paint, with their pennons fluttering from their lances. On this second solemn journey of her reign, the great, tremendous, emotional roar was for the Queen alone. The Commonwealth was, of course, visibly on view before everybody (with two important absentees) in the embassy limousines, filled with mostly unrecognizable passengers and flying mostly unrecognizable national flags, which deposited the visiting heads of state and their wives on the cathedral steps. Inside St. Paul's, they were the cynosure as they filed into the pews behind the Royal Family, flanked by Mr. Callaghan, looking like a benign resident headmaster welcoming his conference opposite numbers—a row of dark and white faces and of sober morning coats brightened by an occasional exotic uniform or the wonderful rich costumes of some of the ladies who had preferred to wear their national dress. Many British noted later that Europe was another and more worrying absentee from the rejoicing, not present in the flesh or, apparently, in the spirit. The great step across the Channel was the most important historic event in the twenty-five years of the Queen's reign, yet the celebratory speeches cut it dead. To those who are always waiting—so far in vain—for a more convincingly enthusiastic Government lead to rally lukewarm public opinion on the E.E.C., the omission has been depressing.

Before the Queen arrived in St. Paul's, many dazzling little processions moved to their positions with unhurried precision in the marvellously complicated ritual, and, at the end of the long, beautiful service, processed back again in reverse order. The Present, sitting in her rose-pink dress, was at the end of a long cord that leads back, as the English like to be reminded (one or two tart voices have lately suggested that perhaps they like it too much for their own good in the modern competitive hurly-burly), into the dense and more glorious Past. Continuity is deeply reassuring. So we saw pacing past us as though they had been doing nothing else for months the officers of the Orders of Chivalry, in their medieval robes—the judges in scarlet and lace ruffles, bareheaded and tilting their fine noses heavenward; the purely Shakespearean heralds and the four pursuivants, whose ancient titles are Bluemantle, Rouge Dragon, Rouge Croix, and Portcullis; the bishops in mitres and copes stiff with gold thread (among them walked the immensely distinguished figure of the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, Cardinal Hume, to whom no ecumenical invitation to take any other part in the service had apparently been given); the wigged Speaker of the House of Commons and the Lord Chancellor, each with a trainbearer to hold up the tail of his gown; and Her Majesty's personal bodyguard of the Gentlemen-at-Arms, some of whom are not young, and who stood like statues throughout, their gauntleted hands clasping their halberds and swords. The most dignified sight in the whole



"The old man doesn't want to be called the old man anymore."

ceremonial was the Lord Mayor of London, Commander Sir Robin Gillett, Royal Naval Reserve—a large man in an ermine cloak, looking as bulky as a polar bear, who marched ahead of the Queen in her procession with a firm quarterdeck tread, hoisting aloft the heavy pearl sword of the City, the symbol of his own domain, to which he had welcomed her earlier in a little ceremony at its boundary, Temple Bar, in the Strand.

In the afternoon, the people took over from the church and the state. The show was over, and they began drifting off through the still closed streets to find an eccentrically wandering bus or a tube train, or to slog on their own feet toward Buckingham Palace, where thousands intended to finish the day correctly. They were in the good-humored mood to cheer anybody who caught their fancy, as they had earlier roared at the City dignitaries, togged up in their furred robes and golden chains, who were being whisked in a fleet of buses to eat salmon trout and fillet of beef at the Guildhall, and who had waved madly and shouted "Hurrah!" right back at them. The young were everywhere in gala droves, sporting their "Liz Rules O.K." and other Jubilee-slogan T-shirts, with their arms around one another and their mouths to beer cans, and looking to some of their suspicious elders as though they were casting about for a nice football ground to pull asunder. The patient police were everywhere, too, but it turned out that they were hardly needed. After the multitudes had reached the palace and had poured themselves into the most fantastic sea of cheering, singing, waving bodies that Londoners can remember—even those whose memories go back to V-E Day and the Coronation—it was noted that they had politely tried to avoid the Queen's flower beds.

ON Thursday, the day of the royal progress up the Thames, the temperatures were lower, actually and emotionally. The British are conditioned to typical summer-picnic weather, and both sides of the river were lined with stoical munching forms in mackintoshes taking a swig of something hot out of thermoses. While waiting for the Queen and the Duke to pass by on their way home from paying various Jubilee calls downstream, some of us went off to take a look at the two permanent celebratory additions to London, which will remain after the flags have gone. Both are kind to walkers. One is the Silver Jubilee Walkway, a five-and-a-half-mile pedestrian route along which energetic tourists can follow the Jubilee emblem of the Crown, painted on the pavement, from Leicester Square to the Tower. The new Silver Jubilee Garden, on the South Bank, is situated in a notably unlovesome spot that was the site of the Festival of Britain and, more recently, a car park. It turned out to be a still somewhat naked patch of different paved levels surrounding a pleasantly splashing little water garden. Tired citizens, though grateful for another place where they, and not inert motor metal, will be able to rest a bit, were wandering around inspecting it unofficially the other afternoon (the Queen opened it that evening) with critical expressions.

The Thames, even on a fine day, has a cool way of dwarfing modern water pageantry. When the Royal Barge—in everyday parlance it is the Port of London Authority launch Nore—at last spanked under Waterloo Bridge, its standard bravely flying, the crowds, curiously, let it pass without a sound, maybe uncertain, through the drizzle, that the Queen was really one of the figures dimly visible within. But after dusk the celebration really got going. Over a hundred decorated and illuminated craft of all kinds, representing the services, industry, and every organization that has anything to do with the river, chugged along in a sort of slow, festive Dunkirk, graciously acknowledging the cheers with grunting toots. The fireworks that flowered into ravishingly beautiful *pointillist* patterns in the sky over Westminster were the most superb that Londoners had ever seen.

THE Jubilee in retrospect—it is not over yet for the Queen, who has many more exhausting celebrations to attend in other parts of the kingdom—seems to have lifted the spirits of all far more than anyone had expected. Or nearly all. The anti-monarchist view summed up in the *New Statesman's* much resented and candid appeal to the envious was a sour droplet in the immense national surge of affection and admiration. The warmth remains, now that the newspapers and peoples' thoughts have returned to troubling realities after the happy holiday. People remarked with pleasure that it was natural for older generations to turn out to acclaim the Queen, since old-fashioned loyalty was built into their systems. But it was the often much criticized, worrying, frustrated young who were also seen to be voting with lungs of brass for the visible idea of steady devotion to duty, a happy marriage and family life, strong religious feeling, and unfailing reliability. For multitudes of the Queen's subjects, her Jubilee has seemed important as well as cheering.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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"If Beale Street could talk," as the song goes, it would tell a fantastic tale of New Orleans.—*The Journal of the American Medical Association.*

Memphis has always been fascinated by New Orleans.

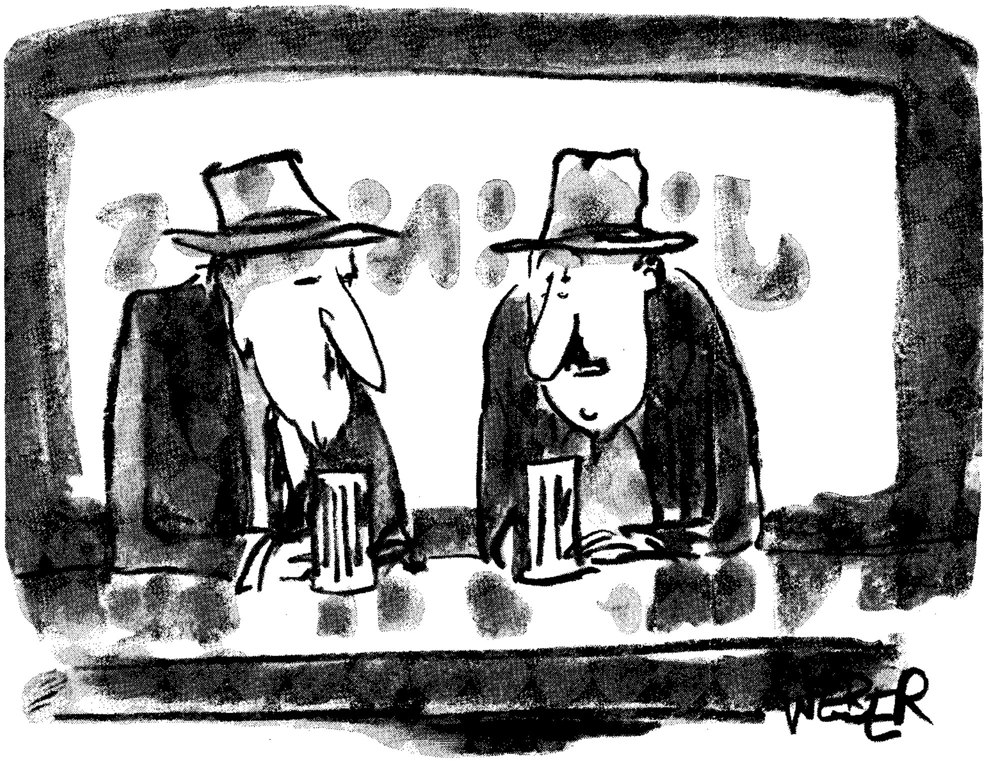
THE THEATRE

SINCERITY, NOT STYLE

"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST," which takes place in an enclosed world of its own, seems to demand a proscenium stage with a curtain to punctuate its three acts, so it is a most unlikely choice for the unwieldy thrust stage at the Circle in the Square, where it opened last week; with the audience surrounding them on three sides, the actors are never quite able to talk directly to one another, and much of the comedy is dispersed to the winds. But much of it remains, too, for the play is as taut as a bubble, and Wilde's lines, often with a logic as fantastic as Lewis Carroll's, prevail in all circumstances. This production, however, never manages to dispel the echoes in all our minds of John Gielgud and Edith Evans and Michael Redgrave and Joan Greenwood—on the stage or on records or in that movie—for it misses the style that is absolutely essential. "In matters of grave importance," says Gwendolen in the third act, "style, not sincerity, is the vital thing." It is certainly vital to "Earnest," for nothing is more gravely important than comedy; Max Beerbohm, objecting to a disparity of delivery in a production he saw, wrote, "To preserve its style fully, the dialogue must be spoken with grave unction."

The actors, under the direction of Stephen Porter, who in the past has been responsible for so many good shows, never become a company. Even so, as is often true in revivals of classics, there are delightful surprises. Mary Louise Wilson's Miss Prism is a wonder—the best I've ever seen. Her governessy expression—slightly offended, slightly feisty—when we first meet her in the garden, pressing a German lesson upon the reluctant Cecily, and her impassioned defense of the three-volume novel are amusing, and in the third act her rapturous private reunion with that handbag she left at Victoria Station all those years ago is marvellous comic invention—an exact match for Wilde's. Patricia Conolly's poised, unruffled Gwendolen, her mother's girl and adversary—a Lady Bracknell in the making—is fine, too, and especially so as she examines Worthing's blue eyes through a lorgnette in the proposal scene, or sits, tight-lipped with rage, in the tea-party scene with Cecily. Yes and no on most of the others. James Valentine is a firm but rather hollow Worthing, Elizabeth Wilson is a dim Lady Bracknell, John Glover makes his points as Algy but lacks his usual assurance, and Kathleen Widdoes is lively enough but much too effusive and wide-eyed as Cecily. These actors never get in the way of the play, but they don't do anything for it, either. Munson Hicks, by the way, in the small part of Lane, Algernon's manservant, is perfect. Ann Roth's costumes are extremely decorative and becoming, and Zack Brown's scenery is all that one could hope for on that awful stage.

—EDITH OLIVER



"Thanks, Ed. You, too, have a heart as big as all outdoors."

OFF BROADWAY

Solo

THE Negro Ensemble Company is winding up its season at the de Lys with "Square Root of Soul," an evening of recitations, by Adolph Caesar, of poems and a few passages of prose, mostly by black writers. All this is in the guise of an actor's farewell performance: Mr. Caesar opens the proceedings by storming down the aisle, chattering to the audience about the young and the old and the "final curtain" of his career. It's an only so-so idea, because its built-in coyness (the crotchety, lovable old duffer) seems quite foreign to Mr. Caesar's candid kind of acting, as demonstrated in any number of N.E.C. productions. He slides into the program in so conversational a tone that it is almost impossible to separate the first few poems from the connective tissue. That is not true of all the passages, though: sometimes there is far too much acting—denoting, I think, a lack of faith in the power of the words themselves. I am not your ideal judge of one-man shows, which, by and large, are not for me (certain notable exceptions notwithstanding), but it seems to me that what Mr. Caesar does best are selections that require some dramatic force—for example, Richard Wright's description of the aftermath of a lynching: the debris left by the spectators on the trampled ground and his imagining of the event itself. And how well Joseph A. Walker's surging, beautiful poem "The River Niger" stands up as a set piece, and how well Mr. Caesar recites it! Where Mr. Caesar is disappointing is in anything that calls for dry irony, such as the brief poems of Countee Cullen, which amount almost to epigrams. The selections vary greatly in quality, and the performance is up and down, too. I'm sorry to report that the evening as a whole, in spite of its high points, is just not good enough.—E.O.

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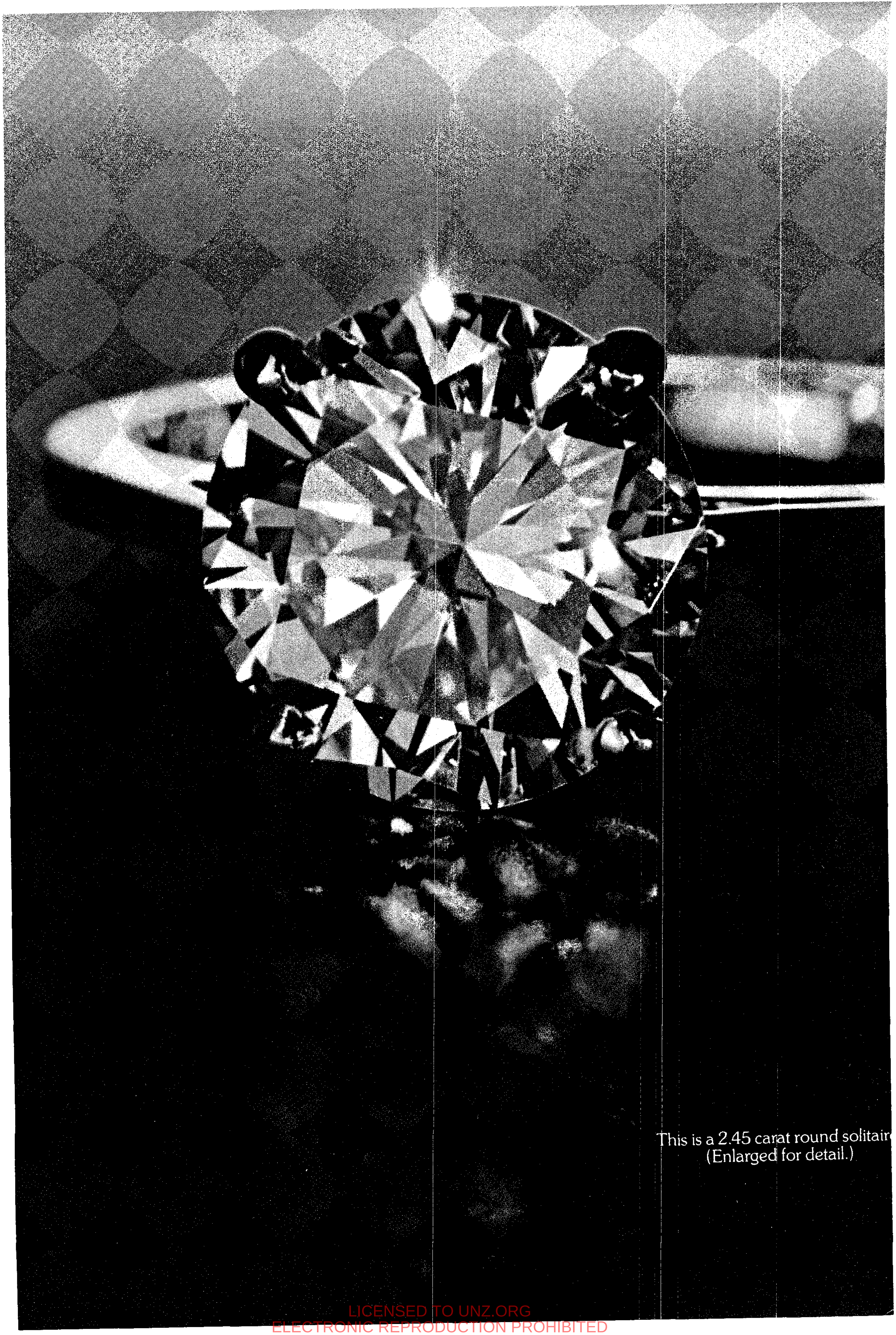
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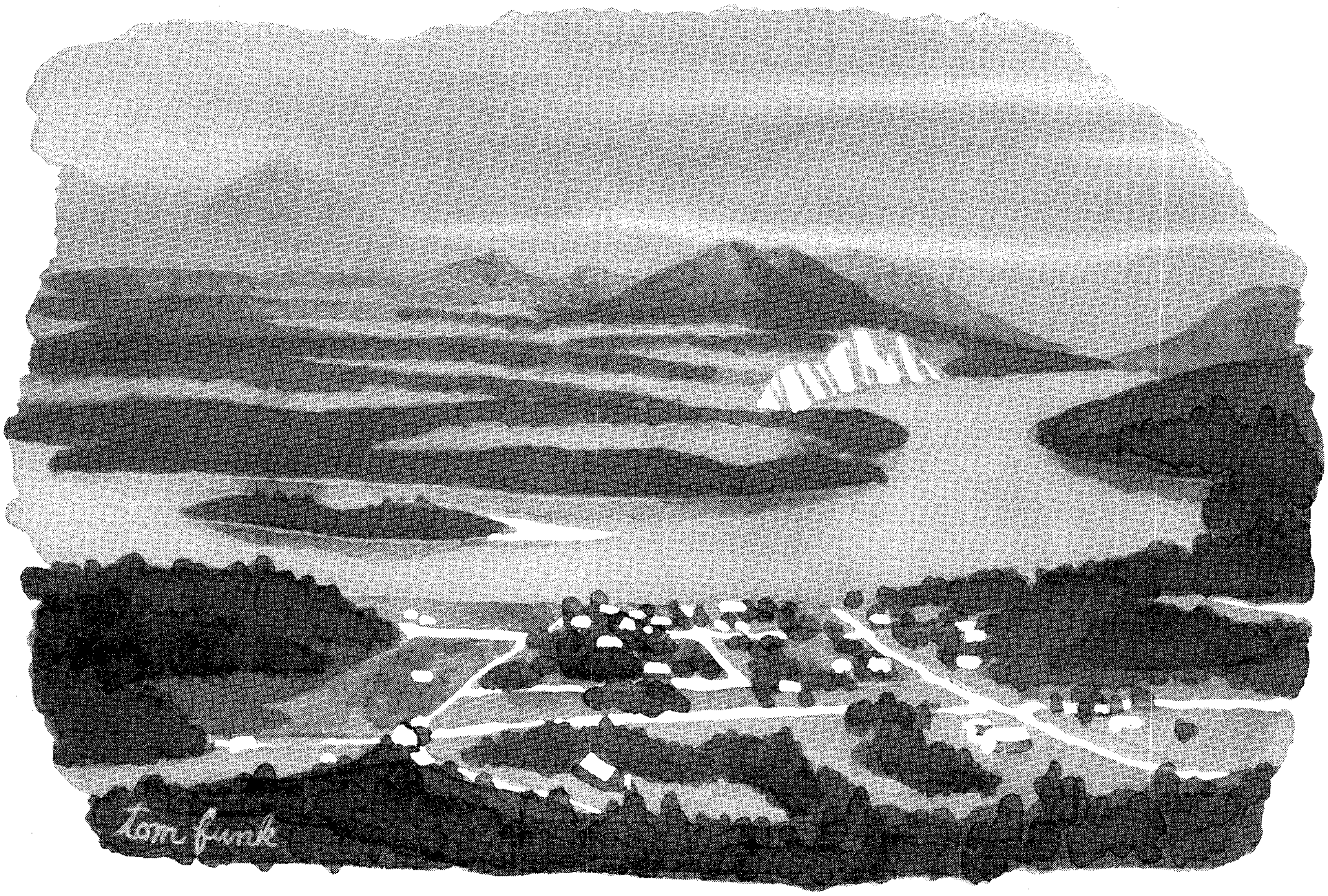
A REPORTER AT LARGE

COMING INTO THE COUNTRY—II



With a clannish sense of place characteristic of the bush, people in the region of the upper Yukon refer to their part of Alaska as "the country." A stranger appearing among them is said to have "come into the country."

BRAD SNOW and Lilly Allen came into the country in 1974. They were twenty-six and twenty-one. Their route had begun in New Hampshire and had included Anchorage, where they took jobs to collect enough money to venture into the bush. Like many other young couples who wished to get past the turnstiles of urban Alaska, they studied the map and guessed at the merits of this or that possible destination. Many people they encountered seemed to be headed for McGrath and Bethel and points between on the Kuskokwim River. Allen and Snow therefore looked the other way. "None of those people even knew where Eagle *was*. We figured it was the place to go."

They arrived in a pickup—with their axes and hammers, drill bits and drawknife, whipsaw; their new, lovely, seventeen-foot Chestnut Prospector canoe. They were exploring in more ways than the geographical. They were looking for a milieu—and a manner of developing their lives. For necessary money, they could work from time to time in Fairbanks—and, possibly, in Eagle. But they hoped to live much of the year apart from any community. "I reject suburbia," Snow was not shy to explain. "I reject crowds. I do not want a new car, a fancy house. They are not worth working for. In the Lower Forty-eight, economic pressure made it impossible for me to have the land and space I would like to have without spending twenty years to get it and then being surrounded by box houses. In order to get anything like what I wanted, in New Hampshire, I would have had to deal in large figures. I was unwilling to complicate my life to get those figures."

What he and Lilly sought was terrain where the individual spirit might be confined only by the metes and bounds and rules of nature. They meant to go down the Yukon, whose banks were just the beginnings of millions of acres of wilderness. They asked around—of others, like Dick Cook, who had pursued the same idea—and they discovered the country's code of seniority right. Tributary rivers were prime locations. There was someone already living on each incoming stream for a considerable distance below Eagle. The first vacancy was the Nation River, forty-six miles away—a little far, but it would do. Snow had brought with him a sense of impending catastrophe, in large part because he had staked his plans on the character of the Yukon without even knowing if it was safely navigable or a boiling flume of rapids. When he had become assured that for all its great power the big river ran smooth, his confidence improved. He felt expansive as he loaded the canoe with seven hundred pounds of grain.

He was an electrician by trade—a fact of no value on the Nation. He was good at carpentry, though, and he was a sharpshooter—skills enough for a beginning. Seven miles up the Nation, he and Lilly built a ten-by-fourteen-foot cabin of unpeeled, saddle-notched logs. It had two windows, paned with soft clear plastic. It was chinked with moss. Its roof consisted of layers of sod, moss, and plastic. It was a tight, well-made, neatly made cabin. Its door, for some months, was nothing more than a hanging blanket, but even on nights at thirty-five below zero the cabin was so warm that the blanket was kept to one side. They had an airtight heat stove ("a poor man's Ashley"), and their cookstove was a sheepherder's unit, its firebox scarcely a cubic foot. With the whipsaw, Snow made boards for a bench and a table. From dry spruce he made dowels, which he tapped into holes drilled in the wall logs, and on these he set shelves for their pinto beans and bulgur, their whole-wheat-soy ribbon noodles, their cherry butter and corn-germ oil, rolled oats, popcorn, brown rice, and wheat berries. He killed a moose, and they hung strips of the meat from the ridgepole to dry. They preserved blueberries, cranberries, rose hips. In the clear Nation, they fished for grayling and northern pike.

They had only two dogs with them, and one night Miki, a Siberian husky, was off scenting the neighborhood when Snow and Allen heard the nearby howl of a wolf. Snow took a shotgun and walked in the direction of the sound. He came back with Miki on a stick. The wolf had ripped the dog's throat. The winter was otherwise safely uneventful, with the exception that Snow one day decided he had appendicitis and took off for Fairbanks, leaving Lilly Allen behind. For five weeks, she was there alone, more than fifty miles from Eagle, with no idea if he was dead or alive. In the end, it was Snow's woman, and not his appendix, that was inflamed.

Not many months before, they had made a trip to Basking Ridge, New Jersey, to be married. The bride's father wore lilies of the valley. He is an Exxon exxecutive. Lilly went to Ridge High School and for one semester to the University of Arizona. She was working as a waitress on Route 16 outside Conway, New Hampshire, when Snow came into her life. She wanted someday to own fields of sheep, she told him, because she was "into spinning and weaving." He wanted to go where even fleece would freeze. He was from Reading, Massachusetts, had studied some at the Universities of Massachusetts and Hawaii, and had been to trade school, but he had found a deeper interest working in New Hampshire forests for the Appalachian Mountain Club. A lithe man of middle height, he has a big brown beard, a tumble of shining brown hair, a serious turn of mind. Lilly Allen—handsome, unadornedly feminine—is facially Puritan, sober, with a touch of anachronism about her, as if on Sundays somehow she occupies a front pew, listening to Cotton Mather.

"We came here to get away from lots of people, lots of machines, and into a simpler way of life," she will say. "Everybody in Eagle says they came here 'to get away from it all.' We found 'it all' in Eagle. We came here to do without unnecessary things, to live out, to deal with the land in a more natural way."

In the vernacular of the river people, hunting moose, caribou, porcupine, duck, bear, rabbit is known as "getting your meat," and for Snow the task was complicated from the beginning by more than the problems of stalking and marksmanship. He had trouble, sometimes, pulling the trigger on a wild creature. "I hunt for meat, but I don't really enjoy hunting," he confesses. "It comes down to having or not having a spirit of predatorship. If Dick Cook or Charlie Edwards sees a goose, he doesn't hesitate. Bang. But I stop and admire the goose, and then I think of the gun. When I shoot a moose, I walk up to it with profound reverence—this beautiful beast that I, a scrawny little thing, am destroying. The last time I shot my moose, I cried. I really sympathized with him. I don't know how to put it. Having shot the animal—and seeing it lying there, dying—shakes me up."

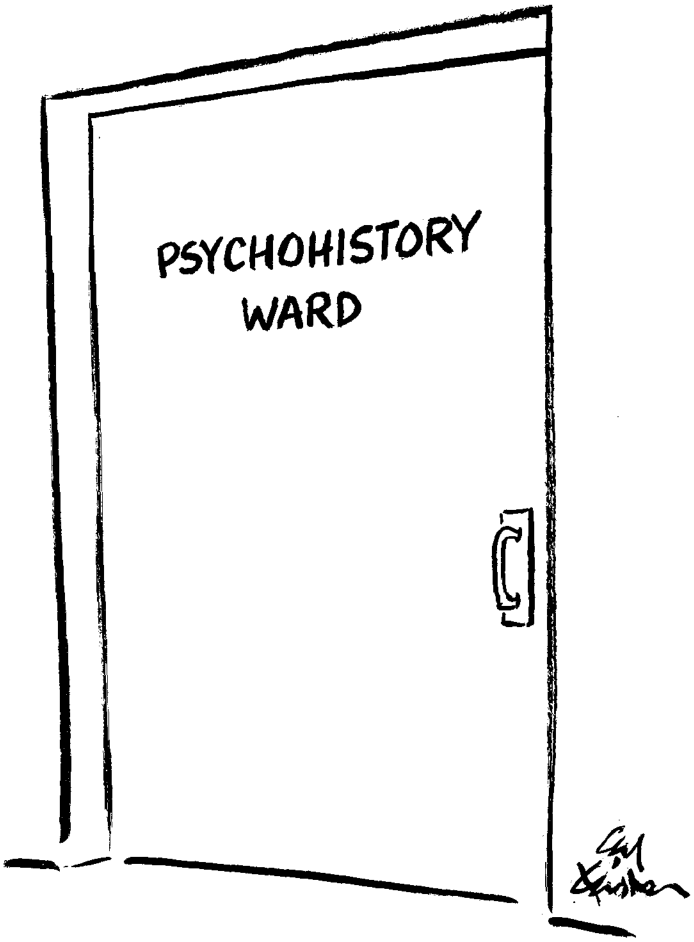
In their search for ways to make a living in the country, Snow and Allen avoided trapping altogether. "I would do that if I had no other way to get money," he explains. "But I don't want to kill animals up here to clothe fat whores in New York. I don't mind wearing furs, but I prefer not to sell them." Meanwhile, there was money to be made fighting fires—in a smoking forest with a water bag on his back—and from two such experiences he earned a thousand dollars, or more than half of what they needed for a year.

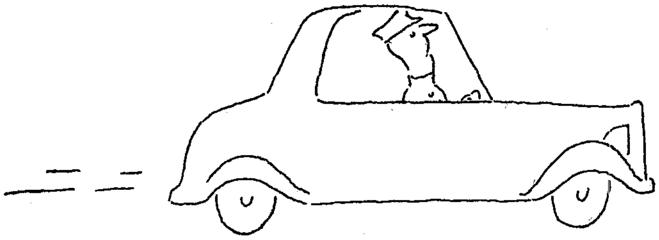
They were still tasting their new and more natural life when Lilly's parents arrived for a visit in Eagle. In two canoes, the four went down the Yukon for a few days, just to have a look at the cabin on the Nation. The journey was more than Lilly's mother could complete, but Snow and his father-in-law left the women camped behind and tracked the Chestnut up the stream. It was a laborious effort, and they had been at it several hours when a helicopter suddenly came over the trees and passed them. Just the sight of it angered Snow, because—fifty miles from civilization—it ruined the wild scene. The two men tracked on, forgot the chopper, and finally arrived at the cabin. It had a door now, and an ingenious Oriental-puzzle sort of lock, which Snow had devised. Scarcely had he brought out some gear to air when the helicopter returned. It circled, landed on a gravel bar. "Let me do the talking," said Snow.

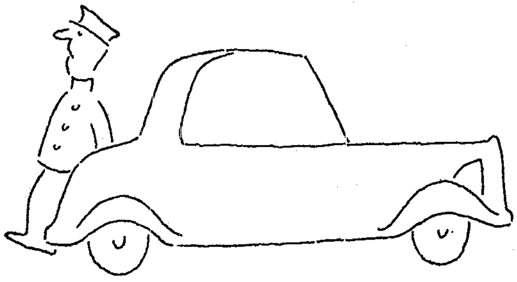
The pilot got out, and so did a man with a federal patch on his shirt. He was a short, slight, briefcase of a man. "Hello," he said. "I'm Dave Williams, of the Bureau of Land Management. You're on a canoe trip. I'm very sorry to disturb your wilderness experience. We're just checking here. Do you mind if we look around? This isn't your place, is it?"

Snow was noncommittal, but he became increasingly irritated as Williams went into the cabin and rummaged among its goods. The pilot said, "Really nice place here—nice, well-built cabin. This your place?"

Brad and Lilly own a framed copy of a celebrated photograph made by Doro-







thea Lange in Kern County, California, in the nineteen-thirties, which shows a compressed-air pump at a run-down rural filling station and two prominent signs—one saying "AIR," the other saying "This is your country. Don't let the big men take it away from you."

"Yes, it's *my* place," Snow blurted.

Williams reappeared like a genie. "Did you say *your* place?" he asked.

"Those are my things in the cabin," Snow said. "I'd rather you didn't go through my things."

"I said, 'Is this your place?' "

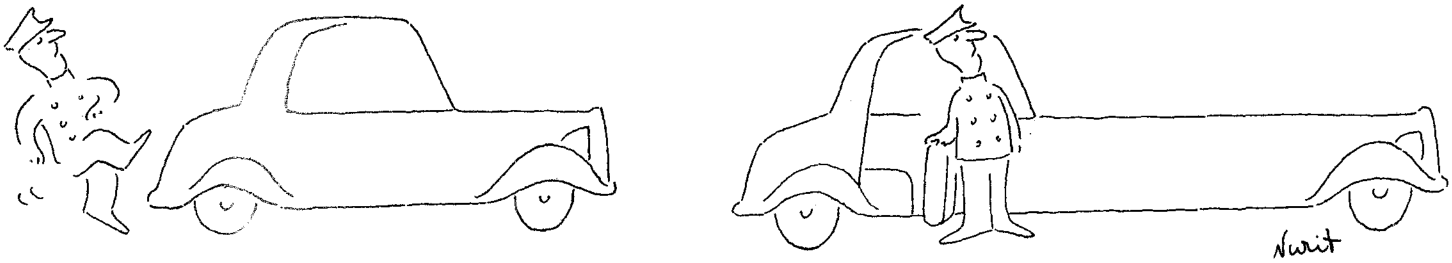
"You seem to think it's yours."

As he left, Williams said, "The cabin is in trespass. Very likely you'll be hearing from me in a short while. This is now the twentieth century. You can't just do what you want to do. You cannot play with the wilderness."

SNOW was shortly given written notice that the cabin was on federal ground, that its presence conflicted with "the necessary and appropriate use of said land," and that if he left his personal property there it would be removed and stored at his expense. Lilly Allen was mentioned only as "any and all other persons." Alaska had attracted them. The United States had rebuffed them. Sarge Waller got a notice, too, about his cabin at the Kandik. Other notices went down the river. In the hundred and sixty miles between Eagle and Circle, the exact small number of people living on or near the Yukon had always been indeterminate, and as the scrutiny of the Bureau of Land Management drew closer the number became even less determinate than before. Under blue wisps of smoke separated by pieces of land the size of Eastern counties, people did what they could to remain invisible, knowing they were in trespass on federal land.

From time immemorial until the nineteen-seventies, anyone who had the drive and spirit to build a cabin in this northern wilderness was not restrained from doing so. For a long time, gold was the almost exclusive draw, and, as Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka had observed when he was sent to scout the region in 1883, "the discovery of gold in paying quantities is probably the only incentive for men to enter the country, and were it not that indications are seen all along the river, white men would probably never venture in." In more recent times, though, as the pressure of population in the Lower Forty-eight increased toward critical levels, a quite different incentive presented itself as well. Some of the hardiest people in the society were drawn to bush Alaska in search of a sense of release—of a life that remembered the past. The Alaskan wild was, as advertised, the last frontier—where people willing to combat its cold and run its risks could live an existence free from supererogatory rules as long as they did no harm to one another. The government did not interfere, and through the Homestead Act and other legislative provisions it even assisted this dream; but, with the discovery of oil at Prudhoe Bay on the edge of the Arctic Ocean, events began to occur that would change, apparently forever, the use and demarcation of Alaskan land. Meanwhile, certain long-established forms of freedom would disappear—the sort of freedom that drew a family like the Gelvins a generation earlier into the country, the sort of freedom envisioned by young people who set off to live in the wild of the upper Yukon. If the oil had never been discovered, there would not have been an eviction notice prepared for Brad Snow.

The discovery of the oil was in 1968, and plans followed swiftly for its removal through a trans-Alaska pipeline. The natives of Alaska—Aleuts, Indians, Eskimos—had long been disturbed by what they regarded as the whites' obtrusive presence in their world, and their feelings had distilled into a movement. The proposed pipeline would traverse what they regarded as their land. It became clear that there would be no pipeline until the land claims of the natives were satisfactorily extinguished. The Secretary of the Interior had already suspended homesteading and most other forms of land use pending resolution of the native claims, and now Congress (attempting to satisfy not only the natives but at the same time the conflicting ambitions of conservationists and developers; attempting to promote the economy, protect the ecology, and respond multifariously to the sudden demand for this long-ignored but now prime segment of American national real estate) got together in a single bill a mighty ziggurat of legislation, within which the catalytic pipeline would seem, while important, almost minor. Everyone of any race in all Alaska would be affected. In elemental respects, the character of Alaska would change. Long after the publicity had receded and the pipeline had become as little discussed as the Big Inch, the social and political effects of its progenitive congressional bill would still be poignantly felt. Dated December 18, 1971, it was called the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act, and in Alaskan history it surpasses in importance the 1867 treaty of purchase and the 1958 Statehood Act. For the natives' part, they got forty million acres of land and a billion dollars, the handsomest settlement of its kind ever made, for the total number of natives was only sixty thousand. There would be some latitude in their choice of land, but much of it would be close to established villages. Meanwhile, the conservationists who had fought against the pipeline were given certain epic consolations. The act provided that eighty million acres in various parts of Alaska were to be set aside for consideration as national parks, forests, rivers, wildlife refuges—their new status to be assured by Congress within seven years. These were big pieces of land—more than two million acres, for example, along the Yukon between Eagle and Circle. The overall National Park System would more than double in size. Many millions of additional acres—including the valley where the Gelvins legally staked gold claims—were to be closed to all but those in pursuit of "metalliferous minerals." Meanwhile, the State of Alaska was still choosing the hundred and three million acres awarded to it in the Statehood Act. It had until 1984 to complete the selection, and for the time being the land under scrutiny would remain—to the individual—beyond reach. When one adds in the existing parks, government forests, and



wildlife refuges and a vast federal petroleum reserve in the north, not much is left of Alaska. The new native lands aside, less than half of one per cent of Alaska is privately owned, and most of that is in cities and towns. It is one of the ironies of Alaska that in the midst of this tremendous wilderness—in an undeveloped area a fifth as large as the rest of the United States—people consider themselves fortunate to have (anywhere at all) a fifty-by-a-hundred-foot lot they can call their own.

Meanwhile, down below, outside, people who sit on sidewalks wearing Italian hiking boots and machine-faded jeans imply an extremity somewhere else. Surely, some of them will stand up and leave town, and when they leave they will go toward the wild—probably to the nearest mountain. Some will keep going to an even wilder place. Some will go farther than that. The logical inevitability for this chain of beings is that the ultimates will appear in Eagle (or Circle or Central or somewhere else in Alaska)—where civilization stops. And a very few will then jump free, going deep into the roadless world. By the time they reach Eagle, their momentum is too great to be interrupted by an act of Congress, even if they know of it and understand what it says. What the law now calls for is the removal of the last place in the United States where the pioneer impulse can leap from confinement. It is in the character of the impulse that the impulse will leap anyway—so the Bureau of Land Management, custodian of all the huge acreages under shift and selection, is charged with driving the trespassers away. Whites feel sold out and shoved under by the settlement of the native claims. Reticence has never been a characteristic of people attracted to this kind of terrain. They howl their upset, its focus the B.L.M.

"You can't go out and build a cabin and live in the god-damned woods, which people have been doing since the country was founded. Nobody argues with a few parks, but such a big percentage of the land is too much."

"It's not as if we're building fifty-thousand-dollar houses with asphalt driveways and stinking cesspools."

"Our cabins are more like tents than like most people's homes. They are made with native materials—white spruce, earth, moss. They are biodegradable. When they are abandoned, trees thirty feet high grow up out of the sod on their roofs. Eventually, the cabin collapses and disappears into the ground."

"Most people felt if we became a state we'd get rid of some of this federal control, and actually it's got worse."

"Alaska's ruined by this native-land deal that's went through. You could build a cabin anywhere, and mine anywhere, when I came. Now Alaska is going to be just like every other state."

"What bugs me is that when decisions are made about Alaska, people from Texas and Ohio, California and New York carry more weight than people from Alaska."

"Why should people be hassled for building cabins out here? What harm are they doing? Why should they be bothered? Why destroy a life simply because it exists? Slap a mosquito, yes. But if a life is not harming, why destroy it? Every species of animal has a wide genetic base, or they don't exist. Our living out here is a widening of the genetic base. I think the government people are fools to wipe us out."

"It's public land. We're the public."

"Down at the North Fork are twelve cabins. Mostly, the sites have been in use since the turn of the century, maintained and repaired by trappers and prospectors. Now the B.L.M. wants to kick these people out. It tells them they can never go to those cabins."

"Why should they drive us away? They ought to pay us to be out here—just to keep these places in good shape and well supplied."

"There are emergencies in this country, and when they happen sometimes cabins are needed."

"More than one life has been saved when someone in trouble has come upon a cabin."

THE country is full of stories of unusual deaths—old Nimrod Robertson lying down on a creek in overflow and letting it build around him a sarcophagus of ice; the trapper on the Kandik who apparently knocked himself out when he tripped and fell on his own firewood and froze to death before he came to—and of stories also of deaths postponed. There are fewer of the second. I would like to add one back—an account that in essence remains in the country but in detail has largely disappeared.

On a high promontory in the montane ruggedness around the upper Charley River lies the wreckage of an aircraft that is readily identifiable as a B-24. This was the so-called Liberator, a medium-range bomber built for the Second World War. The wreckage is in the dead center of the country, and I happened over it in a Cessna early in the fall of 1975, during a long and extremely digressive flight that began in Eagle and ended many hours later in Circle. The pilot of the Cessna said he understood that the crew of the Liberator had bailed out, in winter, and that only one man had survived. I asked around to learn who might know more than that—querying, among others, the Air Force in Fairbanks, the Gelvins, various old-timers in Circle and Central, some of the river people, and Margaret Nelson, in Eagle, who had packed parachutes at Ladd Field, in Fairbanks, during the war. There had been one survivor—everyone agreed. No one knew his name. He had become a symbol in the country, though, and was not about to be forgotten. It was said that he alone had come out—long after all had been assumed dead—because he alone, of the widely scattered crew, was experienced in wilderness, knew how to live off the land, and was prepared to deal with the hostile cold. Above all, he had found a cabin, during his exodus, without which he would have died for sure.

"And the government bastards try to stop us from building them now."

"Guy jumped out of an airplane, and he would have died but he found a cabin."

If the survivor had gone on surviving for what was now approaching thirty-five years, he would in all likelihood be somewhere in the Lower Forty-eight. When I was home, I made a try to find him. Phone calls ricocheted around Washington for some days, yielding only additional phone numbers. The story was just too sketchy. Did I know how many bombers had been lost in that war? At length, I was given the name of Gerard Hasselwander, a historian at the Albert F. Simpson Historical Research Center, Maxwell Air Force Base, Alabama. I called him, and he said that if I did not even know the year of the crash he doubted he could help me. Scarcely two hours later, though, he called back to say that he had had a free moment or two at the end of his lunch hour and had browsed through some microfilm. To his own considerable surprise, he had found the survivor's name, which was Leon Crane. Crane's home when he entered the Army Air Forces had been in Philadelphia, but Hasselwander had looked in a Philadelphia directory and there was no Leon Crane in it now. However, he said, Leon Crane had had two brothers who were also in service—in the Army Medical Corps—during the Second World War. One of them was named Morris. In the Philadelphia directory, there was a Dr. Morris Crane.

When I called the number, someone answered and said Dr. Crane was not there.

I asked when he would return.

"I don't know" was the reply. "He went to Leon's."

The Liberator, making cold-weather propeller tests above twenty thousand feet, went into a spin, dived toward the earth, and, pulling out, snapped its elevator controls. It then went into another spin, and the pilot gave the order to abandon ship. There were five aboard. Leon Crane was the copilot. He was twenty-four and he had been in Alaska less than two months. Since the plane was falling like a swirling leaf, he had to drag himself against heavy centrifugal force toward the open bomb bay. He had never used a parachute. The outside air temperature was at least thirty degrees below zero. When he jumped, he forgot his mittens. The day was December 21st.

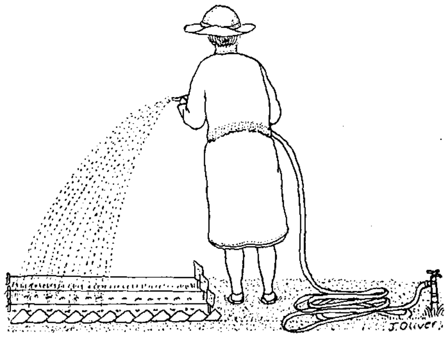
The plane fiercely burned, not far away from where he landed, and he stood watching it, up to his thighs in snow. He was wearing a hooded down jacket, a sweater, winter underwear, two pairs of trousers, two pairs of socks, and felt-lined military mukluks. He scanned the mountainsides but could see nothing of the others. He thought he had been the second one to go out of the plane, and as he fell he thought he saw a parachute open in the air above him. He shouted into the winter silence. Silence answered. Months later, he would learn that there had been two corpses in the aircraft. Of the two other fliers no track or trace was ever found. "Sergeant Pompeo, the crew chief, had a hell of a thick set of glasses. He must have lost them as soon as he hit the airstream. Without them, he really couldn't see. What was he going to do when he got down there?"

For that matter, what was Crane going to do? He had no food, no gun, no sleeping bag, no mittens. The plane had been meandering in search of suitable skies for the tests. Within two or three hundred miles, he had no idea where he was.

Two thousand feet below him, and a couple of miles east, was a river. He made his way down to it. Waiting for rescue, he stayed beside it. He had two books of matches, a Boy Scout knife. He started a fire with a letter from his father, and for the first eight days he did not sleep more than two hours at a time in his vigilance to keep the fire burning. The cold awakened him anyway. Water fountained from a gap in the river ice, and that is what he lived on. His hands became cut and abraded from tearing at spruce boughs. When he spread his fingers, the skin between them would split. Temperatures were probably ranging between a high of thirty below zero and a low around fifty. His parachute, as much as anything, kept him alive. It was twenty-eight feet in diameter, and he wound it around him so that he was at the center of a great cocoon. Still, he said, his back would grow cold while his face roasted, and sparks kept igniting the chute.

He was telling me some of this on a sidewalk in Philadelphia when I asked him how he had dealt with fear.

He stopped in surprise, and looked contemplatively up the street toward Independence Hall, his graying hair wisping out to the sides. He wore a business suit and a topcoat, and he had bright, penetrating eyes. He leaned forward when he walked. "Fear," he repeated. "I wouldn't have used that word. Think about it: there was not a hell of a lot I could do if I were to panic. Besides, I was sure that someone was going to come and get me."



All that the search-and-rescue missions had to go on was that the Liberator had last been heard from above Big Delta, so the search area could not be reduced much below forty thousand square miles. Needless to say, they would not come near finding him. He thought once that he heard the sound of an airplane, but eventually he realized that it was a chorus of wolves. In his hunger, he tried to kill squirrels. He made a spear, and threw it awkwardly as they jumped and chattered in the spruce boughs. He made a bow and arrow, using a shroud line from his parachute, but when he released the arrow it shot off at angles ridiculously oblique to the screeching, maddening squirrels. There was some rubber involved in the parachute assembly, and he used that to make a slingshot, which was worse than the bow and arrow. When he fell asleep by the fire, he dreamed of milkshakes, dripping beefsteaks, mashed potatoes, and lamb chops, with lamb fat running down his hands. Awake, he kicked aside the snow and found green moss. He put it in his mouth and chewed, and chewed some more, but scarcely swallowed any. Incidentally, he was camped almost exactly where, some twenty-five years later, Ed and Virginia Gelvin would build a cabin from which to trap and hunt.

Crane is a thoroughly urban man. He grew up in the neighborhood of Independence Hall, where he lives now, with an unlisted number. That part of the city has undergone extensive refurbishment in recent years, and Crane's sons, who are residential builders and construction engineers, have had a part in the process. Crane, more or less retired, works for them, and when I visited him I followed him from building to building as he checked on the needs and efforts of carpenters, bricklayers, plumbers. He professed to have no appetite for wild country, least of all for the expanses of the north. As a boy, he had joined a city Scout troop, and had become a First Class Scout, but that was not to suggest a particular knowledge of wilderness. When he flew out of Fairbanks that morning in 1943, his lifetime camping experience consisted of one night on the ground—with his troop, in Valley Forge.

He decided on the ninth day that no help was coming. Gathering up his parachute, he began to slog his way downriver, in snow sometimes up to his waist. It crossed his mind that the situation might be hopeless, but he put down the thought as he moved from bend to bend by telling himself to keep going because "right around that curve is what you're looking for." In fact, he was about sixty miles from the nearest human being, almost a hundred from the nearest group of buildings large enough to be called a settlement. Around the next bend, he saw more mountains, more bare jagged rock, more snow-covered sweeps of alpine tundra, contoured toward another river bend. "Right around that curve is what you're looking for," he told himself again. Suddenly, something was there. First, he saw a cache, high on legs in the air, and then a small cabin, with a door only three feet high. It was like the lamb chops, with the grease on his fingers, but when he pushed at the door it was wood and real. The room inside was nine by ten: earth floor, low ceiling, a bunk made of spruce. It was Alaskan custom always to leave a cabin open and stocked for anyone in need. Split firewood was there, and matches, and a pile of prepared shavings. On a table were sacks of dried raisins, sugar, cocoa, and powdered milk. There was a barrel stove, frying pans on the wall. He made some cocoa, and, after so long a time without food, seemed full after a couple of sips. Then he climbed a ladder and looked in the cache, lifting a tarp to discover hammers, saws, picks, drills, coiled rope, and two tents. No one, he reasoned, would leave such equipment far off in the wilderness. "I figured civilization was right around the corner. I was home free."

So he stayed just a night and went on down the river, anxious to get back to Ladd Field. The moon came up after the brief light of day, and he kept going. He grew weak in the deep cold of the night, and when the moon went below the mountains he began to wander off the stream course, hitting boulders. He had been around many corners, but no civilization was there. Now he was sinking into a dream-hazy sleepwalking numbed-out oblivion; but fear, fortunately, struck through and turned him, upriver. He had not retraced his way very far when he stopped and tried to build a fire. He scraped together some twigs, but his cut and bare hands were shaking so—at roughly fifty below zero—that he failed repeatedly to ignite a match. He abandoned the effort, and moved on through the snow. He kept hitting boulders. He had difficulty following his own tracks. He knew now that he would die if he did not get back to the cabin, and the detached observer within him decided he was finished. Left foot, right foot—there was no

Pruning as a means to more nearly perfect wines.

To us, pruning—the cutting off of parts of the grapevine during the winter dormant period—is the single most important practice in the entire culture of grapes.

It is a complex and highly judgmental operation that not only controls the amount of crop our vines will bear, but also controls the quality of the ultimate contribution that crop will make to our wines.

That is why, we do not consider a man thoroughly experienced until he has been pruning for at least three years.

Why We Prune

The whole purpose of pruning is to direct our vines to grow fewer but better grapes—grapes of optimum maturity and with the full potential of their variety.

Vines which produce too many grapes—a condition called overcropping—can lead to a thin, watery wine.

A carefully pruned vine will produce grapes that have acid and sugar contents in perfect balance, and their wine will be full-bodied, deep and brilliant in color, and with a bouquet that is true to the grape.

Our Unique Next Step

Sometimes, despite judicious pruning, a vine will overproduce anyway—perhaps because of optimum conditions for exceptional fruitfulness, or because it did not produce as much as it should have in the previous year.

In such a case, we resort to thinning.

Thinning involves the actual removal of whole grape clusters from the vine—the sacrificing of a part of our crop in order to ensure the quality of the rest.

Sometimes this can mean removing as much as one-third the crop from an overproducing vine in order to maintain vine vigor. Or all of it, if we wish to give the vine a rest to regain its vigor.

Gallo, we might point out, is one of the very few wineries to practice this costly technique of thinning in order to produce only the best possible wine grapes.

How We Prune

Pruning is basically an art. And over the years we have developed techniques that we believe provide the best possible results of that art.

We began researching and establishing our pruning practices in the 1940's.

At that time, every single variety of grape was given its own program to determine the best method of pruning for that particular vine.

As a result of our tests, we have established some general rules.

One, is that on each spur—that part of the new wood which remains after pruning—we never leave more than two buds for future growth. This ensures optimum grape quality.

We do, however, vary the number of spurs on each vine. This depends on the variety.

For example, the Chenin Blanc and Ruby Cabernet vines are allowed not more than twelve spurs, the French Colombard fourteen, and the Barbera ten.

In general, the varieties having larger grapes and grape clusters are left with fewer spurs so as not to tax them beyond their capacities, and the varieties having smaller grapes and grape clusters are left with more.

Who Prunes

Because so much depends on the judgment of our pruners—in addition to how much to cut, at what angle, and which wood—we treat their training very seriously.

At first, a beginner is only allowed to watch. Then he is permitted to work only when an experienced man is watching him. And finally, before working independently, he must work under a foreman.

That is why, as mentioned earlier, it is usually three years before we consider him a thoroughly experienced pruner.

Our Goal

Obviously, the reason we here at the Gallo Vineyards are so particular about pruning is the direct relationship it has with wine quality.

Our experience is that excellent wines can only be made from excellent grapes, and that perfect wines require perfect grapes.

Therefore, because our goal is to make the finest wines possible—to give you pleasure by bringing you only the fullest perfection of flavor, taste and bouquet—we are totally committed to growing and using only the best quality grapes.

That insistence on perfection, really, is the basic principle to which we have dedicated our wine-making lives.

Gallo Vineyards, Modesto, California

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Go for 90 days.
Go for 14 days.
But do go.

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Canton, Peking and the Great Wall of China

Shore excursions include 3 days in the People's Republic of China during The Queen's stop at Hong Kong. Visit Canton or, for a limited group, Peking and the Great Wall.

The voyage includes 12 maiden arrivals at ports like Auckland, Manila and Vavau, the Polynesian paradise.

Leave from N.Y., Fla., or L.A.

Sail from New York for 90 days on January 16; from Fort Lauderdale for 86 days on January 18; or from Los Angeles for 62 days on January 30. Full 90 days: $8,900 to $35,000 per person, double occupancy. See your travel agent or write Vaughn Rickard at Cunard, Dept. C3, 555 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

Queen Elizabeth 2

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point in quitting, even so. About noon, he reached the cabin. With his entire body shaking, he worked at a fire until he had one going. Then he rolled up in his parachute and slept almost continuously for three full days.

In his excitement at being "right around the corner from civilization," he had scarcely looked in the cache, and now he found rice, flour, beans, powdered eggs, dried vegetables, and beef—enough for many weeks, possibly months. He found mittens. He found snowshoes. He found long johns, socks, mukluks. He found candles, tea, tobacco, and a corncob pipe. He found ammunition, a .22. In the cabin, he mixed flour, peas, beans, sugar, and snow, and set it on the stove. That would be his basic gruel—and he became enduringly fond of it. Sometimes he threw in eggs and vegetables. He covered his hands with melted candle wax, and the bandage was amazingly effective. He developed a routine, with meals twice a day, a time for hunting, a fresh well chopped daily through the four-foot river ice. He slept eighteen hours a day, like a wintering bear—not truly hibernating, just lying there in his den. He felt a need to hear a voice, so he talked to himself. The day's high moment was a pipeful of tobacco puffed while he looked through ten-year-old copies of *The Saturday Evening Post*. He ransacked the magazines for insights into the woods lore he did not know. He learned a thing or two. In a wind, it said somewhere in the *Post*, build your fire in a hole. He shot and ate a ptarmigan, and had the presence of mind to look in its stomach. He found some overwintering berries there, went to the sort of bushes they had come from, and shot more ptarmigan. Cardboard boxes, the magazines, and other items in the cabin were addressed to "Phil Berail, Woodchopper, Alaska." Contemplating these labels, Crane decided that Alaska was a fantastic place—where someone's name and occupation were a sufficient address. One day, an old calendar fell off the wall and flipped over on its way to the floor. On the back was a map of Alaska. He stared at it all day. He found Woodchopper, on the Yukon, and smiled at his foolishness. From the terrain around him, the northward flow of the stream, the relative positions of Fairbanks and Big Delta, he decided—just right—that he was far up the Charley River. The smile went back where it came from.

He decided to wait for breakup, build a raft, and in late May float on down to the Yukon. After five or six weeks, though, he realized that his food was going to give out in March. There was little ammunition with which to get meat, and he had no confidence anyway in his chances with the rifle. If he stayed, he would starve. He felt panic now, but not enough to spill the care with which he was making his plans. He had set off willy-nilly once before and did not want to repeat the mistake. He patched his clothes with parachute cloth, sewing them with shroud lines. He made a sled from some boards and a galvanized tub. He figured closely what the maximum might be that he could drag and carry. On February 12th, he left. The sled would scarcely budge at first, and snow bunched up before it. Wearing a harness he had made, he dragged the sled slowly downriver. Berail's snowshoes had Indian ties. Try as he would, he could not understand how to secure them to his feet. The snowshoes were useless. Up to his knees, and sometimes to his hips, he walked from dawn until an hour before dark each day. He slept beside bonfires that burned all night. Blizzards came up the river some days, and driving williwaws—winds of a force that could literally stop him in his tracks. He leaned against the wind. When he could, he stepped forward. Once, at the end of a day's hard walking, he looked behind him—on the twisting mountain river—and saw where he had started at dawn. The Charley in summer—clear as gin within its canyon walls, with grizzlies fishing its riffles, Dall sheep on the bluffs, and peregrines above it in the air—is an extremely beautiful Alaskan river (it has been called the loveliest of all), but for Leon Crane it was little more than brutal. He came to a lead one day, a patch of open water, and, trying to use some boulders as stepping stones, he fell in up to his armpits. Coming out, barging through snowdrifts, he was the center of a fast-forming block of ice. His matches were dry. Shaking as before, he managed this time to build a fire. All day, he sat steaming beside it, removing this or that item of clothing, drying it a piece at a time.

After a couple of weeks on the river, he found another cabin, with a modest but welcome food cache—cornmeal, canned vegetables, Vienna sausage. He sewed himself a backpack and abandoned his cumbersome sled. Some seven or eight days on down the river, he came around a bend at dusk and found cut spruce tops in parallel rows stuck in the river snow. His aloneness, he sensed, was all but over. It was the second week of March, and he was eighty days out of the sky. The arrangement of treetops, obviously, marked a place where a plane on skis might land supplies. He looked around in near darkness and found a toboggan trail. He camped, and next day followed the trail to a cabin—under smoke. He shouted toward it. Al Ames, a trapper, and his wife, Neena, and their children appeared in the doorway. "I am Lieutenant Leon Crane, of the United States Army Air Forces," he called out. "I've been in a little trouble." Ames took a picture, which hangs on a wall in Philadelphia.

Crane remembers thinking, Somebody must be saving me for something, but I don't know what it is. His six children, who owe themselves to that trip and to Phil Berail's fully stocked Charley River cabin, are—in addition to his three sons in the construction business—Mimi, who is studying engineering at Barnard; Rebecca, who is in the master's program in architecture at Columbia; and Ruth, who will soon be a graduate of the Harvard Medical School. Crane himself went on to earn an advanced degree in aeronautical engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and spent his career developing helicopters for Boeing Vertol.

"It's a little surprising to me that people exist who are interested in living on that ground up there," he told me. "Why would anyone want to take someone who wanted to *be* there and throw them out? Who the hell could *care?*"

Al Ames, who had built his cabin only two years before, harnessed his dogs and mushed Crane down the Yukon to Woodchopper, where a plane soon came along and flew him out.

Crane met Phil Berail at Woodchopper, and struggled shyly to express to him his inexpressible gratitude. Berail, sixty-five, was a temporary postmaster and worked for the gold miners there. He had trapped from his Charley River cabin. He was pleased that it had been useful, he said. For his part, he had no intention of ever going there again. He had abandoned the cabin four years before.

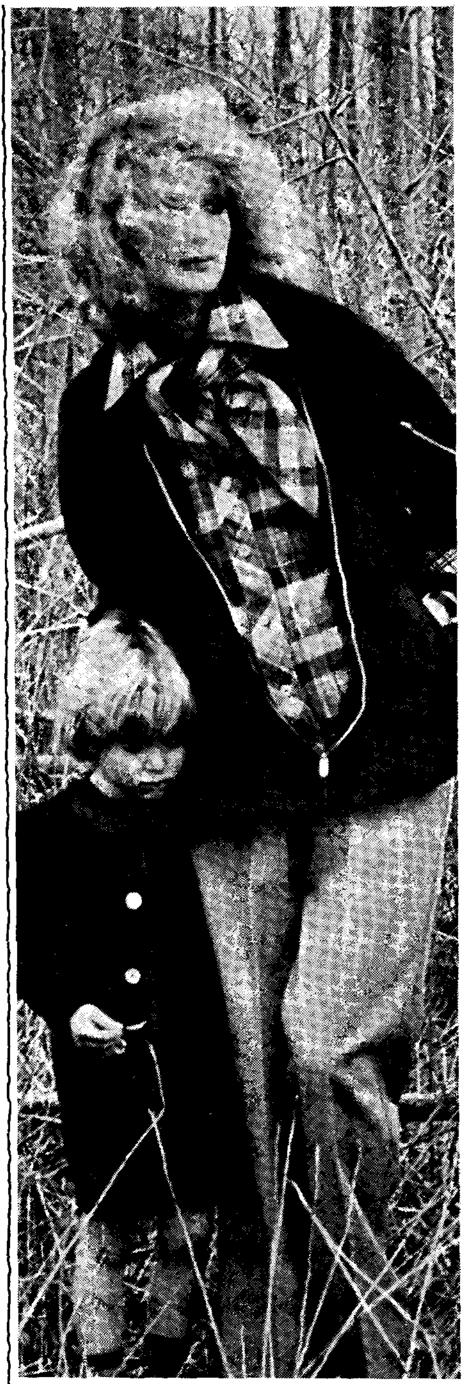
THE river people refer to seasons of their year with names like "ducks" and "fish."

"We'll be in Eagle soon after fish."

"There's not a lot to do before ducks."

They hunt ducks in May, and work on things that are needed for the coming winter—a new toboggan, for example, so it will age all summer and be slippery and hard in the fall. New cabins are started, and repairs are made on others. In July, nets are put out for king salmon. There is some use of fish wheels—postcard symbols of the Yukon. A fish wheel is a revolving trap that was invented by a white man but is generally associated with Indians. The big kings weigh as much as sled dogs. Their dense ruddy flesh—baked, smoked, or canned—is one of the supreme gifts of nature. The river people are less interested in kings than in the chum salmon that follow, for while king salmon may be luxuries on the human palate, chum—dried or frozen—are year-round staples for dogs. So they are also called dog salmon. They are, in effect, gasoline. A team consumes at least a thousand a year. The river people believe that the health of a sled dog can be measured by the proportion of fish in its diet. When they happen to do odd jobs for one another or engage in barter, they like to be paid in dog salmon. Lilly Allen has given fifty salmon for a quarter of a bear. You try to get your meat around the first week of October, hunting moose and bear while they are still fat. "This is a fat-starved country. This is not the coast. You'll look a long while before you'll see a seal in the river." You see ice instead, coming down in the middle of the month. At the sight of it, harnesses are brought out and repaired. The ice is light at first, and goes tinkling by, but with advancing cold the floes increase, harden, crash, thunder—until one day a startling silence replaces the sound. Trapping begins, and lasts off and on until April. The Indians used to follow this cycle more than they do now. The river people have taken up where the Indians left off. April is a lag month—not a lot to do before ducks. April is a good time to go out of the country and work on the pipeline, or on something else that yields money for wheat berries, ammunition, and fuel.

Spread out they may be, but the river people are social and gregarious. News moves quickly of a reason to convene. Dick Cook shot a wolf near Eagle not long ago and stewed it in a twenty-one-quart pressure cooker. His ilk in eager numbers gathered around the pot and ate twenty-one quarts of wolf. Not all gatherings are impromptu. To celebrate the 1976 vernal equinox, for example, the river people held a tribal convention just below the mouth of the Nation. It was planned many months in advance and went on for nearly a week. To them, the vernal equinox is a more important date than Easter, just as Decem-



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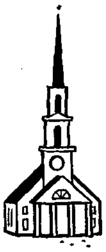
ber 21st is a more important date than Christmas, and in each case by a factor so large it tends to dismiss the comparison. The vernal equinox is the fulcrum of light and dark which holds the promise of warmth to come, of the summer fish runs and garden harvests, the growth of Brussels sprouts and Mary Jane. Nearly everyone grows the latter. The law does not frown upon the practice in Alaska. In the long northern light, the compound serrate leaves will rise on tall stems to the height of a man, and as whole stands come together, enmeshing, interdigitating, they form colonies of such spiky luxuriance that small segments of the banks of the Yukon appear to have been painted there by Henri (le Douanier) Rousseau.



The specific site of the river people's equinoctial gathering was the abandoned camp of Jim Taylor, who went out of the country in 1933 to die of cancer. By the evidence of what he left behind, he was a far-northern Crusoe. He could have earned an advanced degree in log architecture. He failed at mining, working the gold-bearing placers off the left bank of the Yukon, but he loved the country so much he stayed on, and he paid off his debts trapping. On the right bank near the Nation, he built a cabin that included a dumbwaiter, which served as a refrigerator when it was lowered into a spring. There were two rooms, full of period "Alaska furniture" made from orange crates, Blazo boxes, and egg crates. He built other cabins for shopwork and storage. Where most people chain their dogs to trees or to stakes in the ground, separating them in short-radius confinement, Taylor built long, palisaded, individual dog runs, each including a log kennel and a fragment of a running brook. For times of severe weather, he built an entire cabin exclusively for dogs. It has six rooms, three on either side of a central corridor, and appears to be a small, comfortable jail. Taylor could pull a lever from outside and release simultaneously six chattering huskies. Taylor had the first radio in the country, and miners would come down their streams and cross the Yukon to visit him and hear it. He was a big man, and is remembered as a "good guy." Surely he would have been flattered that his like in the nineteen-seventies chose to gather in his compound. The main cabin burned some time ago, but the rest is there, intact, the sod roofs shaggy with growing spruce.

It was a council of war and a party, too—a time of talk and music, no booze—a way to keep contacts, to exchange opinions and information.

"The economy's got to go eventually, because they're into using minerals and resources way too heavy."

"Keep a cache of ammunition. You can't survive without a rifle."

The ground was white, the brooks and rivers frozen. The people slept for the most part in tents. They strategized about the federal bureaucracy—how to oppose it, how to melt out of its way. They planned a network of cabins for winter travel. They tried, with no success, to agree on a communal bulk food order, and on a way to administer common ownership of a truck for use in Eagle. Their desire to be "tribal" does not approach in strength their need to be self-reliant. For all their garrulity, they are not compact. As they always do, they talked in loops without end about hunting, fishing, trapping, and dogs; knives, axes, the kerf-width of saws; mortises, tenons; steel-cut oats; oars, poles; sleds, toboggans; aluminum boats; trail sets, visuals, tracks on the pan; single trees, spreaders; the collars of stoves; what sort of pups a certain bitch might throw; shelter, clothing, death, and marten bait (grouse wings versus salmon skins versus strawberry jam); and as the talk curved through its long ellipses it turned and returned, as always, to the Yukon, to every gravel bar, rock, rip, eddy, and bend—free or under ice. They baked pies. They argued ethics. Is it wasteful to feed moose to dogs? They tacked up a moosehide. The girth alone covered thirteen cabin logs. There was a common hunt across the Yukon in the Fourth of July flats, and a common mush—a dog Olympiad—far up the Nation River. Competition, open or subtle, is in everything they say and do. Who—figuratively, physically—goes deepest into the wilderness? Who is the most established, the most "dug in"? Who takes the highest percentage of his food from the land? Who has been caught in the deepest overflow? Who has the oldest whipsaw, the oldest bench screw? Who has the best woman?

A good woman is a subservient woman, or so it seems to the alien eye. As Brad Snow has explained to me, "Women's lib doesn't survive very well in the bush. There's a bunch to do—and responsibility has to be delineated where it fits. The meal has got to get cooked. The meat has got to get found." Snow, nonetheless, prepares about half of the meals he shares with Lilly Allen. Charlie Edwards, while a star of a hunter, grinds grain and bakes bread at home. But those are exceptions. Cook cooks nothing. By and large, the men seem to be waited upon to an extent that even our forefathers might not have known.

In a good fish year, two moose, two hundred ducks, and seventy-five quarts of king salmon will be plenty for one river couple. The upper Yukon now is considered "full," saturated with settlers, all space reserved—roughly one person for every five miles. Not everyone on the river gathers for the equinox. Some are not tribally inclined. I was in the Yukon Trading Post in Circle one time when a man about forty came up over the riverbank and bought six bottles of Worcestershire sauce, twelve packets of yeast, a case of matches, some Spam, sardines, hot dogs, three pounds of tea, a hundred and fifty pounds of sugar, a hundred and fifty pounds of rice, fifty pounds of cornmeal, and two cigars. He counted out three hundred and forty-four dollars cash, laid it on the counter, and went back to the river without so much as a word about the weather. Frank Warren—pilot, trapper, keeper of the Trading Post—remarked that he had happened by that man's cabin one day and had thought to pay a visit. It was a small cabin, eight by ten, without windows. As Warren approached, he heard a voice. The man was telling himself a joke. Reaching the punch line, he erupted in laughter. Warren tiptoed away.

Of Cook's mentees, Charlie Edwards seems to be the most wild, in the extent that he prospers away in the woods. As energetic as he is successful, he lives on his rifle for months at a time. "I get so high being out in the woods it's like doing acid," he says. "I get high just being straight. I'm happy. I never wanted to work for anybody but myself. I wanted a country big enough so I could move into the woods. I can live good in the woods here on two thousand dollars a year." He makes that much trapping. His wife, Cheryl, brings back fifteen hundred dollars more from seasonal work in Fairbanks. He saves money by assembling his own ammunition. They live at a creek mouth under twenty miles from Eagle because Cheryl is less comfortable farther away, and, as Charlie elaborates, "It's a hell of a lot nicer when you got an old lady than when you ain't." They make candles from the wax of their own bees. When they take a moose, they use everything. Cheryl sews Charlie's clothes. He wears moosehide trousers, mukluks of moosehide and fur, a marmot vest, a patch-

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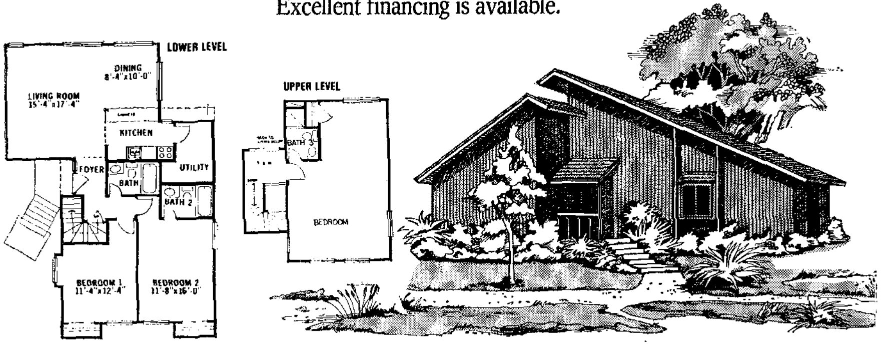
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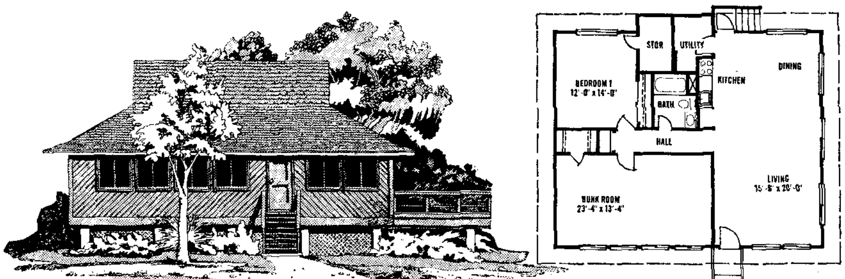
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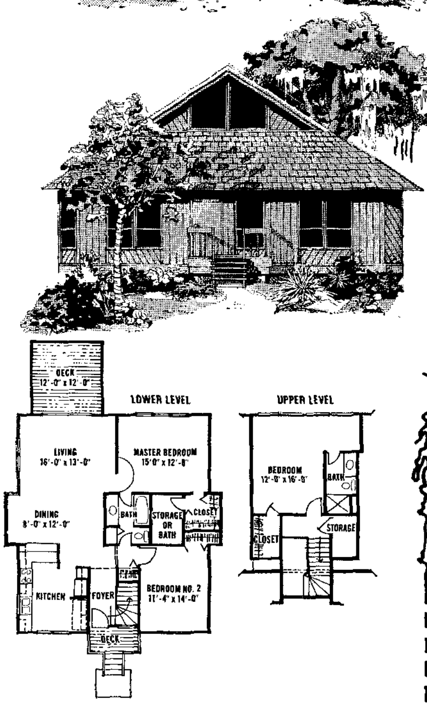
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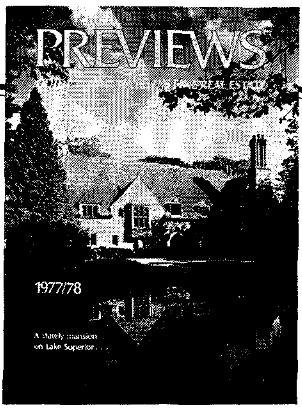

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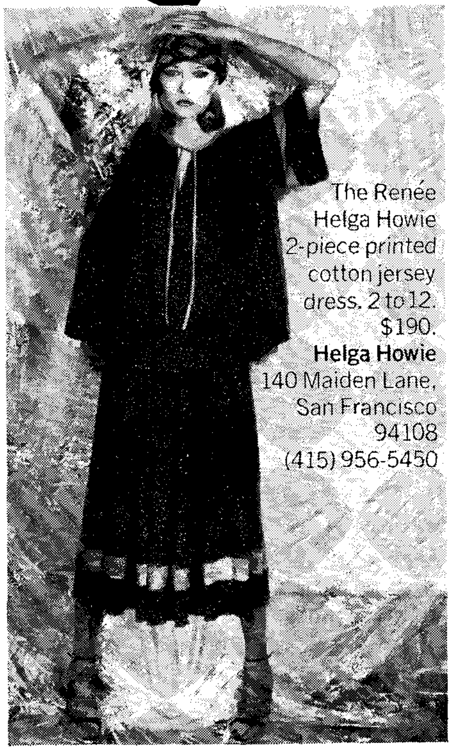

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work parka of beaver, caribou, wolverine, and wolf. "If I get myself another bear, I'm going to have fur pants," he told me once, and the next time I saw him his pants were hairy and black. He is twenty-five or so and comes from a well-to-do family in Fairfield, Connecticut. He went for a time to Suffield Academy, in Connecticut, where he is remembered (by a faculty member) as "a renegade of tremendous aggressive energy—really into the music of the time. He baked his hash in those little ovens, you know. He was into philosophy, as I recall. He left of his own accord." Cheryl is dark and slight, and also from Connecticut. Edwards is of middle height, strong, with missing teeth, and a golden ponytail flying behind. They are well dug in. They have a good cabin, a log sauna, and impressive caches, impressively filled. "I couldn't ask for any more out of life," he says. "I don't care if there's a life after life. I'm having an awful good time in this one."

From Eagle, Circle, Central—the communities of the country—the river people are watched with absorption, not to mention awe and envy, admiration, contempt, and fear. They are widely looked upon with high esteem, and the reverse, too, since almost no one in the country is shy to put the slam on any being that heaves into sight, let alone the people of the river. That is to say, some who would not advance a toe into the wilderness will travel any distance by tongue.

"Alaska was one of the few places left where you could do this sort of thing. There is room enough in Alaska. What harm have they done to the country? They trap a little. They put up fish. They're not hurting anything."

"They're a generation too late."

"They are unrealistic romanticists, and some are just plain stupid. They are devoid of values—materialistic, selfish people. We are constituents of a society grounded in law. They flout the law to live their romantic life style. They harvest moose, bear, fish—whatever they can get their hands on that they can fit into a pot—without regard for seasons or for sex, or for the law. Anything that walks, crawls, flies, or swims is fair game to them. They are interlopers. Every time they kill a moose or bear and toss it into the pot to feed their dogs, they deprive me of the opportunity to see that moose or bear. When I see something, I leave it to the person after me to see. Frankly, it just tees me off. I consider them to be a god-damned curse."

"They're a public nuisance."

"English common law used the term 'public nuisance' to refer to, for example, a slaughterhouse upwind. The people had the right to abate such a public nuisance. These people on the river are not a public nuisance. Hell, no. If I were twenty-one, I'd build there, and if the United States marshal came after me I would kill him. People should not have to live in ghettolike shacks they can control you in. The prime urge of all life is for an exclusive domain. Each human being needs that. These kids are trying to get away to a place of their own."

"I've got a .357 Magnum. If someone tried to kick me out of my cabin, there'd be a murder in defense of my home. Instead of landing in that helicopter and driving Brad Snow off his place, the government should have given him patent to five acres of land and said, 'You've done a good job. You're not a god-damned parasite living on others.' "

"That helicopter. If I was Snow, I'd have set her afire."

"These river people couldn't make it if it weren't for the present accident of the high price of fur. Some hapless lynx comes along and stumbles into their trap. The three hundred dollars you can get from a lynx is what is keeping them alive."

"I can't stand them—they're so sociable."

"I don't believe—and I don't think any other Indian believes—that these young people down the river are harming anyone. But I don't believe they have a right to be there. They don't own the land. Really, they got no home. They got nothing. They live pretty tough. They learn fast, but I don't think they are as well prepared as older pioneers. One man up in the Seventymile last winter lost his toes. He got caught in overflow."

"They come and they go. It takes a peculiar type person to live in this country. The winter usually weeds them out."

"Several who came in last spring went out again in the fall, satisfied in their own minds that this is no country for them, and we are of the same opinion," wrote Gordon Bettles the better part of a century ago. "When we old prospectors jump off, there won't be any tough fellows to go in there and go through the hardships we went through. There's a future in Alaska for the young man with the right kind of stuff."

"A blue column of smoke, faintly rising from the spruces of some lonely gulch, guides one to the lonely camp of some pioneer who has been in Alaska since the first discovery of gold," said a United States government bulletin describing this country in 1905. "Over a cup of coffee, prepared in an old baking powder can, one is made to understand the important part these men have played in the development of this portion of our possessions and their reasons for having learned to call it home . . . men who have labored hard in a quiet way to satisfy the craving for individual independence and have gained through hardship something that is worthwhile even if their hopes are not yet realized."

Dick Cook, in his generosity, lifts from his plate a small gob of muskrat fat and gives it to me. The fat is savory, a delicacy. The lean of the "rat" could be taken for dark, strong chicken.

He is saying, "There's a pride to doing something other people can't do. My life style is what so many people dream about. What they don't dream is that it took six or eight years of hard work to get it. A lot of these people who keep coming into the country don't belong here. They have fallen in love with a calendar photo and they want to live under a beautiful mountain. When they arrive, the reality doesn't match the dream. It's too much for them. They don't want to work hard enough; they don't want to spread out—to go far enough up the streams. This is relatively poor trapping country. You need a twenty-mile radius. But they won't move away from the Yukon. My cabin is the farthest off the river. Have another cup of tea."

Tea strong enough to blacken tin. Hanging over the campfire is a No. 10 can, coated with carbon from the fire, and even blacker within, its bottom a swamp of leaves. To use his own term for what he is doing here, Cook is on vacation. In cool spring weather toward the end of ducks, we are close by three lakes near the Yukon, far downriver from Eagle. He is here to hunt. The vacation is from the weight of tasks at home, which is ten miles away. His shelter is only his orange canvas tarp, one side strung between spruce, the opposite staked in the sphagnum. He finishes his duck-and-muskrat stew, and stretches out under the tarp, head propped up, taking his ease. He remarks that Nessmuk could not stand the confinement of an A-shaped or wall-sided tent and neither can he.

Cook's knowledge of wood lore is encyclopedic. Impromptu, he can, and readily will, give a thirty-minute lecture on just about any aspect of it from wolf dens to whetstones, so it is no surprise—except in a geographical way, far off in the Alaskan bush—to hear him invoke the pen name of the nineteenth-century Eastern writer George Sears, called Nessmuk, whose "Woodcraft," published in 1884, was the first American book on forest camping, and is written with so much wisdom, wit, and insight that it makes Henry David Thoreau seem alien, humorless, and French. Donna Kneeland is beside the fire, her legs folded straight beneath her. She adds wood. She is attempting to dry, possibly repair, a boot that has a two-inch rip near the sole. A parabola of wire crosses the top of the No. 10 can. She lifts it. With a short stick in her other hand, she tilts the bottom, pouring tea into my cup. I welcome it, to defray the chill, which neither Dick nor Donna seems to notice. Staked out in the woods around us are seven sled dogs. They, too, are on holiday.

When new people come in, Cook continues, he recommends that they rent a cabin in or near Eagle, somewhere close to civilization, and spend a winter there first—with the wilderness a quarter of a mile away. "That leaves some unburned bridges. Try trapping, hunting meat, getting some skills together—setting yourself up. Money will not accomplish it, but money is important. You need axes, splitting mauls, rifles, saws, winter clothing. The average person brings—or buys within a couple of years—at least ten thousand dollars' worth of gear. It helps to have a truck at the post-office town. A small boat with a kicker costs twelve hundred dollars. Bring a two-year supply of food. You won't learn enough in a year."

Donna, looking up from her boot, says, "Steve Ulvi, when he was here last week, wanted to know what traps to buy, and he—"

"He asked a lot of things, but that is his business," Cook says, with such sharpness that Donna falls silent.

"Why do people live in Eagle?" I ask him.

"I don't know," he says. "I've always wondered. Some of them came with the intention of going on into the bush and have never carried it out. One person in Eagle has tried three times. But a lot of people come with a desire not to work—just to be there and not to work. I've never understood that. The country and the weather are too hard just to sit."

He draws an analogy between what he has done and what the early West-

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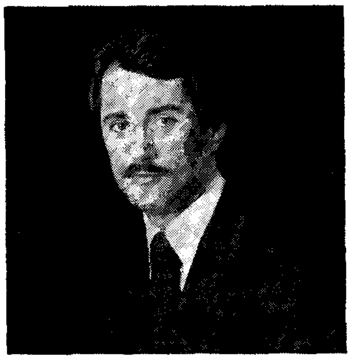

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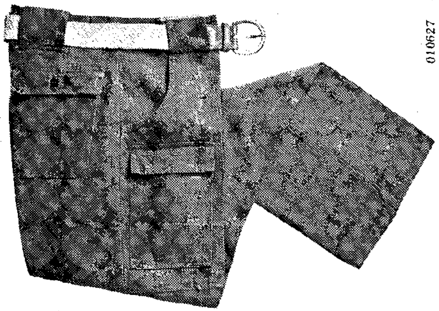

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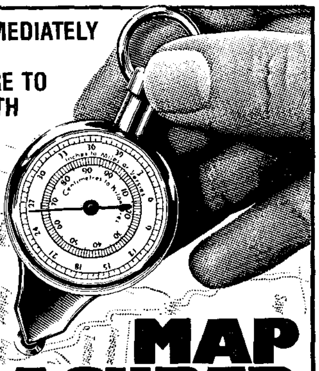

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ern settlers did. They dug makeshift houses into the dirt while concentrating on the clearing of fields and the construction of barns. That was the way settlement had to take place. "If you built a nice house first, your livestock would die." Dogs, in Cook's case, were *his* livestock, so fishnets came first. Then he planted a garden. Then he set traplines. He learned sleds and mushing from Indians. "There were several of the old ones around who knew what they were doing and were still sober enough to talk about it." He has continued to learn, he says, just by observing other people along the river. "Charlie Edwards *does* things. I sit and think them out. I've learned more from his mistakes than I've learned from my own. I feel at home now, after twelve years—at home on water, in the woods, in summer, in winter. I feel a part of what is here. The bush is so far beyond what anybody has been taught. The religious power here is beyond all training. There are forces here that a lot of people don't know exist."

"What are they?"

"They can't be articulated. You're out of the realm of words. You are close to the land here, to nature, to what the Indians called Mother and I call Momma. Momma decides everything. The concept is still here, but the Indians have given it up. They say the Indians now have rights to land in which to do their subsistence hunting and trapping. That is ridiculous. It is about time the whites got it equally. There is just no land, no legal place to go, in Alaska. If they wipe out the white people who are living in the bush, they wipe out the native culture."

He shifts his weight, and for a moment I can see his arm. There is a chamois-cloth shirt under his cotton pullover, but both are so shredded and rent with holes that the arm is visible behind its curtain of rags. The skin is as white as paper. A skull and crossbones is tattooed there. A dagger sunk into the skull from above protrudes from the chin like an iron Vandyke. It is flanked by the letters US and MC. "I grew up in Lyndhurst, Ohio. My father was in the commercial-industrial air-conditioning business. I helped pay my bills at the Colorado School of Mines by going into the mountains with dynamite, blasting open pegmatite dikes and selling the crystals. Students then all had dynamite in the trunks of their cars—like nowadays they all wear Vibram soles and carry sheath knives." Cook's first wife was a model. She left him, and for a time he looked after his two infant children. When she divorced him, he lost in court a case for custody. "Since then, I have never understood trees," he says. "They put down roots." He has not seen his children in a great many years. One is eighteen, and has a child of her own.

There is a small, square-ended aluminum boat—dragged in here over riverine muskeg and rammed through hells of willow. In it now is an armory of guns, one of which belonged to Dick's father and grandfather. The lakes are small. Quietly, we paddle across one of them, leave the boat, and creep through the woods. We avoid a mound of bear scat—fairly, but not acutely, fresh. It glistens but has stopped smoking. Approaching the shore of the next lake, Dick motions us to get down, and we crawl toward the water without damaging the silence. The forest cover extends to the edge. We lie there, behind trees, looking out. Dick lifts a shotgun. In the beginnings of the twilight, a pair of loons are cruising. They are beyond range. Their heads are up. Their bodies float high. They sense no danger. Their course is obliquely toward the gun. Now we can distinguish the black-and-white shingling on their necks. Silently swimming, they come nearer still. Loons. They are quick. Diving, they can suddenly be gone. He fires. He fires again. The loons elect to sprint down the surface—cacophonous, flailing—their splayfeet spading the water. A pellet or two may have touched them, but it seems unlikely.

Dick hands one of the guns to Donna and says that he is going to skirt the lake. If the loons return, she is to fire. Silently, he is gone. We hear nothing of his movements among the trees. He is gone an hour. Donna, whispering, asks me if I know much about this gun.

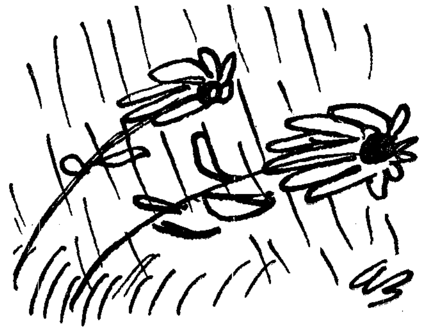
"Nothing," I tell her.

"Nothing?"

"Nothing."

"Neither do I. Those loons will have to come pretty close before I'll try to hit them."

A single loon now tests that distance. It comes swimming around a peninsula of sedge and adopts a path that



leads directly toward the muzzle of the gun. Serene in its ignorance, it glides steadily onward without even a slight change of course until, with the distance nearly closed, its breast seems a yard wide. Still it has not seen us. The gun is aimed and ready. If the bird swims any farther, it will hit the shore. Donna blasts. The loon's move is too quick to be called a dive. It is a complete and instant disappearance. There is no commotion, no blood in the water, no loon.

We whisper through the time. At length, more shots ring out, down the lake. It is the sound of Cook, missing. Eventually, he comes back. We now try another lake—creeping the final dozen yards through the forest to its shore. "Wait here," Cook says, and he leaves the .22. "Kill a rat if one goes by." Meanwhile, he will circle the shoreline. This lake has rats for sure, and there—he points to a far cove and a barely visible line of darning-egg heads—are ducks. In the unending twilight, another hour passes. At various distances and times, we hear half a dozen sharp reports. "You can be active in a job in town, but it doesn't seem as important," Donna whispers. "Here the important thing is—well, getting your meat." She mentions that she was a stewardess once for Reeve Aleutian. A muskrat rounds a clump of sedge, swimming before us, left to right. Donna follows it with the rifle and fires. The water jumps a foot. We cannot see the spent bullet, sinking like a pebble toward the bottom of the lake, but the muskrat probably can. There was something she particularly liked about Reeve Aleutian. The airline was always ready to ignore its schedules and serve as an emergency ambulance service for the entire island chain. And so the work was, as she phrases it, "more interesting than just coffee, tea, or me." Winds blew seventy miles an hour over the islands sometimes. A DC-3 would try to touch on a runway and have trouble setting down because its wings wished to stay in the air. In an Electra once, she was approaching Adak, winds in the seventies. Suddenly the turbulence increased and the Electra overturned. It was not just steeply banked—it was flying upside down. Donna noted with interest the silence of the passengers. She had thought that in such a situation people would scream. Objects fell to the ceiling. Toilets spilled. The plane crossed the island, and slowly rolled upright. Its second approach was successful. On the ground, after thanking the passengers for flying Reeve and wishing them a pleasant stay on Adak, Donna sug-

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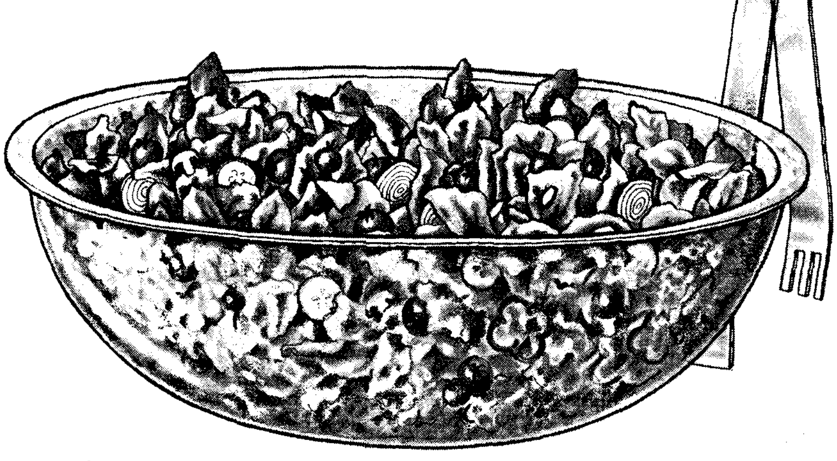

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gested to the other stewardess that they have a drink. "That is the only time in my life I have ever done that," she whispers now—"taken a drink, you know, in order to relax." Intense firing breaks out far down the shore, a Boone and Crockett sonata. When Cook appears again beside us, he has nothing in hand and nothing to retrieve. He says, "One trouble with this type of life is you can go hungry when you screw up." This is true in two ways, for cartridges cost a few cents apiece and shotgun shells a quarter. In effect, he has been firing grocery money into the lake. We return to the sled dogs and the lean-to, but soon Cook, frustrated, says, "If we don't get something, we're not going to eat," and, cursing Momma, he takes off once more, for a final walking circuit of the shore.

By the fire, Donna sews a patch on a pair of Dick's trousers, and remarks to me that for an Easterner I seem to be surprisingly dressed, in that my boots and vest and general gear are the sorts of things she associates with Alaska. I explain to her about the Wild East, and how I like to go out when I can, and that I always have. "But I'll tell you the difference, Donna. The difference is that pile of bear sign back there, and the absence of trails, and . . ." My thoughts race ahead of what I am trying to say. The difference is also in the winter silence, a silence that can be as wide as the country, and the dreamy, sifting slowness of the descent of the dry snow. If there were only twenty-five people in the state of New Jersey, they would then sense the paramount difference, which is in the unpeopled reach of this country. I may have liked places that are wild and been quickened all my days just by the sound of the word, but I see now I never knew what it could mean. I can see why people who come to Alaska are unprepared. In four decades of times beyond some sort of road, I never set foot in a place like this. It is in no way an extension of what I've known before. The constructions I have lived by ought not, and do not, apply here. Left on my own here, I would have to change in a hurry, and learn in a hurry, or I'd never last a year.

For a time, the only sound is the fire. The dogs are asleep. There's no wind. The forest is as quiet as it was, a month before, under snow. Donna tightens the thread. She says, finally, "I know what you mean. When I first came out here, I felt the same way. I saw what it was like and I thought, I'll never survive."

What would she do in a medical emergency, like a simple case of appendicitis?

"I hope this doesn't sound corny," she answers, "but things are living and dying out here all the time. If I got appendicitis, I would just die."

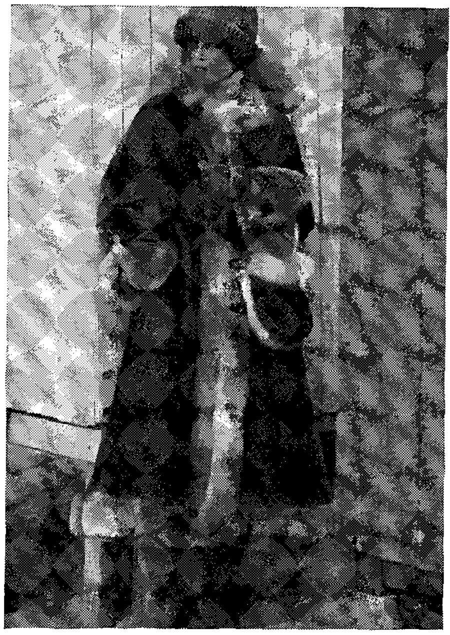
Cook, in half an hour's absence, fires one shot. When he comes back, he drops a muskrat on the ground with a hole above its ear. Donna says, "They're hard to skin when they've been shot in the head." She skins it out neatly, and covers the pelt with salt. The inner rat goes into the pot.

We roll out our sleeping bags side by side, remove our boots, settle in. I have before now lacked the courage to reach into my pack and take out a thing for which I feel a great need. Antithetical forces are in strife within me. What I want is my pillow. Its capacity to soften the coming sleep is perhaps not as great as its capacity to humiliate me before these rugged pioneers. Shame at last loses out to comfort. My hand goes into the pack. The pillow is small and white. The slip is homemade, with snaps at one end, so that it can contain a down jacket, which it does. I mumble an explanation of this, saying that nonetheless I feel a touch ridiculous—in their company, in this country—reaching into my gear for a pillow.

"Don't apologize," says Cook, getting up on one elbow to admire the pillow. "As Nessmuk said, we're not out here to rough it. We're here to smooth it. Things are rough enough in town."

RICH CORAZZA came into the country in 1974. In Wyoming and Colorado, he had worked in the open, and the attraction held for him by the upper Yukon was unarguably succinct: "There ain't no barbed wire up here." Trapping in winter, gold-mining in summer—he would try whatever the country might offer, but not to take and go. He did not seek a living so much as a life. He was twenty-three, and he was in love with a woman named Sara, but she was thousands of miles away—outside—and, while he fervently hoped she would join him, she was, for the time being, less appealing than the Yukon. In the fall of 1975, he learned of a cabin where he might spend the approaching winter. It had been built by Sarge Waller, who had used it one winter and decided not to do so again. Waller's cabin is just upstream of where the Kandik River, coming in from Canada, gives itself up to the Yukon. Corazza would be alone there, but he would not be entirely without neighbors. There were three occupied cabins within a quarter of a million surrounding acres.

After hitching a boat ride or two, he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finished his journey on foot. Walking upriver, he came to the Kandik on the seventh of October, late in the day. The Kandik surprised him—too big and fast to ford. So he slept where he was, his dog, Molly, beside him. When he woke, his bag was covered with an inch of snow. He built a raft and crossed the river.

For several months, he kept company with a journal, written on loose sheets of ruled yellow paper.

> Thursday, Oct 9 . . . Seen a white weazel right outside the cabin, his nest is in the dog house. Plan to cut wood tomorrow, seems like Molly and I are just waiting for winter. Things are pretty well straightened up at the cabin and damn it sure feels like home. Wish we had a moose! Good night, Sara.

The writing atrophied when perhaps he felt even more at home. The seasons changed, and he went elsewhere in the country to mine gold. Behind him he left only two signs of his occupancy: beaver castors hanging from a beam, and, up on one wall, the record of his novice days.

> Friday, Oct 10 . . . I have 3 Swede saws here and the biggest works the best, it is a 5 footer. After a hardy breakfast, I will now attempt to secure the winter's wood.

One day in June, I stopped in at the cabin, on my way by canoe downriver. The mouth of the Kandik is roughly halfway between Eagle and Circle, the upper and lower gateways of the country. The mountainous land between them comes to an end with a final bluff near Circle. Beyond that bluff is another world, an almost oceanic peneplain known as the Yukon Flats. Brad Snow, who has been living around Eagle for several years, had never been near this natural boundary, and was interested in expanding his knowledge of the river. He had the canoe. For my part, I was on my way to a lengthy visit with Ed and Virginia Gelvin, in Central, and with miners of the Birch Creek District, and was only too pleased to be able to make the journey in Snow's nineteen-foot Grumman freighter. We left Eagle in what was locally termed a heat wave—seventy degrees. Steve Casto, standing on the high bank watching us go, said it was too hot a day to drink coffee.

> . . . Sure is nice to come into a warm cabin. As Sally once wrote, "It's never too cold to cut wood when you're out of fire."

> Saturday, Oct 11 . . . Just a skiff of snow on the ground, the Yukon isn't flowing ice yet, but I think maybe she will shortly. Driftwood really burns good and there is a load of it about 100 yards from the cabin. It's rough cutting but I'll get after it today. Good morning, Sara!

> Sunday, Oct 12. Cut wood & hauled it for 5 hours yesterday, good thing too on account that the ground is white this morning and still snowing, good day to set by the stove. 37° and windy on the Yukon.
>
> Didn't get much accomplished today. It snowed off and on again, dropped to about 30° and is hanging there. I went hunting near a lake about a mile from here. No sign of anything except squirrel, of which I shot one and boiled it up for Molly, she's looking awful thin. It would be nice to throw her a moose bone (me too).

Just as the country ends with an isolated bluff, it was thought once to begin with one—a high, mansarded prominence that looms above Eagle. When Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka, U.S. Army, was sent to look over the area in 1883, he was instructed to determine, roughly, where the Yukon came into Alaska. Rafting hundreds of miles through Canadian mountains down the giant bending river, he noted shifts in its direction, guessed distances, guessed current velocities, ran the data through his mind, and what is now named Eagle Bluff he called Boundary Butte. It was some guess—like a sailor's fixing his position by the feel of it—for the hundred-and-forty-first (boundary) meridian was scarcely twelve miles upstream, and, by air line, six miles away. William Ogilvie, sent by Ottawa, surveyed the border four years later. Eagle, Alaska, looking east from a bend in the river, has all before it a sweep of boundary ridgelines, and behind them rise the Ogilvie Mountains, Yukon Territory. The international boundary is now absurdly shaved. Trees are levelled and brush kept cut in a thirty-foot swath.

> Monday, Oct 13. 28° and wintery at 8 this morning. My wood supply looks meager for the weeks of cold weather ahead. (So does my meat supply.) Keeps me on the ball.

When Brad Snow's canoe went out past Eagle Bluff, the buildings of the town diminished behind until the white ones looked like dentils against the pale green of birch and aspen that were just coming into their leaves. There were blocks of shelf ice still along the shore. Belle Isle, in the river at Eagle, was a dark loaf of spruce. American Summit, the southern backdrop, and the Ogilvies, to the east, were dusted white. I was wearing a T-shirt in the bright June sun, but I soon put on a sweater. The temperature of the river was forty-six, and the air close above it was cool. Six miles downstream, I had

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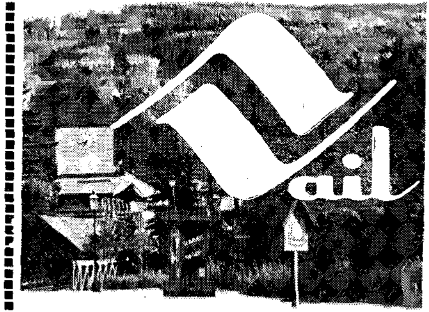

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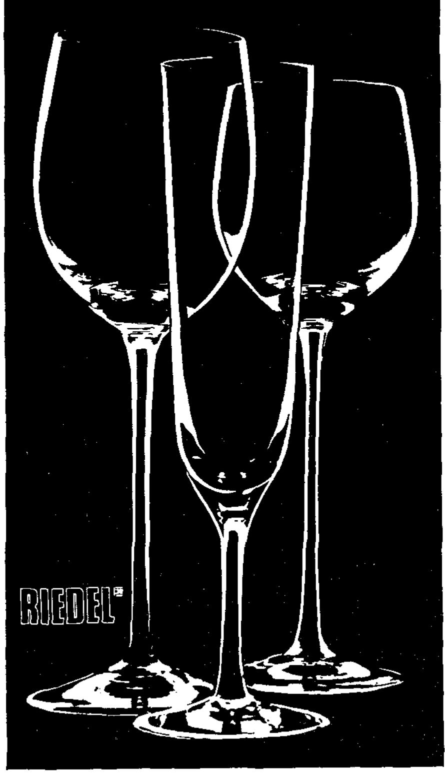

added a down vest, a 60/40 windbreaker, and a rain suit, hood to heel. Brad Snow was in a rain suit, too. We were driving into a head-on squall, and there were whitecaps on the river. Another bend and there was sun again; another bend, more rain.

. . . Met Harold today, he is Fred's partner. They're pretty much "hippies" it seems to me but real nice fellas. Found out he is the one who came down on the raft with all the supplies for he and his new found gal from Kentucky. Strange world, but I remember the time I resorted to offering a gal life in the woods. How can an adventurous young thing resist?

Some of the people who live together in remote settings along the river refer to themselves not as couples but as units. It happens at times that two half-its will decide to form a new unit. Or one might go out to Fairbanks and come back with someone new. The country is not without its citadels of righteousness, wherein certain burghers seem to look with disdain upon what they refer to as "river people's morals." They have possibly forgotten that this river is not the St. Mary, the Ste. Anne, the St. Croix, and does not flow uphill or in any sense suggest detachment from the functions of the earth. In their disdain, they overlook tradition. Beside the Yukon, a young woman of indisputable appeal once presented herself to a saloonful of miners and auctioned herself to the highest bidder. She offered fair terms. If she were to back out at any time within six months, he would get a complete refund. If he backed out, she would keep the money. All right, now, get up your pokes, boys. Who's the first bidder? There were bidders enough, and she brought down the gavel for a pretty sum. So far as is known, she stayed with the winner forever.

When people seeking gold first came across the high southeastern passes to the headwater lakes of the river, they hewed boats out of the forest and took them down the Yukon in small, inexperienced navies. One young wife fell out of a boat and appeared on her way to drowning. She thrashed and bobbed and went under at least twice, while her husband anxiously watched. At length, another man in another boat saved her. When her husband rowed over to pick her up, she demanded instead her duffel. Then and there, she formed a new unit.

Tuesday, Oct 14. 21° . . . Walked through the spruce and hit the Kandik about 1½ miles up. It's pretty well froze in places. A guy couldn't even line a canoe up for the ice. . . . Still no ice on the Yukon . . . I only been wearing long-

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handles and a wool shirt and I've been sweating at times.

Wednesday, Oct 15. 28°. Sunny. Prettyful.

Thursday, October 16. Fred came down yesterday, left a dog here overnight, and said that some people on the river will be meeting for the spring equinox at Nation (the old Taylor place).

Sun. Oct 19 . . . Beaver is one of the best tasting meats I've ever had—fatty and kinda naturally sweet. I got the castors and am soaking the oil glands in water for scent.

Sun Oct 26. 20°. Windy. Still snowing. About 6-8 inches on the level. This morning big sheets of ice were flowing on the sides of the river, and by now (11:45 A.M.) there is ICE all the way ACROST. BIG sheets 40-50 ft long and they just keep packin together, fusing to the sides (banks) or just keep flowing downstream, quite a site.

Brad Snow said that if the canoe were to tip over, it would have to be abandoned, because the river, even now, in June, was too cold to allow the usual procedure of staying with the boat and kicking it to shore. "Keep your clothes on in the river. They provide some insulation, and you will need them later on. It's a good idea to have some matches tucked away in a dry container. We would need a drying fire." With luck, and fair probability, the canoe would go into an eddy, he said, and might be recovered there.

Nothing much was going to turn us over, though. Only at one or two points in a hundred and sixty miles did we see anything that remotely suggested rapids, and these were mere drapefolds of white in the otherwise broad, flat river. Sleepers were in the water—big logs flushing down out of Canada and floating beneath the surface—but they were going in our direction and were much less dangerous than they would have been had we been heading upstream. The great power of the Yukon—six and more fathoms of water, sometimes half a mile wide, moving at seven knots—was unostentatiously displayed. The surface was deceptively calm—it was only when you looked to the side that you saw how fast you were flying.

From the hull, meanwhile, came the steady sound of sandpaper, of sliding stones, of rain on a metal roof. It was rock in the river, put there by alpine glaciers. Dip a cupful of water and the powdered rock settled quickly to the bottom. At the height of the melting season, something near two hundred tons of solid material will flow past a given point on the riverbank in one minute. Bubbling boils, like the tops of high fountains, bloomed everywhere on the surface but did not rough it up enough to make any sort of threat to the canoe. They stemmed from the crash of fast water on boulders and ledges far below. Bend to bend, the river presented itself in large segments—two, three, six miles at a stretch, now smooth, now capped white under the nervously changeable sky. We picked our way through flights of wooded islands. We shivered in the deep shadows of bluffs a thousand feet high—Calico Bluff, Montauk Bluff, Biederman Bluff, Takoma Bluff—which day after day intermittently walled the river. Between them—in downpourings of sunshine, as often as not—long vistas reached back across spruce-forested hills to the rough gray faces and freshly whitened summits of mountains. Some of the walls of the bluffs were of dark igneous rock that had cracked into bricks and appeared to have been set there by masons. Calico Bluff—a sedimentary fudge, folded, convoluted in whorls and ampersands—was black and white and yellow-tan. Up close it smelled of oil. It was sombre as we passed it, standing in its own shadow. Peregrine falcons nest there, and—fantastic fliers—will come over the Yukon at ballistic speeds, clench their talons, tuck them in, and strike a flying duck hard enough (in the neck) to kill it in midair. End over end the duck falls, and the falcon catches it before it hits the river. As we passed the mouth of the Tatonduk, fifteen ducks flew directly over us. Brad Snow reached for his shotgun, and quickly fired twice. Fifteen ducks went up the Tatonduk. Above the Nation, steep burgundy mountainsides reached up from the bright-green edges of the river, then fell away before tiers of higher mountains, dark with spruce and pale with aspen, quilted with sunlight and shadow. Ahead, long points of land and descending ridgelines reached toward one another into the immensity of the river, roughed now under a stiff wind. Filmy downspouts dropped from the clouds. Behind the next bend, five miles away, a mountain was partly covered with sliding mist. The scene resembled Lake Maggiore and might have been the Hardanger Fjord, but it was just a fragment of this river, an emphatic implication of all the two thousand miles, and of the dozens of tributaries that in themselves were major rivers—proof and reminder that with its rampart bluffs and circumvallate mountains it was not only a great river of the far northwestern continent but a river of preëminence among the rivers

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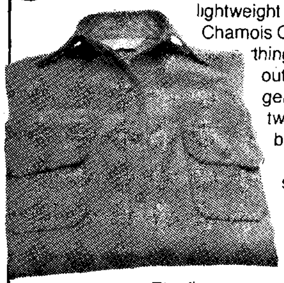

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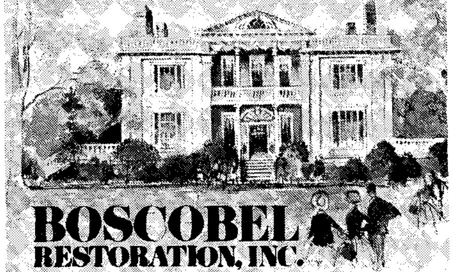

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of the world. The ring of its name gave nothing away to the name of any river. Sunlight was bright on the mountains to both sides, and a driving summer rain came up the middle. The wind tore up the waves and flung pieces of them through the air. It was not the wind, though, but the river itself that took the breath away.

Mon Oct 27. Good morning, Sara! 6° . . . The water froze in the water buckets and I slept *good*. . . . The river is really flowin a lot of ice, but it is still moving—ripping and tearing at the shelf ice on the banks.

Wed Oct 29. –20° this morning, clear as a church bell and feels good. Got a ruffed grouse and a squirrel yesterday, also set some rabbit snares.

Rain gone, and in sun again we could hear the consumption of an island. Large pieces of the bank fell thunderously into the water, because the Yukon had decided to yaw. We passed a deep fresh indentation in the shore where a dozen tall spruce had plopped at once. They were sixty-foot trees, and so much of the ground that held them had fallen with them that they now stood almost vertically in thirty feet of river. Ordinarily, as a river works its way into cut-bank soil the trees of the bank gradually lose their balance and become "sweepers"—their trunks slanting downward, their branches spread into the water. The islands of the Yukon have so many sweepers that from a distance they look like triremes. The river roars through the crowns of the trees with a sound of heavy rapids.

Fri Oct 31. –32° & clear. Thank God for wood!

Sat Nov 1. –33°. It sure got to cracking and buckin' last night. She is really still out this morning. It took 8 days to freeze since the ice started flowing. The Yukon is froze solid.

Often, after the general freeze-up, there is a lead in the left-bank bend beside Eagle—the current keeping open a patch of river long after the rest is ice. It can stay open for more than two months. A cold snap—reaching, say, seventy below zero—will finally close it.

Barney Hansen, who came into the country fifty years ago to mine gold, says he once watched a file of thirteen caribou pick their way down Eagle Bluff to drown in the river lead. The bluff approaches sheer, and its face is rough with crags and ledges and plunging tight ravines. Slowly, surely, the thirteen creatures descended, almost every move a feat of balance and decision. Poised there, each avoiding a fall to destruction, they gave Hansen and whoever else may have been watching plenty of time to wonder why they had chosen that route. They could readily have swung wide of both the town and the bluff. Finally, they reached the ice and started across the river. Everywhere around the lead, the ice was solid to the farther shore. Yet the thirteen caribou one after another jumped into the open water. The current drew them to the downstream end, where it sucked them under the ice.

In May, when big floes begin to move downriver like ships, caribou have been observed upon them. Caught crossing the river when the ice moved, they now stand in huddled helplessness, riding to certain death as the support beneath them crashes, cracks, diminishes in size, and ultimately rolls over.

Sun Nov 2. –35° . . . Beautiful, clear day. Still no moose sign. Lots of overflow on the Yukon. I set out some traps and snares tonight, feels good to be runnin through the woods lookin for them little critters.

Mon Nov 3. –38°. Still and clear.

Wed Nov 5. –31°, still clear and I still love Sara a bunch. Today is woodchoppin day, so I et 3 lbs. of taters, a pound of spam, and a gallon of coffee. I'm not full, but it'll have to do.

Thur Nov 6. –30 . . . Seen a fresh cat track today where the lynx had bedded down right beside a rabbit run. Twice he had picked himself a good spot to lay in readiness for a meal.

Sun Nov 9. –24°. Reset some traps. Got a lynx comin to one of 'em. Put some squirrels in a couple for marten bait. Did a lot of snowshoeing & breakin trail and am tuckered out.

Mon Nov 10. –12° cloudy and may snow. Today is the anniversary of being in Alaska for exactly one year now. Quite a lot has happened and if I had Sara now it would be the end of a near perfect year. Still, it was the best decision I ever did make, and am *very* glad things worked out. If I was religious, I might say, "Thank you, Lord." Amen.

Approaching the mouth of the Kandik, Snow and I maneuvered among shoals and heavy driftwood in an attempt to get to shore, going in for an assessive look at our friend Sarge Waller's cabin. We went up the bank. Snow gave the cabin a long, professional sniff—a construction worker's frank inspection. "This," he said finally—and paused a moment to mortise the words—"this is the most poorly built cabin you ever will see." The walls were convex. The foundation was not banked. The roof was virtually without insulation. The corners were mail slots for the wind. The loose sheets of Corazza's journal were held by a metal clip hanging on a wall. I took them down and riffled through them.

The journal was roughly four thousand words. (Only fragments are here.) The author's name was nowhere on it so far as I could see. It had been left in an empty cabin, in near-absolute wilderness, on land that belonged to the people of the United States, of whom I was one. If ever a piece of writing was born in the public domain, surely this was it. Yes—but it seemed private. It wasn't like food in a cache, to take and later replace. I returned it to the wall.

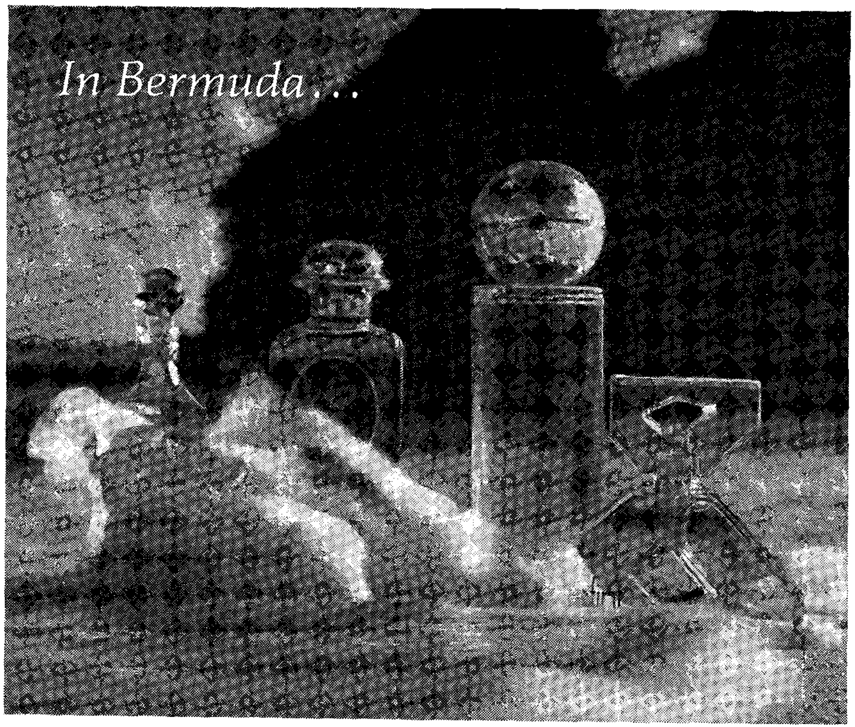
A few weeks later, I was sitting in the roadhouse in Central talking with a man who was down from the mining claims on Porcupine Creek. He was young, dark-haired, strongly built. Like most bush Alaskans, however new to the bush they might be, he had greeting in his face. In the course of a second beer, he mentioned that he had spent the winter in a cabin near the mouth of the Kandik.

I surprised him by telling him I had glanced at his journal, and had wished I could someday read it. He said he had a little time off and had been thinking of going up there anyway; he would see me again in a few days. He went eighty miles up the river and brought back the journal.

> Wed Nov 12. –3° cloudy & snowing. Molly of the North, great Alaskan cat hound, says she likes this turn in the weather. She has put on considerable weight and looks real strong.
>
> Saw a gyrfalcon today. Flew right over my head clippin along at a pace so fast it sounded like a jet. Almost white bird. Could have been a female, it was pretty good size. Also saw a bird killed hare yesterday near the cabin. Bet it's that gyr's meal. This country is *neat.*

We carried mail with us downriver, and now and again Brad would, in effect, toss it into the woods. There were people in there who would read it. The names on the packages and envelopes were not familiar to me. Snow said, "There are those on the river who are discreet and those who are not. People like Dick Cook and Charlie Edwards need to talk and be chatty in Eagle. Others come into town rarely, say nothing much, and leave."

We stopped one morning in a hidden slough with letters for Jan Waldron. She was slender, lankily built, with long blond hair, a quick and friendly smile. She ran down the bank and fairly jumped into the canoe. "Gosh, it's so good to see you." Her husband, Seymour Abel, had been away many days. Their home was a wall tent on supporting courses of logs, with a door that



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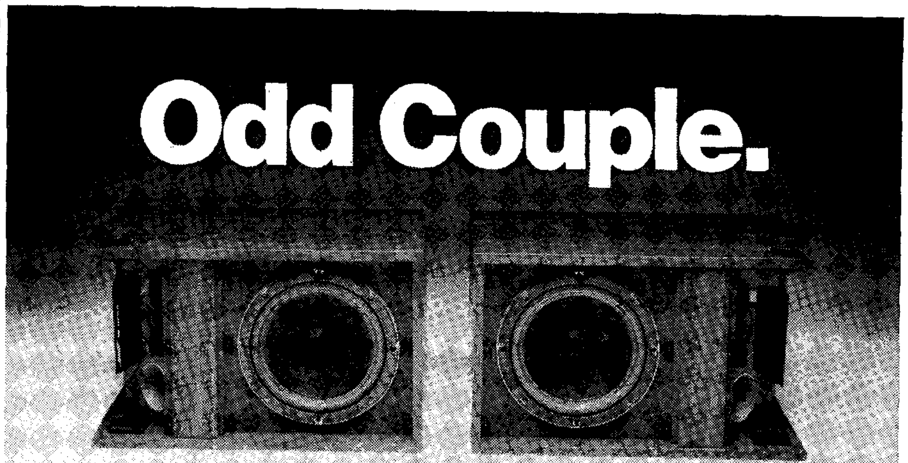

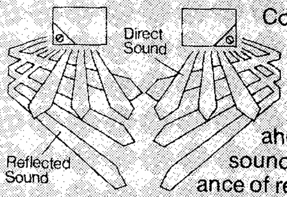

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was more like a window. We crawled in. She and Seymour were just camping in this tent, she explained, and opened some beer she had brewed there. She pointed proudly to a cavity in the earth at her feet. To surprise and please Seymour, she had passed the time removing a stump. I remembered meeting Seymour, briefly, in Eagle, where we had talked about bears, and the pros and cons of carrying a protective gun. "If you're going to get et, you're going to get et," he had said, conclusively, and, repeating himself, "If you're going to get et, you're going to get et, whether you have a rifle or not." Seymour came into the country from Tennessee. Jan is a born Alaskan. "I'm so glad to see you," she said again, and opened another beer. The top of the tent was lined with Styrofoam. In the gable was a shelf of books. There was a plank table, a Singer sewing machine, a banjo, a guitar, a violin. There was a barrel stove. The chimney, where it poked through the tent, was flashed with a two-gallon can. Dark-haired sled dogs were staked outside. A day or so before, they had raised a great clamor. To Jan, it signalled the nearness of a bear. Carrying clothes for washing to a small clear stream, she took along a gun because of the bear. "Are you sure you have to go?" she said as we stood up. "It's so good to see you. Why go?"

Around the turn of the century, when dog teams travelled more frequently on the river, there was an isolated roadhouse not far from where Jan lives now. The woman who ran it would shoot at people who tried to go by without stopping.

Fri Nov 14. –28°. Clear. I have become pretty well used to the cold now and can get a roarin fire going awful quick these days. Caught a hare and one beautiful red fox today. The fox had been caught in a trail-set about a mile from where I crossed his tracks. She had broken the wire I had tied to the trap chain. I followed her to the river and then ran up to within shooting distance. She was moving pretty good with a #3 double spring on her front paw. I shot her right below the eye at 100 ft. with the pistol (Ruger). She sure is pretty and would make Sara a nice hat.

Sun Nov 16. *Full moon,* and the Yukon is in party dress. Everything is lit up just prettiful.... I jumped a bunch of grouse (ruffed) roosting. Got 5 with the pistol and about 18 shots. Could have got more but I run plumb out of shells. I sure do love that grouse meat.

The moon cycle is funny up here. It starts waxing in a small arc through the southern sky, then day by day it gets brighter and the arc gets higher and longer till it's full moon almost overhead and stay light all night. Just magnificent!

2 of them grouse I got at 40 yds with that little Ruger (makes a guy proud). Wish Sara would fix em up for us.

We passed fish camps all down the river, for the most part established by Indians and abandoned now—places that once netted as much as thirty tons of salmon a year. At one fish camp stood the biggest cache I have seen in Alaska, virtually a full-size cabin in the air, resting on columnar stilts. All it contained was a beaver's forepaw.

Tues Nov 18. –22°. The other day when I got them grouse, a funny thing happened. The last grouse was perched in the top of an alder about 30 ft high. I shot at it twice from about 35 yds and thought I'd missed it. But it stayed up there. I snuck up to about 20 yds from it and emptied the pistol. It still sat there. It was gettin dark and I was out of shells. I figured that that grouse wouldn't be a meal for me. Then all of a sudden I got MAD, went over to the tree, shook it, and yelled, "Get outa there you son of a bitch." Well, down comes a blanket of snow on my head—but also Mister Grouse, who is only winged. He scooted along the ground for awhile and then just disappeared! By God, he was gone just like that. Then I flashed to a memory that Dad had told me a story of a grouse he had winged and the dog pointed at a bunch of leaves. Finally he seen a feather stickin out of the leaves, took off his hat and caught him a grouse in it. Well, I seen where he last was and used my mitten (it was 20 below and didn't want to take off my hat) to clamp down on the snow and by Jesus if I didn't come up with another supper in my hands. Made me laugh just a bit to think that my anger had been changed so fast into a memory. Had some grouse gumbo last night. Ummm!

The brilliance of this north country under the full moon is dazzling to say the least. At midnight the sky is still a *deep* blue with the twinkling of many bright stars. Moon shadows of the tall spruce are everywhere and the Yukon River lays quiet and white. This moon seems to stand guard on this country.

There has long been talk of a tourist road connecting Eagle and Circle. Running for the most part beside the river, it would "open up" what is generally regarded as the handsomest stretch of the Yukon in Alaska. The longest piece of road along the Yukon now runs three miles upriver from Eagle to Eagle Indian Village. On the river near that road, I have paddled more than once in dust that was thicker than smoke.

Mon Nov 24. –6°. Plan to go upriver.

Tues Nov 25. –4°. On the way up, Bob's lead dog got caught in one of Fred's Conibears. Boy it was a mad scramble for Bob and I to get to the front of 9 dogs and prise the jaws apart on that trap. The dog acted like nothing had ever happened and went right on again. Could have been tragic but it turned out funny.... Found out that

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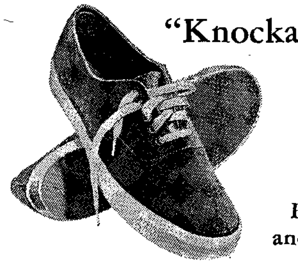

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Thanksgiving is on the 27th. . . . It was fun to run them 9 dogs all strung out single. Bob and I took turns as it was a rough run over the muskeg and the sled was loaded heavy (probably 500 lbs +). It tipped over 5 or 6 times but things went smooth. Both of us were wore plumb out. . . . I fell through the ice 2 or 3 times yesterday, & ran around with wet pacs. Feels like I frosted the ends of my big toes a bit, but they're far from my heart, so I'll keep on truckin.

We stopped one night at an abandoned cabin, containing so much clutter of junk debris that we decided to sleep outside. Mosquitoes were dense there but tolerable—not yet coming in clouds. In the Yukon Flats, beyond the mountains, were thirty-six thousand lakes and ponds, with geese, canvasbacks, scaup, cranes, swans, teal, and widgeons in millions, and mosquitoes in numbers a physicist would understand. But we were still upriver, and only five or six thousand of them were now close around us. I asked Brad if he would like to share my netted tent. Inside it moments later, he told me how his wife plays what she calls Revenge. In the security of a tent, she places near the netting an example of her flesh until it drives to frenzy the singers in the night. A truly ambitious mosquito will soon thrust its proboscis through the net. She then seizes the proboscis and yanks the bugger inside. For my part, I mentioned that when mosquitoes seek human blood they are fulfilling their sexual cycle, doing what nature is instructing them to do, and therefore an authentic conservationist will never react unfavorably to the attentions of a mosquito. This simple test—a way of telling the phonies from the truly committed—I had first come upon long ago in the Lower Forty-eight. Gradually in Alaska, however, I had come to realize that an Alaska mosquito is not a Lower Forty-eight mosquito that has moved north. Before getting into the tent, I had slapped my leg, turned the palm up, and counted seventeen corpses in my hand.

Sat Dec 13 . . . The weather has been −50 or lower (−60 was the lowest) for 12 days but this morning the wind started blowing and the weather warmed up some 40° to −8. I ran the dogs down across the river to get a load of fish yesterday. Saw fresh moose sign and Errol & I spent all day today hunting. Lots of sign but no luck. I haven't checked my line since the new moon and it's already past half. Tomorrow will be the day. There seems to be more cat around since it got cold.

Sun Dec 21 . . . Errol and I were hunting cause the 2 moose were staying in this area. Errol ran into them and got us both of them, by God! We eatin high nowadays. Moose liver and steak for breakfast. Hmm! We had a real chinook for a few days and the temp went up to 39° above. Couldn't believe it.

Mon Dec 22. Zero. Oboy! Biscuits gravy & moose steak this fine day. Yepper, sure wish Sara were back home where she belongs.

Tues Dec 23. Zero and clear . . . Made a few more cat sets today in the slough. Missed a cat in one of my cubbies.

A "cat" is a lynx. A "lynk" is also a lynx. Nine times out of ten, people who say "lynk" are trying to sound like trappers.

Mon Dec 29. +15° . . . Walked up to 3 Mile today with Molly on a lead rope (she was leading me). We didn't hit a fresh track till after dark on the way back. She struck out on the cat's trail but didn't run it very far, it was in thick alders. She sure wanted to though.

Jan 7. −40. I've had some bad luck. Molly run off about 3 days ago at 25 below. I could hear her howling bloody murder from the cabin here. I'd just got a fire started after a 6 mile hike down river. Well, I figured, she got herself in a trap, so I went to looking for her. Found her 3 hours later, almost to Errol's cabin with her right front paw in a number 4 doublespring. It was frozen solid. My lantern had run out of fuel and there was no moon. We ran to Errol's cabin where I soaked her paw in lukewarm water for about an hour. It swelled plumb up as big as a cat track, but today it started to blister and I think it may heal. The swelling's gone down a bit. Poor ole Molly Blue!

Jan 8. −40. Red is the color of my barrel stove when it's 40 below, when it's 40 below! A bit nippy these last few days, but it's nice to set by a roarin stove.

Snow and I lingered at the mouths of tributary streams, and went miles up the Charley, the river of Leon Crane. Logs cruised toward us like alligators, and with the same stately glide. We surprised ravens, geese, a bald eagle, which lumbered into flight. It slowly achieved altitude, its wings barely recovering from flap to awkward flap. Peregrines, which nest on bluffs above the Charley, can pin down one of these eagles and keep it where it is indefinitely—the falcons diving, pecking, strafing, dominating, while the symbol of national grandeur cowers on the ground, a screaming eagle. After nine or ten miles, the Charley, with riffles, increased its gradient rise, and the immense, confining forest began to open to big, long-distance views. Far up the corridor of the river were white-patched mountains, and far behind them more and higher mountains totally covered with newly fallen snow. We tied up in an island slough and climbed the steep face of a bluff—loose, flaky shale; no trees; not much

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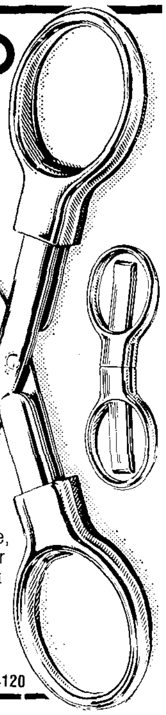

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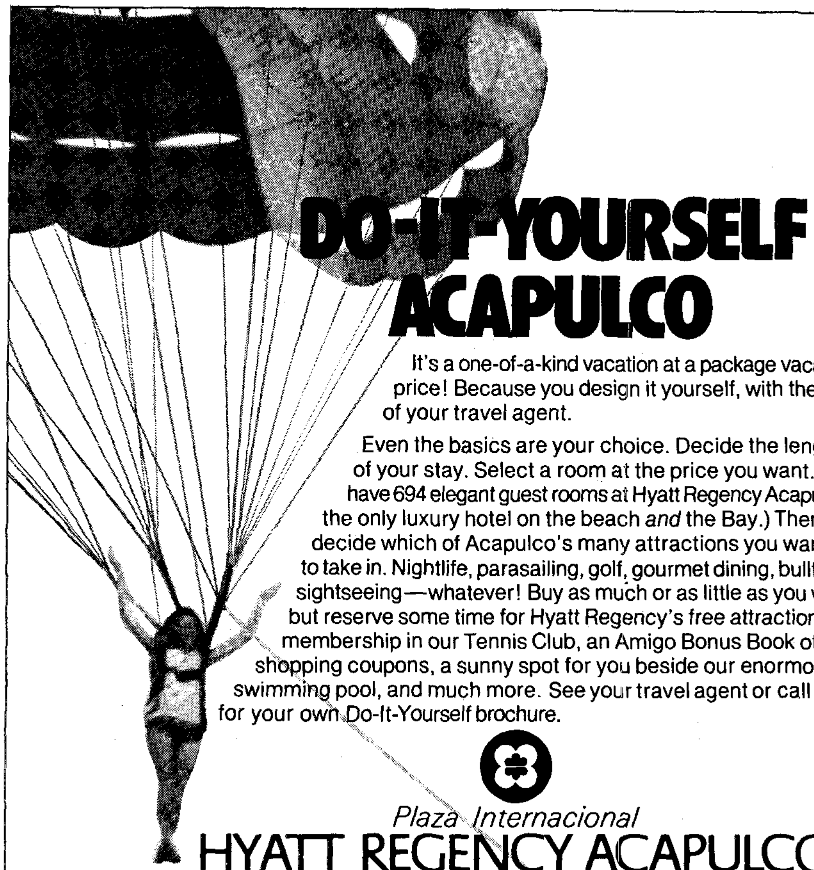
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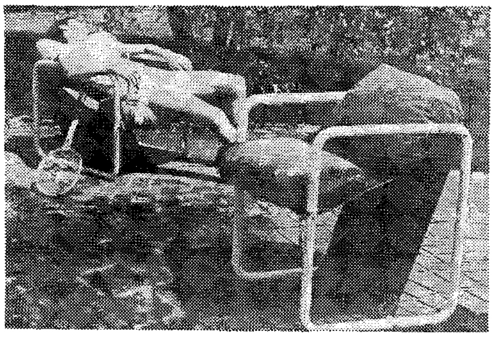
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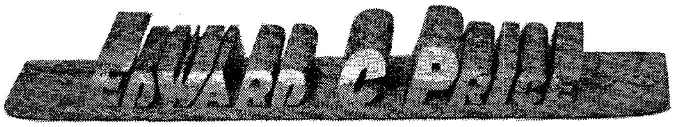
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to hang on to—and when we had worked our way upward five hundred vertical feet I looked back at what seemed a straight plunge to the river. It was a bluff of swallows and lupine, blueberries and bears. We saw only sign of the bears. Brad was carrying his rifle. He remarked that his friend David Evans, who has been in the country about as long as he has, apparently rejoices in a nearly perfect state of "anestrophic anticipation." Asked to explain what that is, Snow said, "You have no sense of catastrophe. You walk through the valley of the shadow of death and you fear no evil—not because you are fearless but because you have no awareness of what may happen. David walks miles and miles, unarmed, and doesn't seem to understand that there's a chance of being mauled."

We sat down and ate berries, looking up frequently at many hundreds of square miles of dark broadloom forests curling at the edges into rising tundra fells, which ended in mountain rock. Through the mountains came the clear river, often deep within its peregrine bluffs, which were pinpointed white with visible Dall sheep and darkened by invisible bears. It was landscape uncompromised, under small white cumulus by the tens of dozens evenly spaced to the corners of the sky. I remembered Frank Warren, in Circle, talking about the Park Service's yen for the Charley, and saying, "What can you do to improve an area that is perfect? What possible satisfaction could a hiker ever get walking on a man-made trail?" We descended the bluff and descended the stream, stopping at the cabin built by Al Ames, where the government had posted a sign beside the door forbidding habitation.

We drifted down the Yukon through a windless afternoon. The fast-flowing water was placid and—with its ring boils—resembled antique glass. Down one long straightaway, framed in white mountains, we saw ten full miles to the wall of the coming bend.

Fri Feb 6. Been traveling this ole Yukon from Sam Creek (at times to Coal Creek) all the way to 20 miles this side of Eagle. Not much cat sign anywhere... Molly is healed up pretty good.

Sat Feb 7. –37° before sunrise, now an hour later it's –40 and droppin fast, looks like another snapper! Beautiful light show last night... Sara, where are you?

—JOHN MCPHEE

(*This is the second part of a four-part article.*)

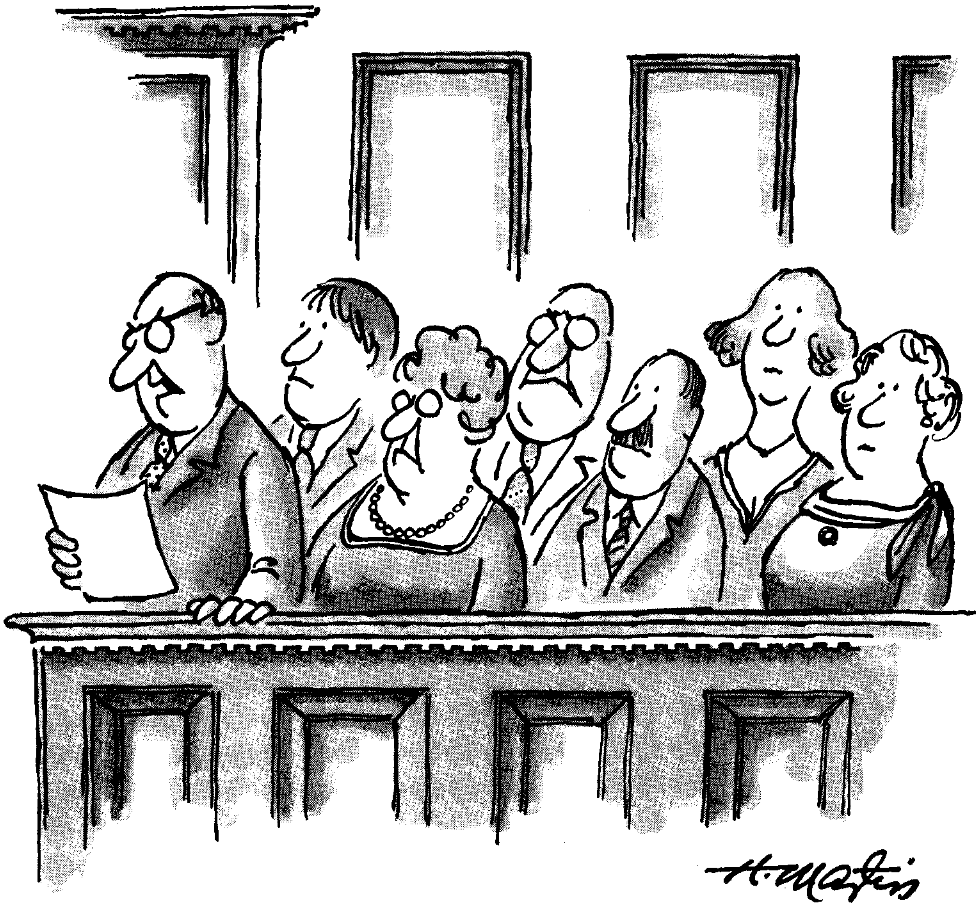
THE CURRENT CINEMA

A German Masterpiece

BLACK and white are the most ravishing colors of all in film. It is not only Truffaut's "Jules and Jim" that has told us this. Now we have in New York another black-and-white masterwork: "Effi Briest," directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, who is a German prodigy. At thirty-one, he has made more than thirty films. "Effi Briest" was the first film he wanted to make, but he couldn't raise the money until 1974, by which time he had made nineteen other films. This one comes from the famous German novel of 1893 by Theodor Fontane, and it lives in a literary climate, which is not to say that it is not also altogether cinematic. As with most of Fassbinder's films, its concern is in the sophistry of the powerful; it is kin to his "Chinese Roulette," a mysterious comedy of calculated mannerisms.

Effi Briest, played by Hanna Schygulla, a member of Fassbinder's great acting troupe, is a girl of seventeen who lives with her parents in a small town stamped with the Prussian determinism of the Bismarck period. A man with a face like a knife edge, Baron von Innstetten (Wolfgang Schenck), remotely courts her and asks her parents for her hand. Twenty years ago, he was her mother's suitor. After Effi has been his wife for a while, the general agreement is that he would have done better to marry the mother. Not the most encouraging thing for a daughter to hear. The daughter is a fearful, beautiful creature with a hint of wildness somewhere in her. But the wildness is subdued. The iron ineloquence of the Bismarck attitude that oppresses society also muffles personal temperament, and Fassbinder's way of using a staring, distant camera to photograph scenes and then making them discrete by title cards that bleach to white is like a hand of benediction on the violence of the story. The opening card reads, "Many who have an idea of their possibilities and needs nevertheless accept the prevailing order in the way that they act, and thereby confirm and strengthen it absolutely." Effi is ambitious in paltry ways that run along the tracks of Prussian convention. When she goes to Berlin with her mother to buy her trousseau, she wants a Japanese screen. Her entrancing self seems metaphorically hemmed in by the frame of the film. Title card: "A story of resignation cannot be bad." No? Her spirit of adventure is quenched. In a misleading idyllic sequence, she follows in her mother's footsteps on a walk in high grasses: two graceful figures made awkward by a nervous etiquette between intimates. When she gets married and goes to live in a house by the Baltic, her intelligence is overtaken by her susceptibility to superstition. Innstetten tells her about a family ghost. He says that a Chinese servant who was the victim of an unhappy love affair is buried out in the sand dunes. Effi hears the family ghost above their bedroom; an eerie servant tells her that it is only the brush of the long curtains across the floor. Fear begins to consume Effi's spirit from the inside, like a tapeworm in her imagination. No wonder she fancies herself in love with a debonair Pole, called Major Crampas. She has just had a baby, who is something of an anticlimax, being female. The doctor says, "Pity it's a girl." But there will be other chances, he says. "There are lots of Prussian victories." Effi begins to lose her way. One can become so formal that one can grow formless. Crampas tells her stories about Innstetten. He says the Baron uses ghosts as education. Innstetten's ethic, he says, is that a person need only be upright and unafraid. Effi is hurt by the didact Innstetten's puzzling impulse to instruct her.

Fassbinder thinks a great deal about oppressed groups, including women. "Effi Briest" is his masterpiece. (It was shot in fifty-eight days, spread over two and a half years, though he usually spends something like sixteen days on shooting a film.) His Effi, true to Fontane's, is the victim of an education that makes girls beguiling and frivolous objects, and so leads inevitably to a whim on the part of society to inhibit them with taboos. Effi is not only intimidated by the ghost but also fearful of committing crimes against bourgeois society, and terrorized by the possibility of appearing to the respectable to be a tart. Whether or not she actually ever has an affair with Crampas is uncertain. It is enough of a crime that she sits with him so often on a windy beach near their Baltic home while Innstetten is away. When some letters from the Major are discovered under a pile of linen, she feels she deserves to be kicked out, deserves to have her child turned against her, deserves to be gracelessly received back by her parents. The film is full of shots of modest, frightened, pent-up people seen through half-open doors: people scared by Prussian tartars and by primitive women with terrible tales to tell. Effi's maid, Roswitha (Ursula Strätz), who de-



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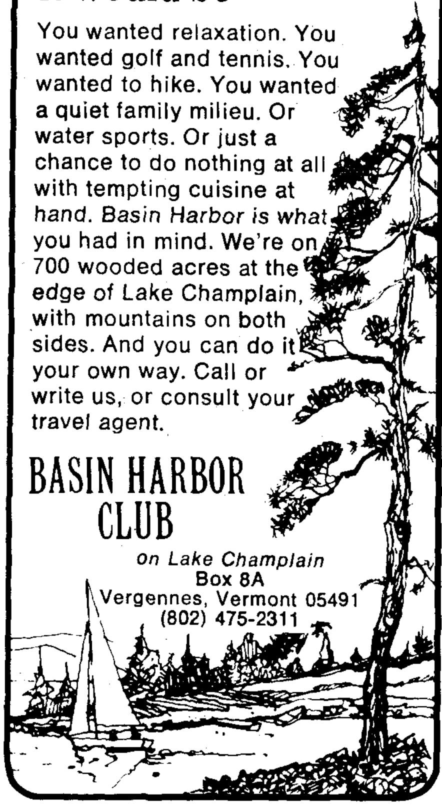

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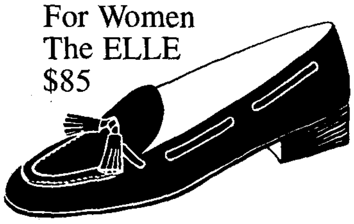

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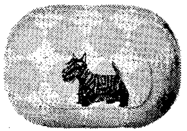

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livered Effi's child, recalls her own youth, and speaks of her father's coming at her with a red-hot poker: "When you're as afraid of your father as I was, you're not afraid of God very much." Life is lived by a system of fear and loneliness. God is not supposed to be a comfort, or society to provide companions. Effi is a naturally congenial and lively being, but Bismarck's Prussia blanches her spirit. Fassbinder's film has to do with the monstrous dictates of others about her life. Innstetten, paying a debt to his self-esteem and to the esteem of a friend in whom he has confided, insists on a duel with Crampas, whom he kills. There is a last flicker of rebellion in Effi. "I am repelled by what I did," she seems to be saying, "but what repels me still more is your virtue. Away with you!" It is a virtue consisting of no pity, in a man with a spine of fused lead bullets. Perhaps Effi's mother would have been better able to cope with him. In the last scene, in the parents' garden, where they are having coffee, the mother wonders whether they married Effi off too young. "It's too vast a subject," says the father. Silence. Autumn leaves fall. A coffee spoon chinks.

This is as fine a film as we have seen in a long time. One stands amazed by the fanatic talent of Fassbinder's faithful acting troupe, the moving elegance of the photography (by Jürgen Jürges and Dietrich Lohmann), the beauty of the art direction (as usual, by Kurt Raab, who has also acted in Fassbinder films). This is one of the few films by Fassbinder that haven't a hint of the melodramatic about them. "Effi Briest" is a vivid story of the dousing of a tonic personality by manners, misleading expectations, misled hopes. It is a fiercely philosophical picture; Fontane, at different times a war correspondent and a drama critic, was seventy-three when he wrote the novel, which questions whether the sensibility of the individual, however strong, can always give a life the liberty to run counter to social models. This magnificent, inquiring film, though it is an epic in its way, is no spectacle; it is, above all, a spyglass on our consciousnesses. Effi Briest knows very well that she was a child and then a mother without ever being a woman. The bourgeoisie is sleepwalking, says the film, but its victims are only too alert.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

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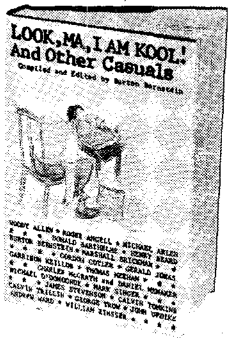

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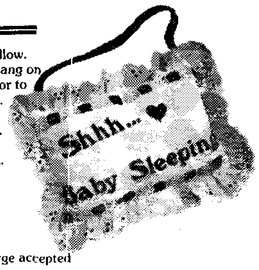

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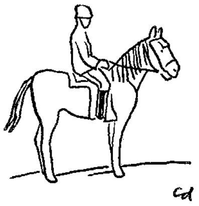
THE RACE TRACK

Going Up

FOREGO opened the fourth week of racing at Belmont Park with a victory in the Nassau County Handicap. His share of the prize money, $32,250, brought his earnings to $1,771,107 and moved him into second place on the list of racing's great money-winners. (Kelso heads it, with $1,997,896.) The big fellow ran as he usually does, so the crowd had a finish to cheer about. Carrying 136 pounds and giving from twelve to twenty-eight pounds, he was away fifth of the seven starters and still lay fifth after three-quarters of the mile and a furlong. Then he began to run. Swinging into the homestretch, he stormed past the leaders and won by half a length from Co Host, to whom he was giving four pounds more than he had in the Metropolitan Handicap, on Memorial Day. Norcliffe, to whom he gave nineteen pounds, was third. Shoemaker, who rode Forego, left the unsaddling enclosure shaking his head as though he might be saying to himself, "What a horse! What a horse!" The time of the race was 1:48⅕, which made it a first-rate prep for the Suburban Handicap, on the Fourth of July. The old boy won it in 1975 and was beaten a dirty nose in it last year.



A crowd of fewer than thirteen thousand came out to see Forego run. No doubt a lot of horseplayers thought, What's the use? He'll win all right, but he'll be too short a price to bet on. He was, paying $2.10 straight place and show at the OTB shops. There was no betting at the track—shortly before the first race, all the members of the Independent Association of Mutuel Employees had walked off the job to protest the suspension of two clerks. Their grievance was heard the next morning, and later that day there was betting as usual at Belmont.

For various reasons—among them what trainers call the coughing sickness, which comes every spring—we have not heard or seen much of the two-year-olds. The Youthful, the first stakes race of the season for them hereabouts, was the main event on the midweek card. Eleven ran, and they put on a lively performance for the five and a half furlongs. The winner was Harbor View Stable's Affirmed, a chestnut colt by Exclusive Native out of Won't Tell You, who had rolled home by four and a half lengths in his first start, last month, and, showing speed again, hung on well to edge out Wood Native, who took the place by a neck from Sensitive Nose.

The Bowling Green Handicap, at nine furlongs on the turf, is always a good show. This year, thirteen ran for it, and Hunza Dancer won by a head from Improviser. Noble Dancer II was third, a length and three-quarters away. The time was 1:58⅘—a record for the course. It was the first stakes victory in the United States for Ravi Tikkoo, an Indian shipping magnate who had been racing in England and France and who sent his stable to Belmont last winter. Hunza Dancer is a Kentucky-bred by Hawaii, the top horse on grass here in 1969, and he had won at Aqueduct and Belmont earlier. He almost skipped the Bowling Green, because he had been kicked in the foreleg, but Arthur (Scobie) Breasley, the Australian who trains him, decided to take a chance. Breasley packed the leg in ice overnight (a common practice), and on Saturday morning the horse walked sound. In the race, Cruguet always had him in a good position, and, making his move coming into the stretch, got him home. Cruguet, however, did not repeat the salute to the crowd he gave as he brought Seattle Slew past the post in the Belmont—it was too tight a finish for that.

A QUESTION that came up last week as to the legality of Seattle Slew's ownership could have cost him the Belmont and the Triple Crown. Dr. James Hill, the veterinarian who picked out Slew for the Taylors at the 1975 Fasig-Tipton yearling sales, is a shareholder in Wooden Horse Investments, Inc., which owns the colt, and there is a state law that prohibits a practicing veterinarian from owning and racing a horse in New York. However, the State Racing and Wagering Board, on investigation, found that some time before the Belmont Dr. Hill had turned in his license to practice. So, happily, everything turned out hunky-dory for Slew's Triple Crown.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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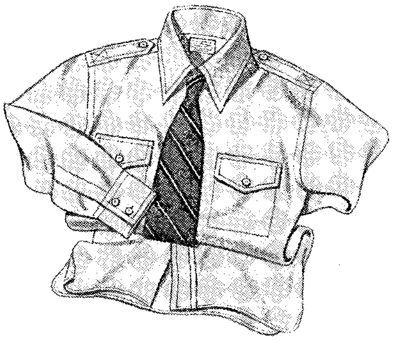

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UP IN THE AIR

When Americans from other parts of the country declare that New York City, despite all the attention it gets, is not the United States, the message is often delivered with more vehemence than the simple geographic truism seems to call for. The same strident tone is heard on occasion when residents of Brooklyn, Queens, the Bronx, or Staten Island make the point that, contrary to popular impression, Manhattan is not New York City. In the last few months, however, it is another of the city's five political departments that has often dominated the lead paragraphs of national and international news stories, and, the way things are going, the people of Brooklyn, the Bronx, Staten Island, and even Manhattan may soon be putting out irritable reminders that the Borough of Queens, despite all the attention it has been getting, is not New York City.

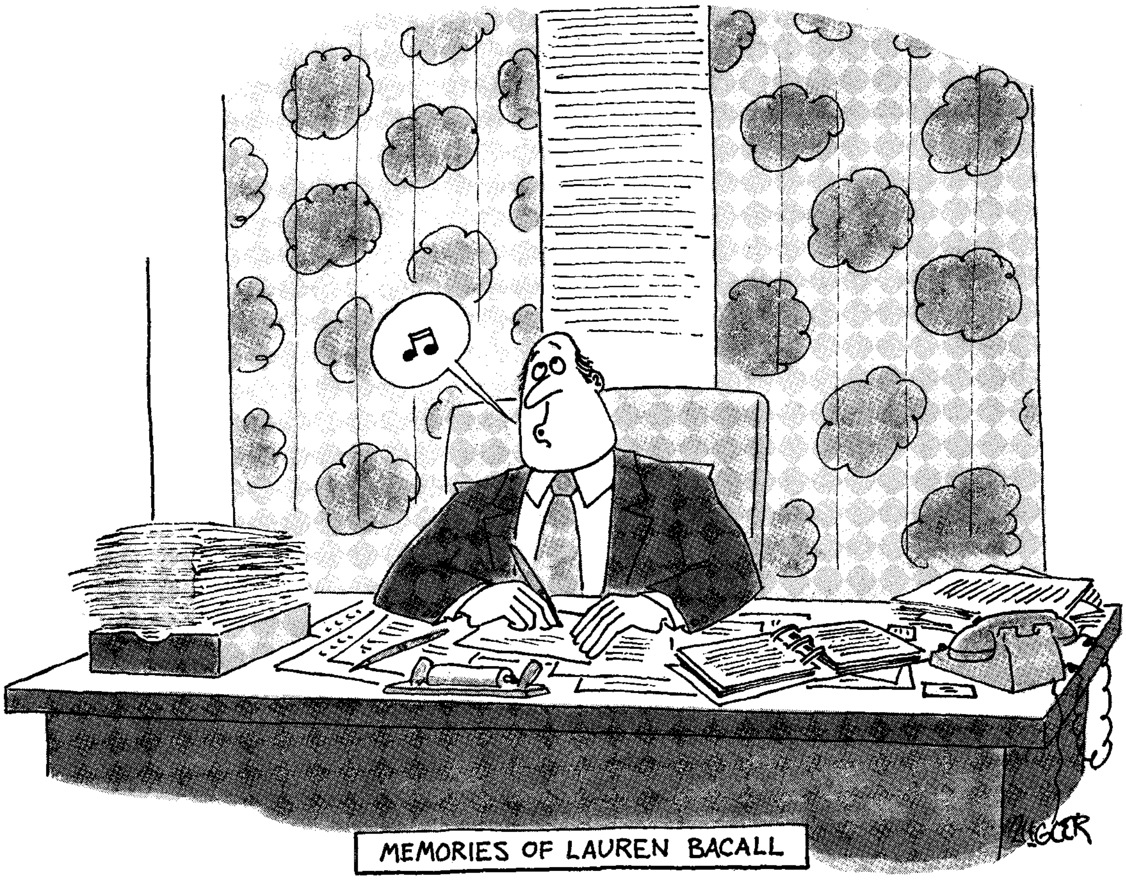
The happiest—and, in the end, the least controversial—of the recent widely reported events with which Queens has had an association was the scaling of the thirteen-hundred-and-fifty-foot South Tower of the World Trade Center by twenty-seven-year-old George Willig, who lives in Hollis, Queens, and works as a designer for the Ideal Toy Corporation, also in Hollis. Indeed, there were some provincial-minded New Yorkers from other boroughs who found the most implausible aspect of Willig's feat the fact that he came from Queens—an area whose residents are known not for their stunning enterprise but for the militant complacency with which they usually differentiate their solid-citizen, comparatively suburban way of life from that of most other New Yorkers, and especially of those whom Queens political leaders like to describe as "the Manhattan crazies" across the East River. It is true that Willig would have had to cross the river to find a building that, even in his least ambitious moments, he might consider tall enough to be worth climbing. In most cases, Queens residents oppose high-rises in their borough as out of keeping with what one Queens community leader described at a Board of Estimate meeting a couple of years back as "our cherished All-American, one-and-two-family-home quality of life."

Until Willig began his remarkable climb, early on the morning of Thursday, May 26th, the two towers of the World Trade Center, which were built by the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey, a semipublic agency that operates many of the tunnels, bridges, bus terminals, and airports in the bistate area, had probably been best known to out-of-towners as the setting for the dramatic finale in the remake of "King Kong." (Typically, in this city of activists, the filming there was picketed by partisans of the Empire State Building, who charged discrimination against their building—which, of course, was featured in the first "King Kong.") After New Yorkers got used to the idea that an original like George Willig had come from Queens (a valuable lesson in interborough understanding), many of them felt that the marvel of his achievement was not only that he had defied fate and the elements and conquered the vast white structure on whose smooth, faceless surface sensible citizens had assumed no one would be able to get the first toehold but also that, before he was through, he had confounded a large number of the representatives of established authority who are known to lie humorlessly in wait for anyone who steps a foot or two—let alone thirteen hundred and fifty feet—out of line.

There was the spectacle of Willig being arrested by the police for criminal trespass, reckless endangerment, and disorderly conduct and being led away in handcuffs, but not before some of the policemen had got his autograph. "We've got to stop meeting like this" had been the comment, seventy or so stories above the street, from one of the cops who had been sent out on a window-washer's platform to talk him into coming down. Clearly, Willig's prankish spirit was contagious. There was the huffing of Mayor Abraham Beame's old friend W. Bernard Richland, as he explained that "to discourage this kind of antic performance in the future" the city was suing Willig for a quarter of a million dollars, and, in response to the announcement of the suit, the vigorous booing from the reporters on hand, betraying their reputations as detached sorts who just give the news. And there was the swift, undignified change of signals soon afterward from City Hall, which suddenly understood that for once the political advantage—more closely attended to than ever in a municipal-election year—did not lie with taking a tough law-and-order position against a criminal offender. It had all been a quarter-of-a-million-dollar "misunderstanding," the Mayor declared. The handcuffs were removed in time for Willig to receive an invitation to a ceremony in his honor at City Hall, where, wearing jeans, a striped shirt, and moccasins, the modest-mannered young *ascensionniste* received duly televised congratulatory handshakes from the Mayor and the Police Commissioner.

The successful stunt man explained that his plan had been to scale the tower a day earlier, "but I had made an appointment to give blood on Wednesday. . . . I couldn't keep on making excuses. So I arbitrarily picked today." He told a reporter a few days later that, far above the streets, "I was very much alone with myself and at peace with myself," and that "whatever I do in the future, I think it should serve as something to show that man can do things alone." The usually staid editorial writers at the *Times* found the climb so exhilarating that their salute to Willig was headed "'Twas Willig Did Gyre and Gimble." And on the opposite page that day James Reston, writing from Washington, got quite carried away in a column entitled "The Sound of Laughter." He hailed Willig's feat as an indication of a new, relaxed mood in the country. "Carter is going his own way and climbing his own heights," he wrote. "The result is that everybody around here is saying and doing about what they like. It is a sort of creative mess. . . . The viciousness of the Vietnam and Watergate days has declined if not disappeared. . . . The climbing toymaker from Queens somehow symbolized all this by chasing Richard Nixon and even Jimmy Carter off the big headlines. . . . It is the happiest thing that has occurred around here in many years." Reston's salute to the new spirit of Americans saying and doing what they liked was particularly notable since only two days earlier, in a column about United Nations Ambassador Andrew Young, his tone had seemed to verge on outrage as he complained, "The truth is that Andy Young is doing what he damn well pleases."

Among the offenses that the U.N. Ambassador had committed that week, setting Reston off, was a comment that had brought Queens some international attention it could have done without. During his recent



trip abroad, the *Times* noted on May 27th, Young had managed to enrage the Swedes, the Russians, the British, "almost certainly the State Department," and unquestionably the Borough of Queens. His offending remarks had included the statement to reporters that the Swedes are "terrible racists," to which he had added, "When the crunch comes, the black in Sweden is treated just like the black in Queens." Mayor Beame immediately announced that Young "has not helped the cause of human rights." (That was on May 26th. It was a busy day at City Hall—the same one on which the Mayor decided to promote George Willig from an outlaw to a civic hero.) Queens Borough President Donald Manes demanded that Young make a full apology to the borough's two million residents. Queens Councilman Matthew Troy suggested that the only thing Young knew about Queens was what he'd learned travelling by cab or limousine to LaGuardia or John F. Kennedy Airport. Some Queens residents speculated that the Ambassador had jumped to his slanderous conclusion just because Archie Bunker lives in their borough. (The row of houses, including the Bunkers', that is shown on the screen at the end of each "All in the Family" episode is in the Glendale section of Queens; by coincidence, Carroll O'Connor, who plays Archie, was brought up at various Queens addresses and still returns to the borough occasionally to visit his mother, who lives in Forest Hills.) But when Young got back to this country he scotched the notion that his impressions of Queens were secondhand. "I didn't live there but for four years," he said, pointing out that from 1957 to 1961, while he was associate director for youth services of the National Council of Churches, he had lived in Hollis. Three days later, *News* columnist Jimmy Breslin, himself a Queens resident, reported talking with a Queens woman who assured him that Hollis was now so full of blacks "nobody lives there anymore."

The Reverend Robert Ross Johnson, the minister of the Congregational church Young attended during his years in Queens, informed reporters that "Andy Young is . . . telling the truth about the situation." In support of Young's charges of racism, Johnson cited the Forest Hills public-housing development, part of the federal scatter-site program that was intended to provide housing outside slum areas for low-income tenants—which meant, according to the usual local interpretation, blacks. The prolonged demonstrations against the project by white residents of Forest Hills and counter-demonstrations by black leaders from other parts of the city, some of whose constituents had hoped to find a new life there, brought construction to a halt. The controversy over the project was reported so extensively on television and in the national press that during last year's Presidential primaries, in the uproar that followed Jimmy Carter's mention of his belief in ethnic purity—which was in response to a *News* reporter's question about scatter-site housing—Forest Hills was used as the prime example of the hazards of trying to build low-income housing where it isn't wanted. In a compromise eventually worked out by Mario Cuomo, a Queens lawyer who is now a candidate for the Democratic nomination for mayor, the project was cut from twenty-four stories to twelve and converted into a coöperative. The apartments, which cost the taxpayers sixty thousand dollars apiece, are now occupied predominantly by white tenants, and those whose applications were considered were all people who already lived in or near the Forest Hills area. In the mayoral race, Cuomo's association with the Forest Hills compromise, like the "ethnic purity" remark in Carter's case, is likely to cut both ways.

Although Queens is the second most populous of New York's boroughs (after Brooklyn), it has, besides Forest Hills, only eighteen of the city's two hundred and forty-six public-housing projects. Since such projects, for economic reasons, have usually been of high-rise construction, Queens' opposition to tall buildings has helped keep the borough free of encumbrances of that sort—which, it is widely assumed, was part of what the leaders of that opposition had in mind. Most of the responsibility for trying to cope with the disorder, crime, and other aspects of what sociologists call urban pathology that prospective neighbors often fear such projects will bring to their communities—a fear that, sadly, has sometimes been realized—has thus been safely relegated to boroughs other than Queens. Moreover, Queens has only nine of New York's several hundred S.R.O. buildings (the letters stand for "single-room occupancy," and the tenants, sometimes referred to such places

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by the city's Department of Social Services, are often present or former drug addicts), which also are not helpful additions to a neighborhood. Most of the city's S.R.O. buildings are in Manhattan. This is not the sort of special treatment that Queens witnesses at Board of Estimate meetings generally have in mind when they complain that Manhattan gets everything.

As further evidence that Young's charge of Queens racism was not unfounded, Johnson mentioned the peculiar zoning of Andrew Jackson High School, in Cambria Heights: According to charges now being examined by a federal judge, Andrew Jackson, which is in a district where most of the high schools are at least half white, has been zoned in such a way that of its twenty-eight hundred students all but four are black. In addition, Johnson mentioned the bombing of a black family's house in Rosedale, Queens, late in 1974. The bombing was also referred to in a letter to the *News* from the president of the Brooklyn Catholic Interracial Council, in response to Borough President Manes' demand that Young apologize to the people of Queens. "We didn't hear Manes asking for an apology to the black community when a black family's home was firebombed by white racists, or when teen-aged whites . . . destroyed a $50,000 home on the strength of a rumor that it was bought by blacks," she wrote. (In the first instance, however, Manes did visit the family to express his dismay.) After Young's recent conference at the White House with President Carter—it followed a *Playboy* interview in which Young made further remarks about racism, including the prediction that if there was a race war in southern Africa there would probably be race riots in Northern cities—Young reported that he and the President had agreed that the controversy he was facing because of his statements about racism was much like the one that had confronted Carter after his mention of ethnic purity during the campaign (a period in which Young's support had been very helpful to the future President). Young indicated that during the meeting the two men agreed that in using the terms they knew what *they* had meant. As they concluded their evidently congenial conference, it seemed better not to try to imagine how things might have gone if they had met at the barricades in Forest Hills five or six years ago. On June 2nd, as Ambassador Young received an honorary degree from the City University of New York, he announced that his next enterprise would be to "make an effort to normalize my relations with Queens." He added, with a slow smile, that some of his best friends lived in Queens.

THE longest-running Queens news story with international implications is the question of whether the French-British Concorde should be allowed to make test landings at Kennedy Airport, which is in southeastern Queens. For many months now, residents of Howard Beach, Rosedale, and other Queens communities that border the airport, along with some of their neighbors from adjacent Nassau County, have been protesting and actively demonstrating against proposed landings of the supernoisy thirteen-hundred-and-fifty-mile-an-hour plane. They have also threatened political reprisals against any officeholder, up to and including President Carter, who permits the tests. Kennedy Airport is operated by the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey, whose twelve commissioners, clearly hoping that federal-court decisions would relieve them of the responsibility, delayed ruling on the matter, on one excuse or another, for more than a year after the federal Department of Transportation had authorized the tests at Kennedy and at Dulles Airport, outside Washington. Last March, French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing made the correct assumption that New York's Governor Hugh Carey, who has veto power over any Port Authority ruling, and who is up for reëlection next year, would not be keen on going against the views of his embattled constituents in Queens. A high percentage of that borough's residents usually go to the polls, and its political leaders like to remind candidates that except in the close 1968 election, in which it gave Hubert Humphrey a narrow margin, it has voted for the winner in every significant city, state, and national contest in the last few decades.

Since the Concorde's sponsors believe that if the plane doesn't get New York landing rights the SST enterprise will end in financial disaster, with serious economic consequences for both France and England, the French President asked the American President to warn New York's Governor—which meant, indirectly, the people of southeastern Queens—that whoever blocked the landings might have to bear the blame for the fall of the French government to the Communists. Although most people in Queens are, like Governor Carey, strongly anti-Communist, their position on the SST has not changed, and disruptive and deafening demonstrations have continued. The irony of these high-decibel actions to protest the high decibel level of the Concorde has, inevitably, been a favorite cartoon subject, but the sound of that laughter has not been echoed in Howard Beach and Rosedale. The argument that American-made planes regularly violate the noise limits at Kennedy, and that the rejection of the Concorde would thus constitute illegal discrimination—a point made this month in the Justice Department brief in federal court castigating the Port Authority for not agreeing to the tests—was also wholly unpopular with the airport's neighbors, who complain that the Carter Administration seems to be interested in the human rights of everybody but the people in their community. *Very* popular is the argument that the good citizens of Queens are being asked to suffer hideously so that certain residents of Manhattan can lose less time getting to their European cocktail dates.

The attention of many of those involved in the fight against the Concorde was briefly diverted during the third week in May by another event of significance in the history of air travel: the fiftieth anniversary of Charles Lindbergh's flight to Paris. Roosevelt Field, from which Lindbergh took off (it is now a shopping center), is across the line in Nassau County, but those in charge of the area's commemoration of the event were diligent in seeking out Queens residents who were sure they remembered seeing the Lone Eagle start on his long solo journey that early morning or watching him have dinner at Queensboro Plaza the night before. Both the *Times* and the *News* have endorsed the proposed Concorde tests at Kennedy, and on the anniversary of Lindbergh's departure the *News* ran a cartoon suggesting that the same kind of people who have been disrupting traffic at Kennedy Airport to protest the SST landings would have tried to prevent Lindbergh from taking off in 1927.

Any attempt to associate Charles Lindbergh with the pro-SST forces was not fair, however, because a decade ago, when the United States was debating whether to build its own supersonic transport, Lindbergh opposed it as environmentally unacceptable. Nevertheless, perhaps because the United States and France are involved in both cases, the Concorde question and the Lindbergh flight are closely associated in the minds of Frenchmen, as well, and earlier this month, at the ceremony

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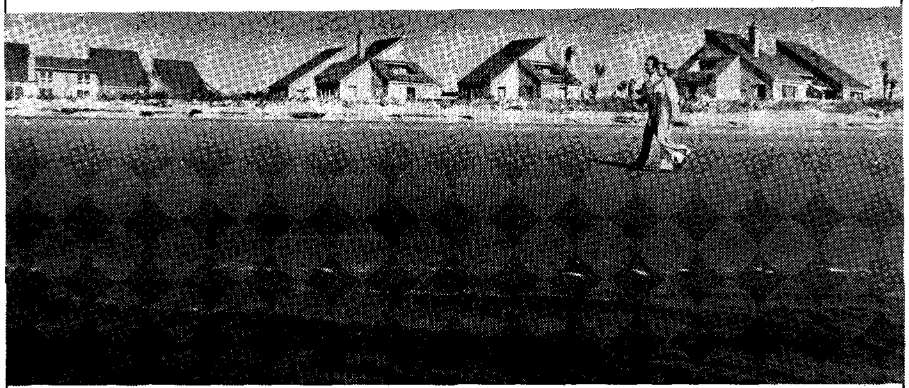

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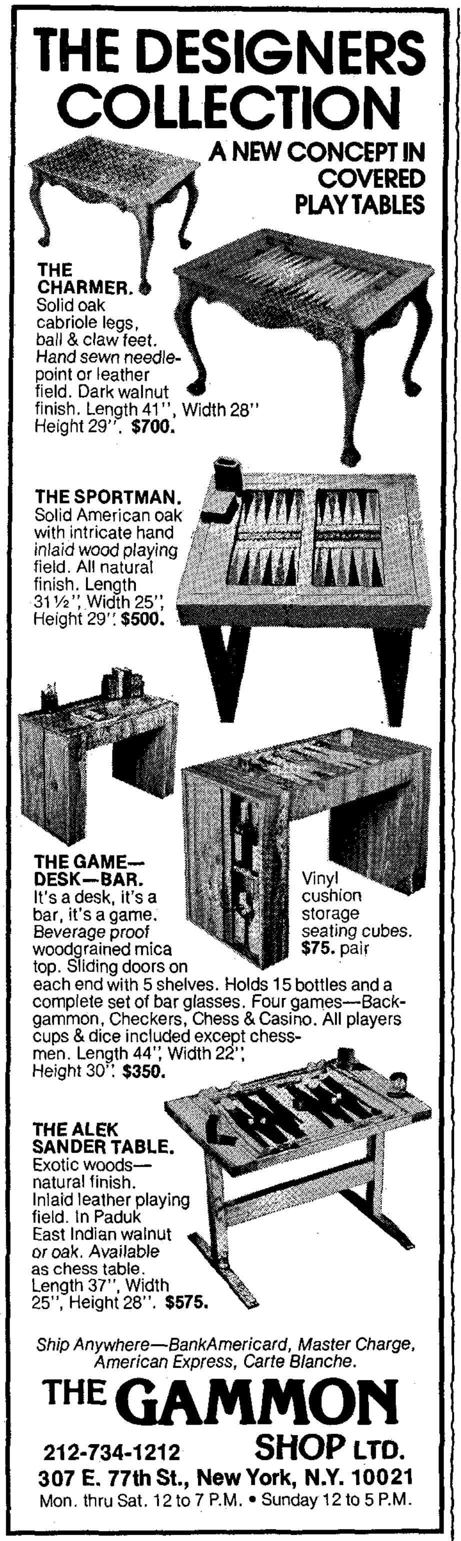

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at Le Bourget, where the Spirit of St. Louis landed, the first question that French reporters asked Mrs. Lindbergh was why New Yorkers were not being forced by the United States government to permit the Concorde landings at Kennedy. Secretary of Transportation Brock Adams, who was present, insisted to the reporters that in this country the rulings of local governments take precedence over those of Washington in such environmental matters—ignoring the fact that on May 11th Federal Judge Milton Pollack had ruled that the decision clearly lay with the national government. Pollack, who called it "a straightforward question of federal supremacy," commented during the court proceedings that he had been under the impression that this issue had been settled in the Civil War. The Department of Justice filed a brief opposing Pollack's opinion as to federal supremacy in the matter. Although the French and British leaders have been assured that Carter favors test landings at Kennedy for the Concorde, it appears that the President, like the Port Authority commissioners and Governor Carey, is ready to go to any lengths to try to avoid taking the full brunt of the wrath of the anti-Concorde protesters in southeastern Queens, and last week the federal appeals court obliged the President by overruling Judge Pollack and giving the power of decision back to the Port Authority. However, the higher court also ordered the district court to hold a hearing on whether the Authority's thirteen-month delay "in promulgating reasonable noise standards . . . is so excessive as to constitute unfair discrimination," and, in view of the many appeals options available to all concerned, a final answer on the Concorde question was almost certainly some distance down the runway.

THE householders who would be in the path of the Concorde naturally find it hard to understand that not everyone agrees with them about keeping the big, noisy plane from landing. Not even all the congressmen from the New York area oppose the Concorde, and Representative John Murphy, whose district includes Staten Island and part of Manhattan, has called attention to the economic consequences of turning it away. In court this month, the French and British governments declared that the rejection of the Concorde would have serious repercussions for their relations with the United States. It might seem that the standoff between two sovereign nations and the residents of a subdivision of one American city would be a comic mismatch, but the French and British leaders now seem to understand that the residents of Queens are used to getting their own way, and that, in any case, they are formidable opponents. For some Queens residents, protest has become so much a way of life that on occasion they cluster their causes. Last month, for example, a group called Irish-Americans Against the Concorde conducted a silent vigil outside the Fifth Avenue headquarters of British Airways in a simultaneous protest against the British SST landings and "human-rights violations" by British troops in Northern Ireland. So far, Michael Biggio, a Rosedale accountant, has not combined his prominent role in opposition to the landings with another of his extracurricular interests, opposition to racial integration. None of the leaders of the fight against the Concorde is black, although several predominantly black communities—such as Springfield Gardens, adjacent to Rosedale—would be affected by the big plane. Some blacks seem to be actively opposed to the demonstrators. ("Their actions are those of the ugly Americans that will bring doubt and disgrace for us amongst our allies, old and new," declared a correspondent of Harlem's *Amsterdam News* this month. "Airports are for airplanes. They are here to stay.") Other blacks in southeastern Queens may feel that they have more important worries than the prospect of added aircraft noise overhead. And some blacks may have decided that if it is Michael Biggio's fight it is not theirs.

When blacks began to move into Rosedale, in the early nineteen-seventies, a neighborhood group was organized called ROAR, of which Biggio now describes himself as "coördinator." The letters have stood variously for Rights of All Rosedale, Return Our American Rights, and Restore Our Alienated Rights, but in any case the right being demanded was that of not having a black presence inflicted on any white American who didn't want it. (A branch of ROAR has been active in the fight against integration of schools in South Boston.) In 1974, Ormistan Spencer, the production manager for a Manhattan photoengraving company, who had lived for some years in London and was originally from Trinidad, bought a house in the sweetly named Rosedale, on the street where Biggio lived. The Spencers were far from being a welfare family; the house cost forty thousand dollars, which they could afford. Before they took possession, the house was set fire to, but they fixed it up and moved in anyway. Early on

December 31st of that year, a pipe bomb was thrown into the house while the Spencers were there—one intended, in the opinion of the police, to wipe out the family. Attached to the timer of the bomb was a note bearing the message "Nigger, be warned. We have time, we will get you. Your First Born first." Biggio and a friend were arrested a few days later. Indicted by a federal grand jury for having commissioned the bombing, he was acquitted. He was later indicted for having threatened a prosecution witness and again acquitted. (As in many similar cases in the South, it was the federal, rather than the local, government that brought the charges.) According to the letter to the *News* from the head of the Brooklyn Catholic Interracial Council, a Queens house was destroyed after the rumor went around that it had been sold to a black. Again, ROAR was generally awarded the blame. The Spencers continued to be subjected to threats and minor attacks, and for a time were protected by off-duty black members of the city's Police Department, who felt that their white colleagues were insufficiently concerned about the family's welfare. White officers were then assigned to guard the house, which some Rosedale residents complained was a waste of taxpayers' money. The Spencers have since moved out of the neighborhood. The number of blacks in Queens has grown since 1970, when they accounted for thirteen per cent of the borough's residents (the citywide total was twenty-one per cent), but there has been no great increase of blacks in the Rosedale area.

Many—perhaps most—of those actively fighting the Concorde are, of course, neither ROAR members nor sympathizers, and Biggio has been only one of several people who have helped direct the anti-Concorde demonstrations, which have so far consisted largely of huge, horn-honking traffic jams by thousands of cars driven at five or ten miles an hour along the roads around Kennedy, in an attempt to prevent those with plane tickets from using them. "Make noise!" Biggio told the drivers of the circling cars during an April protest. "Give 'em a dose of their own medicine!" he shouted, although the people whose eardrums were thus being assaulted were only ordinary travellers or workers at the airport—some of them presumably his neighbors, Kennedy being an important source of employment in Queens. Last month, Biggio promised that in the next demonstration LaGuardia Airport, where most national flights come in, would be shut down, because "the city can't

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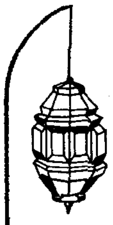

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function without it." It was hard to see how the cause against the SST would be helped by a further crippling of the protesters' own city. When the protest groups described their plan of action if the Concorde sponsors should win the court proceedings and attempt to exercise their legal landing rights—there was talk of forming human chains on the runways, and riots have also been predicted—Biggio had an explanation for Judge Pollack's recent ruling. Pointing out that the plane was said to have cost the British and French governments three billion dollars, Biggio commented that this was "plenty enough money to buy a judge."

SO far, Ambassador Andrew Young has taken no position in this year's mayoral election, but he is supporting, and helping raise funds for, David Dinkins, a Manhattan clubhouse politician and Beame favorite, whom he knew at Howard University, and who is the only black candidate for Manhattan Borough President. No one can remember when any of Young's predecessors as United Nations Ambassador—including the outspoken Daniel Patrick Moynihan—meddled in local politics, but by now people in this city, like people elsewhere, are used to the idea that Andy Young is doing what he damn well pleases. The city's other famous free spirit, George Willig, has gone back to work at the Queens plant of the Ideal Toy Corporation. In the past, he worked on the design of such toys as Electroman and Zog. So far, the Ideal people say they have no plans to put out a George Willig doll—possibly because their list already includes a King Kong game. Ignoring the trouble that some past folk heroes have got into when they involved themselves in politics, Willig has announced that he would like to be active in the campaign of one of the mayoral candidates, if only he could decide which one. Surely, he said earnestly, there must be someone on the list who would be exciting to work for and who would do great things for the city. But, for a man who had climbed a hundred-and-ten-story building and been hailed as a symbol of the new, creative national mood, he didn't sound very confident.

—ANDY LOGAN

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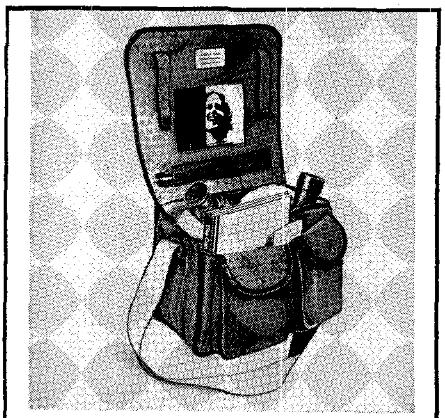

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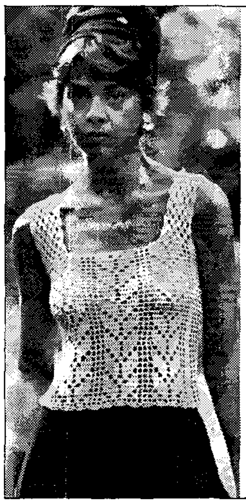

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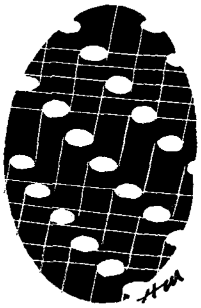
MUSICAL EVENTS

Orpheus at the Orpheum

THE tale of Orpheus celebrates the affecting power of song. No wonder it plays so large a part in the annals of opera. Charles Burney, in his "History," calls Politian's "Orfeo" (given in Mantua in 1472, with music by Germi) "certainly the first attempt at the musical drama." The first operas whose music survives are the settings by Giulio Caccini and Jacopo Peri of Ottavio Rinuccini's "Euridice" (1600). The first opera still performed with any frequency is Monteverdi's "Orfeo" (1607). The first opera with words and music by the same pen is Stefano Landi's "La Morte d'Orfeo" (1619). The first opera written for Paris was Luigi Rossi's "Orfeo" (1647). Gluck's first reform opera was "Orfeo" (1762). The list could easily be prolonged, to Darius Milhaud's "Les Malheurs d'Orphée" and Ernst Krenek's "Orpheus und Eurydike" (both 1926), and beyond.



For the final productions of its season, at the Orpheum, the Opera Company of Boston mounted two Orpheus operas, played in the same scenery and pretty well in alternation: Gluck's "Orpheus" and Offenbach's "Orphée aux Enfers." I use an English title for the Gluck because neither the Italian nor the French will quite do; the music heard in Boston was largely that of Gluck's French opera "Orphée et Eurydice" (Paris, 1774), but it was sung in Italian, and the role of Orpheus was transposed to the alto pitches that Gluck had used in his Italian opera "Orfeo ed Euridice" (Vienna, 1762). The role is tackled in our day by contraltos, mezzo-sopranos, tenors, and even baritones. Gluck himself prepared three versions of the piece—for alto, for soprano, and for tenor. His first Orpheus was the male alto Gaetano Guadagni. Handel composed for him. Garrick taught him to act, and "as an actor," Burney tells us, "he seems to have had no equal on any stage in Europe: his figure was uncommonly elegant and noble; his countenance replete with beauty, intelligence, and dignity; and his attitudes and gestures were so full of grace and propriety, that they would have been excellent studies for a statuary." He was a serious artist, prepared to offend the public by "his determined spirit of supporting the dignity and propriety of his dramatic character, by not bowing acknowledgment, when applauded, or destroying all theatrical illusion by returning to repeat an air, if encored at the termination of an interesting scene." Gluck's "Orfeo" is nearly a monodrama; the protagonist is offstage only for a moment, at the start of Act II. It is likely that Guadagni's name should be added to those of Gluck and of his librettist, Raniero de' Calzabigi, in the roll call of operatic reformers.

Gluck's "Orfeo" is a short opera, planned to be part of a larger bill. The first performance, on the Emperor Francis I's name day, was preceded by a French comedy and followed by a ball. Seven years later, "Orfeo" was but one act in an entertainment, "Le Feste d'Apollo," staged in Parma to celebrate the marriage of the Infante Don Ferdinando to the Archduchess Maria Amalia. It was preceded by a prologue and by operas about Philemon and Baucis and about Aristaeus (the beekeeper responsible for Eurydice's first death; in headlong flight from him she trod on the serpent that stung her). The Parma libretto—there is a copy in the New York Public Library—is an exquisite piece of printing, a pleasure to handle and to read. In Parma, Orpheus was the male soprano Giuseppe Millico. I have long wanted—but so far in vain—to hear the strong, concise, swift-moving "Orfeo" of Gluck's original intention, played through without intermission. It is something the City Opera might add to its repertory of one-acters. (The Swedish Opera has a production, which it brought to the Brighton Festival a few years ago; last year in London there was a concert performance and broadcast, with a countertenor, John Angelo Messana, as Orpheus.) And I have long wondered why noble, classical sopranos do not undertake the title role, seeing that there is a version for them which has the composer's authority.

The alto and the soprano versions of "Orfeo" made their way through Europe. But then, it seems, as now, full-length works were often preferred to short ones, and so "Orfeo" was amplified. Guadagni introduced it to London in 1770, and the libretto for that performance stated that "in order to make the Performance of a necessary length for an evening's entertainment, Signor [John Christian] Bach has very kindly condescended to add of his own composition . . . choruses, airs, and recitatives." New characters—Orpheus' father, Eurydice's sister, Pluto—were added. There was also extra music by Pietro Guglielmi, for his wife, who sang Eurydice. And there was even—I regret to report it—an air by Guadagni himself, a bland F-major piece replacing Gluck's F-minor setting of Orpheus' final appeal to the Furies. Guadagni's reputation for seriousness is redeemed by the preface he wrote for this Italian-English libretto. After noting that the work's "excellent composition, added to the classical merit of the drama, would afford something beyond what is usually seen," he said, "The original Composer made himself a perfect master of his author's meaning; and infused the genius of poetry into his music: in which he followed the example of my great master, Handel. . . . In order to [insure] the more immediate observation of this beauty, resulting from a happy coalition between the writer and composer of an Opera, I most earnestly wish that such Ladies and Gentlemen, as propose to honour the exhibition of this drama with their presence, would read the piece, before they see it performed."

The extended, Gluck-Bach "Orfeo" achieved some currency before Gluck undertook his own full-length version, recomposing the piece for the Paris Opéra, in French, in 1774. This "Orphée" has a tenor protagonist. There are many more dances, several of them borrowed from earlier works. Act I ends with a bravura air for Orpheus, "L'espoir renaît dans mon âme," taken from the 1769 "Aristeo." The Elysian Fields scene of Act II is much expanded, notably by the famous instrumental air with flute solo and by Eurydice's "Cet asile." In Act III, Eurydice sings a trio with Orpheus and Cupid. Recitative is newly composed, some accompaniments are more delicately wrought, and some of the numbers are arranged in a new sequence. This "Orphée" is "Orfeo" padded out. It is a majestic and powerful piece, but less direct, less cogent, than the original. "L'espoir renaît dans mon âme" and the trio hold up the drama with music that is not Gluck at his best, although in the former a brilliant singer can not only win an ovation but also (as the critic Henry Chorley wrote after hearing Pauline Viardot's Orpheus) "convert what is essentially

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a commonplace piece of parade into one of those displays of passionate enthusiasm to which nothing less florid could give scope.” Intermissions break the tension. The added dances are not integral to the work in the way that Rameau's dances are to his operas. Yet it would be a stern purist who could throw out the flute air and “Cet asile.” Back in 1781—under Gluck's eye, so to speak—there was an attempt to combine the best of “Orfeo” and “Orphée,” in a Vienna production. It was sung in Italian (the numbers specific to “Orphée” were translated); Orpheus was a tenor, Valentin Adamberger, soon to be the first Belmonte in Mozart's “Die Entführung.” In 1859, Berlioz prepared an edition that is essentially an abridgment of “Orphée” with the title role lifted to alto pitch. It was sung by Viardot. Later nineteenth-century editors added to it some of the “Orphée” music that Berlioz had dropped, and provided an Italian text—Calzabigi's original from “Orfeo” where it fitted and various translations of Pierre Louis Moline's French where it didn't or where the numbers were French in the first place. Occasionally, a pure “Orphée,” with a tenor hero, was given. Usually, these late-nineteenth-century bastard scores held, and hold, the stage.

Sarah Caldwell, who directed and conducted the Boston “Orpheus,” has not shown herself a musician content to settle for the first or the most convenient performance material that comes to hand. Her 1969 “Macbeth” and her 1973 “Don Carlos” represented Verdi's unfamiliar first thoughts about those operas, and her recent “Rigoletto” contained an afterthought of his in the form of Maddalena's aria; her 1971 “Norma” included an aria for Oroveso which was composed by Richard Wagner. So one went off to the Boston “Orpheus” not knowing quite what to expect but confident that it would be something new. “Orfeo/Orphée” gives plenty of scope for adventurous textual decisions, and Miss Caldwell delights in putting scholarly speculation to the test of theatre performance. Since Shirley Verrett was billed in the title role, it obviously could not be a pure Paris “Orphée.” But perhaps it would be a pure Vienna “Orfeo.” Or perhaps the Parma “Orfeo,” since Miss Verrett has lately been tackling soprano as well as contralto and mezzo-soprano roles. Perhaps the orchestra, as in “Don Carlos,” would be playing from facsimiles of original instrumental parts. Maybe it would be the Berlioz version, complete with Viardot's tremendous cadenzas, which are printed in the Berlioz score. Or maybe Miss Verrett would essay some of Guadagni's own embellishments, which were published in 1788. She did not, and it was none of those editions we heard but only another mixture of Vienna and Paris.

This was disappointing. So was the performance. “Orpheus,” like “Alceste” and “Iphigénie en Tauride” but unlike “Iphigénie en Aulide,” “Armide,” and “Paride ed Elena,” stands or falls by its protagonist, and Miss Verrett was in poor voice. The lower reaches were furry and unfocussed when soft, and harsh under pressure; above, the tone became strident and impure. Like Pauline Viardot, Miss Verrett sings both Azucena and Norma, both Orpheus and Lady Macbeth. But where Viardot eased Lady Macbeth's music downward—the first aria by a third, the brindisi and the sleepwalking scene by a tone—Miss Verrett sings it at pitch. An amazing extension of three octaves and a fourth, from the C below middle C to the Queen of Night F, was claimed for Viardot, but it was generally agreed—she herself admitted as much—that by imposing her musical will on her “real” voice, a limited mezzo-soprano, she had compromised its quality. Yet when she sang Orpheus, then, according to Chorley,

> the peculiar quality of Madame Viardot's voice—its unevenness, its occasional harshness and feebleness, consistent with tones of the gentlest sweetness—was turned by her to account with rare felicity, as giving the variety of light and shade to every word of soliloquy, to every appeal of dialogue. A more perfect and honeyed voice might have recalled the woman too often to fit with the idea of the youth.

Miss Verrett did not make dramatic or musical virtue of the unevenness, harshness, and feebleness that spoiled her tones. The voice simply sounded as if it had taken a beating while being pushed so promiscuously through its recent repertory of vocally incompatible roles. Even in her unclouded mezzo days, Miss Verrett was a dull Orpheus, unable to achieve the needed combination of passionate declamation and firmly molded line. Gluck is not easy to sing. The most moving Orpheus I have ever heard was a young Yvonne Minton, guest star of a Cambridge student performance, in English. She cried the words from her heart yet phrased with noble smoothness. Five years later, at a Covent Garden performance, in Italian, Miss Minton's voice was larger, fuller, and richer, but one heard in it only beautiful sound, not emotions. In memory, I reach back to Kathleen Ferrier, at Covent Garden, in those poignant last performances of her life, and to Elisabeth Höngen, at Salzburg, bringing to the German translation that vividness of utterance which can also be heard in recordings by Margarete Klose. On records, I listen to Alice Raveau, pure, classical, moving, and beautiful, chaste and passionate at once, in the great French tradition; at the Opéra-Comique in the first quarter of this century, Raveau shared the role with the tenor Fernand Ansseau. In imagination, I hear and see Guadagni as his contemporaries recalled him, Viardot as described by Chorley:

> The supple and statuesque grace of her figure gave interest and meaning to every step and every attitude. Yet, after the first scene (which recalled Poussin's well-known picture of "I too in Arcadia"), there was not a single effect that might be called a *pose* or a prepared gesture. The slight, yet not childish, youth, with the yearning that maketh the heart sick, questioning the white groups of shadows that moved slowly through the Elysian Fields, without finding his beloved one; the wondrous thrill of ecstasy which spoke in every fibre of the frame, in the lip quivering with a smile of rapture too great to bear, in the eye humid with delight, as it had been wet with grief, at the moment of recognition and of granted prayer.

And Giulia Ravogli as described by Bernard Shaw:

> Ah, that heart-searching pantomime, saturated with feeling beyond all possibility of shortcoming in grace, as Orfeo came into those Elysian Fields, and stole from shade to shade, trying to identify by his sense of touch the one whom he was forbidden to seek with his eyes! Flagrant ballet-girls all those shades were; but it did not matter. . . . Even the *première danseuse* was transfigured to a possible Euridice as Giulia's hand, trembling with a restrained caress, passed over her eyes!

There was nothing in the Boston production to add fresh details to that composite, opalescent dream performance of a much-loved and oft-performed masterpiece which an operagoer assembles, over the years, in mind's ear and eye. Most "Orpheus" performances add something. Wieland Wagner's production, in Munich, was willful. Gluck's happy ending was removed: after Eurydice's second death there was a reprise of the opening threnody, and a bewildered audience discovered that the evening was over. But Wieland's vision of the Elysian shades, circling in endless calm, has proved unforgettable, and so has the powerful orchestral playing, massive yet not ponderous, under Robert Heger. Gluck, at the Paris Opéra, had six dou-

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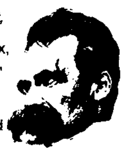

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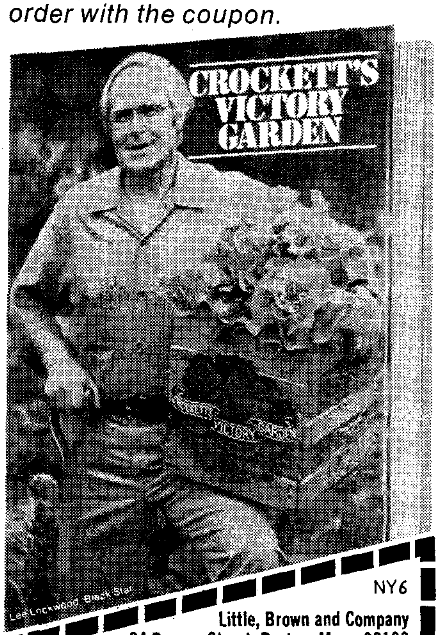

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ble-basses and eight bassoons; the Boston band was founded on just one double-bass and a single bassoon. Miss Caldwell's reading lacked force, accent, and firmness. The Furies were unferocious, unmenacing almost before Orpheus had sung to them. Everything was curiously soft-grained. The chorus of twenty-one (Gluck had forty-seven in Paris), lined up between the orchestra and the stage, sounded weak. The Eurydice of Benita Valente and the Cupid of Marianna Christos were unremarkable. So was the dancing.

Miss Caldwell's staging was criticized, perhaps unfairly, for its baroque elaboration. In his preface to the original libretto, Calzabigi directed his readers' attention not only to the fourth book of the Georgics, where the tale of Orpheus and Eurydice is told, but also to the sixth book of the Aeneid, which contains elaborate scenic descriptions of the Underworld—the fearsome gates, the dreadful river, the Elysian Fields beyond—and of its habitants. Virgil notes that at the sound of Orpheus' song Ixion's whirling wheel hung motionless; Ovid says the same in his version of the story, and adds that Tantalus ceased for a while to be tantalized. So I did not feel that Miss Caldwell's introduction of Ixion, Tantalus, Charon, Pluto, and Proserpine as mute background characters compromised the noble simplicity of Gluck's drama. I just wished that the sets had been nicer to look at. After the very first performance of "Orfeo," there was debate in Princess Esterházy's salon about the precise color of the Elysian Fields. They should surely be green, with an unearthly blue sky overhead. Virgil speaks of "green pleasances" where "an ampler air clothes the meadows in lustrous sheen, and they know their own sun and a starlight of their own." Calzabigi prescribes "a pleasance of verdant groves, flowers that carpet the meadows, shady retreats, rivers and brooklets." In Boston, Herbert Senn and Helen Pond provided a basically black scene flanked by tinselled Corinthian columns. The Parma libretto specifies Corinthian columns for the final transformation scene, to the Temple of Love. Miss Caldwell omitted this transformation, and also the "gloomy cave, forming a tortuous labyrinth," in which Orpheus should turn to look at Eurydice. The last two of the five scenes were played in the grove, back where the drama began.

A YEAR before the Berlioz version of "Orphée" appeared, at the Théâtre-Lyrique, Offenbach brought out his "Orphée aux Enfers," at the Bouffes-Parisiens. It had not been playing long when Jules Janin, a Jupiter among critics, launched a thunderbolt in the *Journal des Débats:* antiquity was being profaned; the spirit of irreverence bordered on blasphemy. There was plenty of precedent for making fun of the Orpheus legend. Garrick produced an Orpheus burletta in 1767; Cerberus sings a trio with himself, his heads being treble, tenor, and bass, and the piece ends with a dance of shepherds, cows, and trees. In Paris, Gluck's "Orphée" was soon followed by "Roger-Bontems et Javotte, Parodie d'Orphée et Eurydice." Nevertheless, Janin had a point, though he obscured it; it was not antiquity that was being mocked but—as later in "La Belle Hélène" and "La Vie Parisienne"—Second Empire personal and public morality. Even then, the satire seems to have been rendered harmless by the high spirits; today only the lively plot and the fizz—and grace and delicacy—of Offenbach's excellent music remain. Miss Caldwell's production (in English, as "Orpheus in the Underworld") was a romp, but not a crude or clumsy one. Except by Donald Gramm, in the title role, the operetta was not well sung. Maralin Niska was a vocally coarse, strident Eurydice; her trills and coloratura were so hideous that the audience laughed at them, thinking she intended a Florence Foster-Jenkins-type joke. Maybe she did—but Offenbach didn't. The only touching episode, John Styx's spoken recollection of the decent old days, when he was King of the Boeotians, was omitted, and his sad little song was played for straight comedy, without the underlying nostalgia and seriousness. (Alan Crofoot, the Jupiter of this production, used to be a most moving John Styx at Sadler's Wells years ago.) Names were given a pronunciation in which Aristaeus rhymed with "slay us" and Actaeon with "play on." The final set was too sombre to reflect the hilarity of the cancan. Despite all that, Offenbach—and Miss Caldwell—triumphed. The evening had the energy, vivacity, and imaginative force that were missing in "Orpheus." One will remember its merry moments when the Gluck production has been forgotten.

—ANDREW PORTER

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FICTION

The Children of Dynmouth, by William Trevor (Viking; $7.95). A quiet village on the Dorset coast with one foot in the last century. Its skeptical young minister shepherds an ever-diminishing flock; its retired naval officer, Commander Abigail, bullies his wife and takes daily dips in the frigid water; an elderly couple try not to mind the absence of their son, who has fled their cosseting; and a young boy and girl stay with a housekeeper while his father and her mother honeymoon in France. Observing all this with malign intent from behind the primroses and privet hedges is Timothy Gedge, a strange, gawky, sallow fifteen-year-old, who follows all the others around and badgers them with seemingly pointless stories and bad jokes. Timothy's father disappeared years ago, and his mother and sister more or less ignore him. He steals a bit to amuse himself, but his real obsession is the annual talent contest at the village Easter fête, which he plans to win by re-creating a famous triple murder. Timothy lacks most of the props he needs for his act, however, and in order to get them he frightens and blackmails half the people in town. The story has intimations here and there of the supernatural (these are eventually quashed by the author), but it is chiefly about the private passions and fears of ordinary people. As always, Mr. Trevor writes with wonderful flair and irony, and if the present volume is not quite as extraordinary as last year's collection of short stories, it is still the work of a master storyteller.

Raw Silk, by Janet Burroway (Little, Brown; $8.95). This robust novel about a young American woman's unhappy marriage to an intractable, ambitious Englishman touches on several themes that have been fairly common in recent fiction (the strain of feigning marital accord, the fascination of a "crazy" character who is more or less the main character's alter ego, the lure of comfort and habit to someone contemplating life alone), but it treats them with unusual humor and originality. Ginny Marbalestier is an expatriate Californian who works for a large textile conglomerate in East Anglia, as does her husband, Oliver. She is a talented textile designer; he is the firm's commercial manager. Oliver likes things to be tidy and proper, and he usually gets his way, because Ginny hasn't the strength to fight him, though she thinks of herself as a free spirit. Oliver hasn't the slightest qualm about removing their young daughter from her rough lower-class friends and locking her safely away in an exclusive boarding school; Ginny feels that she is betraying her own poor-girl trailer-camp past by allowing it. Ginny is happiest with her office buddies; Oliver thinks that she shouldn't be so friendly with the proles. Miss Burroway, an American who has spent some time working in England, is very funny on the subject of English businessmen (she believes that they are insufficiently interested in making money) and superb on the class-consciousness of British speech. The book sags a bit toward the end and is a bit too expansive about textile-manufacturing techniques, but it is otherwise enormously enjoyable.

GENERAL

William Morris: Romantic to Revolutionary, by E.P. Thompson (Pantheon; $17.95). In March of 1883, William Morris, famous as a designer and a poet, whose involvement in politics had been mostly limited to a spell of anti-imperialism, announced in a lecture that he was "one of the people called Socialists," and appealed to others of the middle class to join him in supporting "working men." He thus crossed what Mr. Thompson calls "the river of fire," and for the remaining thirteen years of his life he devoted much of his enormous energy to the cause of revolution. Mr. Thompson, who writes from a position of narrow, hectoring Socialism, emphasizes this later period, treating Morris's work in the decorative arts cursorily and almost wholly in the context of his revulsion against "shoddy;" the early sections of the book are devoted mainly to tracing, through long quotations, how the Romantic tradition developed in Morris's writings until it reached a point of despair with Victorian civilization. The later sections, weighed down with more long quotations, are an exhaustive history of the Socialist movement in Morris's last years. Mr. Thompson's rev-

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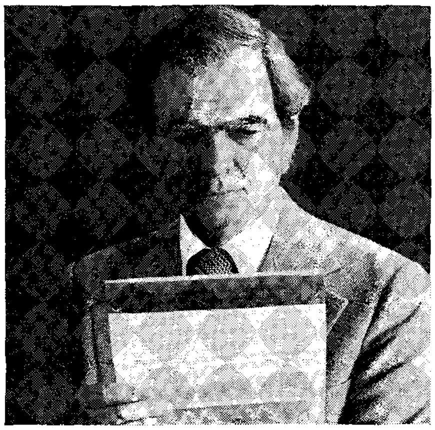

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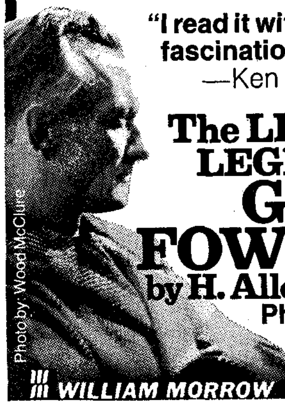

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erence for Morris seems overdone, even though Morris was, of course, an important moralist: "Simplicity of life," he wrote, "is not a misery, but the very foundation of refinement: a sanded floor and white-washed walls, and the green trees and flowery meads and living waters outside; or a grimy place amid the smoke with a regiment of housemaids always working to smear the dirt together so that it may be unnoticed; which, think you, is the most refined?"

REAL AND IMAGINED WORLDS: THE NOVEL AND SOCIAL SCIENCE, by Morroe Berger (Harvard; $15). Professor Berger (sociology, Princeton) does a good job of intellectual housecleaning, disposing of second-rate and secondhand assumptions about two pursuits—fiction and social studies—that evolved at about the same time and, in different ways, try to show mankind as it is. He discusses social-science topics that have been themes of fiction—the place of women, say, and class differentiation—to demonstrate the need for both approaches, imaginative and scientific. His prose is a fine blend of artistic sensibility and scientific discrimination.

JESUS: AN HISTORIAN'S REVIEW OF THE GOSPELS, by Michael Grant (Scribners; $12.50). A topnotch English classical historian who has enlightened us about pagans (in his biography of Caesar), Jews (Herod), and Christians (St. Paul) tackles the most difficult subject in Western history and enlightens us further. He is explicit about the breadth and limitations of the historical approach: while it can describe what Jesus was like as a human being, it can tell us nothing about his divinity. Mr. Grant's historical Jesus—a demanding, uncompromising leader—may shock readers who are used to a sweetness-and-light Jesus. His epilogue, "Jesus Then and Now," is extremely persuasive: it assumes no faith and says why Jesus remains important.

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Pity the poor Pratt City Commission. On one side there are vandals who destroy city property, close the swimming pool, and create general havoc.

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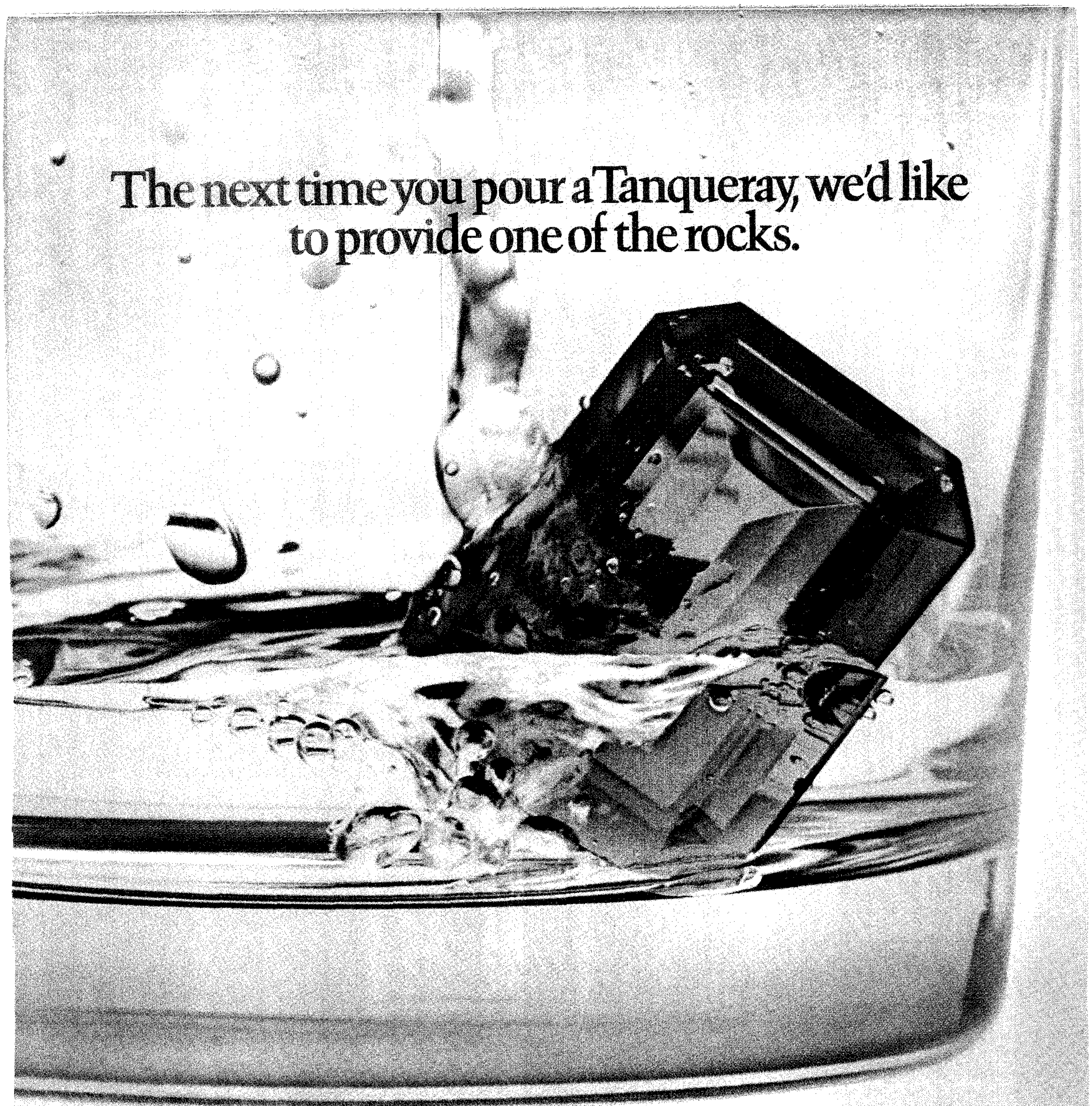

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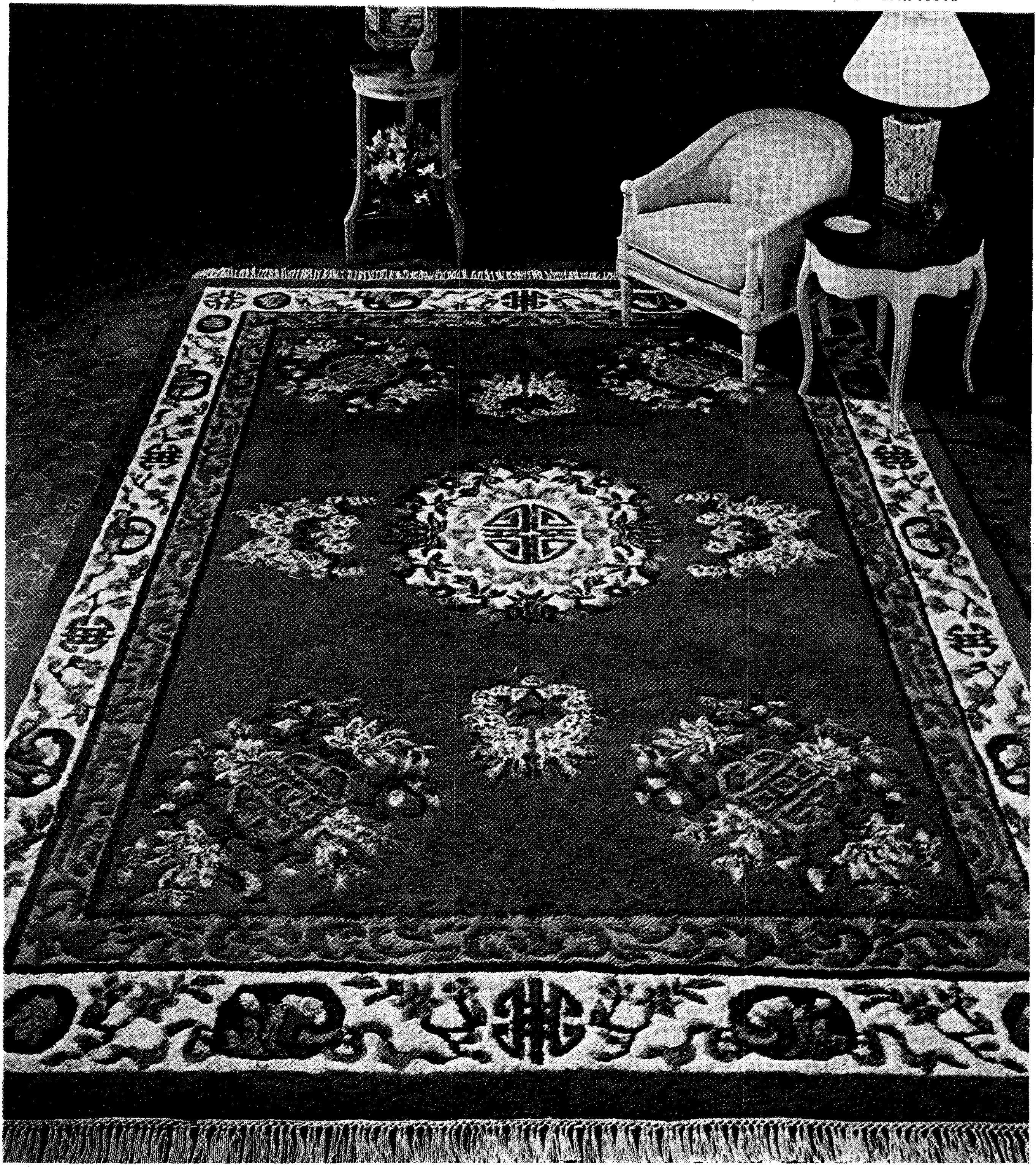

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